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The Fifth, Sixth, and
Seventh Volumes,
of
Sir Charles Grandison.

[Samuel Richardson]



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THE
HISTORY
OF

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, BART.

VOLUME THE FIFTH.

LETTER I.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON TO DR.
BARTLETT.

BOLOGNA, MONDAY NIGHT,

MAY 15-26.



Am just returned. You will expect me to be particular.

I went the earlier in the afternoon, that I might pass half an hour with my Jeronymo. He complains of the aperture so lately made: but Mr. Lowther gives us hopes from it.

When we were alone, 'They will not let me see my sister,' said he; 'I am sure she must be very bad. But I understand, that you are to be allowed that favour, byé and bye. O my Grandison! how I pity that tender, that generous heart of yours! —But what have you done to the general? He assures me, that he admires and loves you; and the bishop has been congratulating me upon it. He knew it would give me pleasure. My dear Grandison, you subdue every body; yet in your own way; for they both admire your spirit.'

Just then came in the general. He saluted me in so kind a manner, that

Jeronymo's eyes overflowed; and he said, 'Blessed be God, that I have lived to see you two, dearest of men to me, so friendly together.'

'This sweet girl!' said the general: —'How, Grandison, will you bear to see her!'

The bishop entered: 'O chevalier! my sister is insensible to every thing, and every body. Camilla is nobody with her to-day.'

They had forgot Jeronymo, though in his chamber; and their attention being taken by his audible sensibilities, they comforted him; and withdrew with me into Mr. Lowther's apartment; while Mr. Lowther went to his patient.

The marchioness joined us in tears. 'This dear child knows me not; sheeds me not: she never was unmindful of her mother before. I have talked to her of the Chevalier Grandison: she regards not your name. O this affecting silence! — Camilla has told her, that she is to see you. My daughter-in-law has told her so. O chevalier! she has quite, quite lost her understanding. Nay, we were barbarous enough to try the name of Laurana. She was not terrified, as she used to be, with that.'

Camilla came in with a face of joy: 'Lady Clementina has just spoken! I told her, she must prepare to see the Chevalier Grandison in all his glory, and that every body, the general in particular, admired him. "Go, naughty Camilla," said she, tapping my hand, "you are a wicked deceiver. I have been told this story too often, to credit it." This was all I could get her to say.'

Hence it was concluded, that she would take some notice of me when she saw me; and I was led by the general, followed by the rest, into the marchioness's drawing-room.

Father Marescotti had given me an advantageous character of the general's lady, whom I had not yet seen. The bishop had told me, that she was such another excellent woman as his mother, and, like her, had the Italian reserve softened by a polite French education.

When we came into the drawing-room, the general presented me to her. 'I do not, Madam, bid you admire the Chevalier Grandison,' said he; 'but I forgive you if you do: because you will not be able to do otherwise.'

'My lord,' said she, 'you told me an hour ago, that I must: and now, that I see the chevalier, you will have no cause to reproach me with disobedience.'

'Father Marescotti, Madam,' said I, 'bid me expect from the lady of the young Marchese della Porretta every thing that was condescending and good. Your compassionate love for an unhappy new sister, who deserves every one's love, exalts your character.'

Father Marescotti came in. We took our places. It was designed, I found, to try to revive the young lady's attention, by introducing her in full assembly, I one of it. But I could not forbear asking the marchioness, if Lady Clementina would not be too much startled at so much company?

'I with,' said the marquis, sighing, 'that she may be startled.'

'We meet, as only on a conversation-visit,' said the marchioness. 'We have tried every other way to awaken her attention.'

'We are all near relations,' said the bishop.

'And want to make our observations,' said the general.

'She has been bid to expect you among us,' resumed the marchioness. 'We shall only be attended by Laura and Camilla.'

Just then entered the sweet lady, leaning upon Camilla, Laura attending. Her movement was slow and solemn. Her eyes were cast on the ground. Her robes were black and flowing. A veil of black gauze half-covered her face. What woe was there in it!

What, at that moment, was my emotion! I arose from my seat, sat down, and arose again, irresolute, not knowing what I did, or what to do!

She stood in the middle of the floor, and made some motion, in silence, to Camilla, who adjusted her veil: but she looked not before her; lifted not up her eyes; observed nobody.

On her stopping, I was advancing towards her; but the general took my hand: 'Sit still, sit still, dear Grandison,' said he: 'yet I am charmed with your sensibility. She comes! She moves towards us!'

She approached the table round which we sat, her eyes more than half closed, and cast down. She turned to go towards the window. 'Here, here, Madam!' said Camilla, leading her to an elbow-chair that had been placed for her, between the two marchionesses. She implicitly took her woman's directions, and sat down. Her mother wept. The young marchioness wept. Her father sobbed; and looked from her. Her mother took her hand: 'My love,' said she, 'look around you.'

'Pray, sister,' said the count her uncle, 'leave her to her own observation.'

She was regardless of what either said; her eyes were cast down, and half closed. Camilla stood at the back of her chair.

The general, grieved and impatient, arose, and stepping to her, 'My dearest sister,' said he, hanging over her shoulder, 'look upon us all. Do not scorn us, do not despise us: see your father, your mother, your sister, and every body, in tears. If you love us, smile upon us.' He took the hand which her mother had quitted, to attend to her own emotions.

She



Stothard del.

Walker sculp.

GRANDISON

She reared up her eyes to him, and, sweetly condescending, tried to smile; but such a solemnity had taken possession of her features, that she only could shew her obligingness, by the effort. Her smile was a smile of woe. And, still farther to shew her compliance, withdrawing her hand from her brother, she looked on either side of her; and seeing which was her mother, she, with both hands, took hers, and bowed her head upon it.

'The marquis arose from his seat, his handkerchief at his eyes. 'Sweet creature,' said he! 'never, never let me again see such a smile as that. 'It is *here*,' putting his hand to his breast.

Camilla offered her a glass of lemonade; she accepted it not, nor held up her head for a few moments.

'Obliging sister! you do not scorn us,' said the general. 'See, Father Marescotti is in tears.' [The reverend man sat next me:] 'Pity his grey hairs! See your own father too!—Comfort your father. *His* grief for your silence—'

She cast her eyes that way. She saw me. Saw me greatly affected. She started. She looked again; again started; and, quitting her mother's hand, now changing pale, now reddening, she arose, and threw her arms about her Camilla—'O Camilla!' was all she said; a violent burst of tears wounding, yet giving some ease to every heart. I was springing to her, and should have clasped her in my arms before them all; but the general taking my hand, as I reached her chair, 'Dear Grandison,' said he, pronouncing in her ear my name, 'keep your seat. If Clementina remembers her English tutor, she will bid you welcome once more to Bologna.'—'O Camilla,' said she, 'faithful, good Camilla! Now, at last, have you told me truth! It is, it is he!'—And her tears *would* flow, as she hid her face in Camilla's bosom.

The general's native pride again shewed itself. He took me aside. 'I see, Grandison, the consequence you are of to this unhappy girl: every one sees it. But I depend upon your honour: you remember what you said this morning.—'

'Good God!' said I, with some emotion: I stooped—And resuming, with

pride equal to his own, 'Know, Sir, that the man whom you thus remind, calls himself a man of honour; and you, as well as the rest of the world, shall find him so.'

He seemed a little abashed. I was flinging from him, not too angrily for *him*, but for the rest of the company, had they not been attentive to the motions of their Clementina.

We, however, took the bishop's eye. He came to us.

I left the general; and the bishop led him out, in order to enquire into the occasion of my warmth.

When I turned to the company, I found the dear Clementina, supported by the two marchionesses, and attended by Camilla, just by me, passing towards the door, in order, it seems, at *her* motion, to withdraw. She stooped. 'Ah, chevalier!' said she; and reclining her head on her mother's bosom, seemed ready to faint. I took one hand, as it hung down lifelessly extended, (her mother held the other:) and kneeling, pressed it with my lips—'Forgive me, ladies—forgive me, Lady Clementina!'—My soul overflowed with tenderness, though the moment before it was in a tumult of another kind; for she cast down her eyes upon me with a benignity, that for a long time they all afterwards owned they had not beheld. I could not say more. I arose. She moved on to the door; and when there, turned her head, straining her neck to look after me, till she was out of the room. I was a statue for a few moments; till the count, snatching my hand, and Father Marescotti's, who stood nearest him, 'We see to what the malady is owing—Father, you must join their hands!—Chevalier! you will be a catholic?—Will you not?—O that you would!' said the father—'Why, why,' joined in the count, 'did we refuse the so earnestly requested interview, a year and a half ago?'

The young marchioness returned, weeping—'They will not permit me to stay. My sister, my dear sister, is in fits!—O Sir,' turning graciously to me, 'you *are*—I will not say *what* you are—But I shall not be in danger of disobeying my lord, on your account.'

Just then entered the general, led in by the bishop. 'Now, brother,' said the

the latter, 'if you will not be generous, be, however, just—Chevalier, were you not a little hasty?'

'I *was*, my lord. But surely the general was unseasonable.'

'Perhaps I was.'

'There is as great a triumph, my lord,' said I, 'in a due acknowledgment, as in a victory.—Know me, my lords, as a man incapable of meanness; who will exert himself: but who, from the knowledge he has of his own heart, wishes, at his soul, to be received as the unquestionably disinterested friend of this whole family. Excuse me, my lords, I am obliged to talk greatly, because I would not wish to act petulantly. But my soul is wounded by those distresses, which had not, I am sorry to say it, a little while ago, a first place in *your* heart.'

'Do you reproach me, Grandison?'

'I need not, my lord, if you *feel* it as such. But indeed you either know not me, or forget yourself. And now, having spoken all my mind, I am ready to ask your pardon for any thing that may have offended you in the manner.' I snatched his hand so suddenly, I hope not rudely, but rather fervently, that he started.

—'Receive me, my lord, as a friend. I will *deserve* your friendship.'

'Tell me, brother,' said he to the bishop, 'what I shall say to this strange man? Shall I be angry or pleased?'

'Be pleased, my lord,' replied the prelate.

The general embraced me—'Well, Grandison, you have overcome. I *was* unseasonable. You were passionate. Let us forgive each other.'

His lady stood suspended, not being able to guess at the occasion of this behaviour, and renewed friendship.

We sat down, and reasoned variously on what had passed, with regard to the unhappy lady, according to the hopes and fears which actuated the bosoms of each.

But I cannot help thinking; that had this interview been allowed to pass without surprise to her, she might have been spared those fits, with the affecting description of which the young marchioness alarmed us; till Camilla came

in with the happy news, that she was recovering from them; and that her mother was promising her another visit from me, in hopes it would oblige her; though it was not what she required.

I took this opportunity to put into the hands of the young marchioness, sealed up, the opinions of the physicians I had consulted in England, on the case of Clementina; requesting that she would give it to her mother, in order to have it considered.

The bishop withdrew, to acquaint Jeronymo, in the way he thought best, with what had passed in this first interview with his sister; resolving not to take any notice of the little Sally of warmth between the general and me.

I hope to make the pride and passion of this young nobleman of use to myself, by way of caution: for am I not naturally too much inclined to the same fault? O, Dr. Bartlett! how have I repented the passion I suffered myself to be betrayed into, by the foolish violence of O'Hara and Salmonet, in my own house, when it would have better become me to have had them shewn out of it by my servants!

And yet, were I to receive affronts with tameness from those haughty spirits, who think themselves of a rank superior to me, and from men of the sword, I, who make it a principle not to draw mine but in my own defence, should be subjected to insults, that would be continually involving me in the difficulties I am solicitous to avoid.

I attended the general and his lady to Jeronymo. The generous youth forgot his own weak state, in the hopes he flattered himself with, of a happy conclusion to his sister's malady, from the change of symptoms which had already taken place; though violent hystericks disordered and shook her before-wounded frame.

The general said, that if she could overcome this first shock, perhaps it was the best method that could have been taken to rouse her out of that stupidity and inattention which had been for some weeks so disturbing to them all.

There were no hopes of seeing the unhappy lady again that evening. The general would have accompanied me to the Casino*; saying, that we might

* The Casino at Bologna is a fine apartment, illuminated every night, for the entertainment of the gentlemen and ladies of the city, and whomsoever they please to introduce. There are card-tables; and waiters attend with chocolate, coffee, &c. The whole expence is defrayed by twelve men of the first quality, each in turn taking his month.

both be diverted by an hour passed there: but I excused myself. My heart was full of anxiety, for the welfare of a brother and sister, both so much endeared to me by their calamities: and I retired to my lodgings.

LETTER II.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, TO DR.
BARTLETT.

BOLOGNA, TUESDAY, MAY 16-27.

I Had a very restless night; and found myself so much indisposed in the morning, with a feverish disorder, that I thought of contenting myself with sending to know how the brother and sister rested, and of staying within, at least till the afternoon, to give my hurried spirits some little repose: but my messenger returned with a request from the marchioness, to see me presently.

I obeyed. Clementina had asked, whether she had really seen me, or had only dreamed so. They took this for a favourable indication; and therefore sent the above request.

I met the general in Jeronymo's apartment. He took notice that I was not very well. Mr. Lowther proposed to bleed me. I consented. I afterwards saw my friend's wounds dressed. The three surgeons pronounced appearances not to be unfavourable.

We all then retired into Mr. Lowther's apartment. The bishop introduced to us two of the faculty. The prescriptions of the English physicians were considered; and some of the methods approved, and agreed to be pursued.

Clementina, when I came, was retired to her own apartment with Camilla. Her terrors on Laurana's cruelty had again got possession of her imagination; and they thought it not advisable that I should be admitted into her presence, till the hurries she was in, on that account, had subsided.

But by this time, being a little more composed, her mother led her into the dressing-room. The general, and his lady, were both present; and, by their desire, I was asked to walk in.

Clementina, when I entered, was sitting close to Camilla; her head leaning on her bosom, seemingly thoughtless. She raised her head, and looked

towards me; and, clasping her arms about Camilla's neck, hid her face in her bosom for a few moments; then, looking as bashful towards me, she loosed her hands, stood up, and looked steadily at me, and at Camilla, by turns, several times, as irresolute. At last, quitting Camilla, she moved towards me with a stealing pace; but when near me, turning short, hurried to her mother; and putting one arm about her neck, the other held up, she looked at me, as if she were doubtful whom she saw. She seemed to whisper to her mother, but not to be understood. She went then by her sister-in-law, who took her hand as she passed her, with both hers, and kissed it; and coming to the general, who sat still nearer me, and who had desired me to attend to her motions, she stood by him, and looked at me with a sweet irresolution.

As she had stolen such advances towards me, I could no longer restrain myself. I arose; and, taking her hand, 'Behold the man,' said I, with a bent knee, 'whom once you honoured with the name of tutor, your English tutor!—Know you not the grateful Grandison, whom all your family have honoured with their regard?'

'O yes!—Yes,—I think I do.'—They rejoiced to hear her speak—'But where have you been all this time?'

'In England, Madam—But returned, lately returned, to visit you and your Jeronymo.'

'Jeronymo!' one hand held up; the other not withdrawn. 'Poor Jeronymo!'

'God be praised!' said the general: 'some faint hopes.' The two marchionesses wept for joy.

'Your Jeronymo, Madam, and my Jeronymo, is, we hope, in a happy way. Do you love Jeronymo?'

'Do I!—But what of Jeronymo? I don't understand you.'

'Jeronymo, now you are well, will be happy.'

'Am I well? Ah, Sir!—But save me, save me, chevalier!'—faintly screaming, and looking about her, with a countenance of woe and terror.

'I will save you, Madam. The general will also protect you. Of whom are you afraid?'

'O the cruel, cruel Laurana!'—She withdrew her hand in a hurry,

and lifted up the sleeve of the other arm—'You shall see—O, I have been cruelly used—but you will protect me.' Forbearing to shew her arms, as she seemed to intend.

'Laurana shall never more come near you.'

'But don't hurt her!—Come, sit down by me, and I will tell you all I have suffered.'

She hurried to her former seat; and sat down by her weeping Camilla. I followed her. She motioned to me to sit down by her.

'What you must know, chevalier—' She said—'Ah, my lord!' putting her hand to it—'Well, but now you must excuse something, I beg—' I began—I don't know myself—

Then looking with a face of avowed tenderness—'You are not the same man I take I to just now!—Who are you, Sir?—She again fully shew'd him, and then her arms about Camilla's neck, once more hiding her face in her bosom.

I could not bear this. Not very well before, it was too much for me. I withdrew.

'Don't withdraw, chevalier,' said the general, drying his eyes.

I withdrew, however, to Mr. Lowther's chamber. He not being there, I shut the door upon myself—So oppressed! My dear Dr. Bartlett, I was greatly oppressed.

Recovering myself in a few moments, I went to Jeronymo. I had but just entered his chamber, when the general, who seemed unable to speak, took my hand, and in silence led me to his mother's dressing-room. As we entered it, 'She enquires after you, chevalier,' said he, 'and laments your departure. She thinks she has offended you. Thank God, she has recollection!'

When I went in, she was in her mother's arms; her mother soothing her, and weeping over her.

'See, see, my child, the chevalier! you have *not* offended him.'

She quitted her mother's arms. I approached her. 'I thought it was not you that sat by me, a while ago. But when you went away from me, I saw it could be nobody but you. Why did you go away? Was you angry?' 'I could not be angry, Madam. You bid me leave you, and I obeyed.'

'Well, but now what shall I say to

him, Madam? I do not know what I would say.—You, Madam,' stepping with a hasty motion towards her sister-in-law, 'will not tell Laurana any thing against me?'

'Unhappy hour,' said her mother, speaking to the general, 'that I ever yielded to her going to the cruel Laurana!'

The marchioness took her hand: 'I hate Laurana, my dear; I love nobody but you.'

'Don't hate her, however.—Chevalier,' whisperingly, 'who is this lady?'

The general rejoiced at the question; for this was the first time she had ever taken any particular notice of his lady, or enquired who she was, notwithstanding her generous tenderness to her.

'That lady is your sister, your brother Signor Grandison's wife.'

'My sister! how can that be?—Where has she been all this time?'

'Your sister by marriage: your elder brother's wife.'

'I don't understand it.—But why, Madam, did you not tell me so before? I wish you happy, Laurana would not let me be her cousin. Will you own me?'

The young marchioness clasped her arms about her. 'My sister, my friend, my dear Clementina! Call me your sister, and I shall be happy!'

'What strange things,' said she, 'have come to pass?'

How did these dawnings of reason rejoice every one!

'Sir,' turning to the general, 'let me speak with you.'

She led him by the hand to the other end of the room—'Let nobody hear us,' said she; yet spoke not low.—'What had I to say?—I had something to say to you very earnestly. I don't know what.'

'Well, don't puzzle yourself, my dear, to recollect it,' said the general. 'Your new sister loves you. She is the best of women. She is the joy of my life.—Love your new sister, my Clementina.'

'So I will. Don't I love every body?'

'But you must love her better than any other woman, the best of mothers excepted. She is *my* wife, and *your* sister; and she loves both you, and our dear Jeronymo.'

'And

'And nobody else? Does she love nobody else?'

'Whom else would you have her love?'

'I don't know. But every body, I think; for I do.'

'Whom ever you love, she will love. She is all goodness.'

'Why, that's well. I will love her, now I know who she is. But,

'Sir, I have some notion—'

'Of what, my dear?'

'I don't know. But pray, Sir, what brings the chevalier over hither again?'

'To comfort you, your father, mother, Jeronimo: to comfort us all.

'To make us all well, and happy in each other.'

'Why, that's very good. Don't you think so? But he was always good.—Are you, brother, happy?'

'I am, and should be more so, if you and Jeronimo were.'

'But that can never, never be.'

'God forbid! my sister. The chevalier has brought over with him a skilful man, who hopes to cure our Jeronimo.'

'Has the chevalier done this? Why did he not do so before?'

The general was a little disconcerted; but generously said, 'We were wrong; we took not right methods.

'I, for my part, wish we had followed his advice in every thing.'

'Bless me!—holding up one hand.

'How came all these things about!—

'Sir, Sir,' with quickness—'I will come again presently,' and was making to the door.

Camilla stepped to her—'Whither, whither, my dear young lady?—

'O! Camilla will do as well—Camilla,' laying her hand upon her shoulder, 'go to Father Marfcotti—

'Tell him—' There she stepped: then proceeding, 'Tell him, I have seen a

'vision—He shall pray for us all.'

Then stepping to her mother, and taking her passive hand, she kissed it, and stroked her own forehead and cheek with it—'Love me, Madam; love your child. You don't know, neither do I, what ails my poor head. Heal it! heal it! with your gentle hand!' Again stroking her forehead with it; then putting it to her heart.

The marchioness, kissing her fore-

head, made her face wet with her tears.

'Shall I,' said Camilla, 'go to Father Marfcotti?'

'No,' said the general, 'except she repeats her commands. Perhaps she has forgot him already.'—She said no more of Father Marfcotti.

The marchioness thinks that she had some confused notions of the former enmity of the general and father to me; and finding the former reconciled, wanted the father to be so too, and to pray for us all.

I was willing, my dear Dr. Bartlett, to give you minutely the workings of the poor lady's mind on our two first interviews. Every body is rejoiced at so hopeful an alteration already.

We all thought it best, now, that she had so surprizingly taken a turn, from observing a profound silence, to free talking, and shewn herself able, with very little incoherence, to pursue a discourse, that she should not exhaust herself; and Camilla was directed to court her into her own dressing-room, and endeavour to engage her on some indifferent subjects. I asked her leave to withdraw: she gave it me readily, with these words, 'I shall see you again, I hope, before you go to England.'

'Often, I hope, very often,' answered the general for me.

'That is very good,' said she: and, curtseying to me, went up with Camilla.

We all went into Jeronimo's apartment; and the young marchioness rejoiced him with the relation of what had passed. That generous friend was for ascribing to my presence the hoped-for happy alteration; while the general declared, that he never would have her contradicted for the future, in any reasonable request she should make.

The count her uncle, and Signor Sebastiano his eldest son, are set out for Urbino. They took leave of me at my lodgings. He hoped, he said, that all would be happy; and that I would be a catholic.

I HAVE received a large packet of letters from England.

I approve of all you propose, my dear Dr. Bartlett. You shall not, you say, be easy, except I will I slip of your accounts. Don't refuse to give your

own worthy heart any satisfaction that it can receive, by consulting your true friend: but otherwise, you need not ask my consent to any thing you shall think fit to do. Of one thing, methinks, I could be glad, that only such children of the poor, as shew a peculiar ingenuity, have any great pains taken with them in their *books*. Husbandry and labour are what are most wanting to be encouraged among the lower class of people. Providence has given to men different genius's and capacities, for different ends; and that all might become useful links of the same great chain. Let us apply those talents to labour, those to learning, those to trade, to mechanicks, in their different branches, which point out the different pursuits, and then no person will be unuseful; on the contrary, every one may be eminent in some way or other. Learning, of itself, never made any man happy. The ploughman makes fewer mistakes in the conduct of life than the scholar, because the sphere in which he moves is a more contracted one. But if a genius arise, let us encourage it: there will be rusticks enough to do the common services for the finer spirits, and to carry on the business of the world, if we do not, by our own indiscriminate good offices, contribute to their misapplication.

I will write to congratulate Lord W. and his lady. I rejoice exceedingly in their happiness.

I will also write to my Beauchamp, and to Lady Beauchamp, to give her joy on her enlarged heart. Surely, Dr. Bartlett, human nature is not so bad a thing, as some disgracers of their own species have imagined. I have, on many occasions, found, that it is but applying properly to the passions of persons, who, though they have not been very remarkable for benevolence, may yet be induced to do right things in *some* manner, if not always in the *most* graceful. But as it is an observation, that the miser's feast is often the most splendid; so may we say, as in the cases of Lord W. and Lady Beauchamp, the one to her son-in-law, the other to his lady and nieces, that when such persons are brought to taste the sweets of a generous and beneficent action, they are able to behave greatly. We should not too soon, and

without making *proper* application, give up persons of ability or power, upon conceptions of their general characters: and then, with the herd, set our faces against them as if we knew them to be incorrigible. How many ways are there to overcome persons, who may not, however, be naturally beneficent! Policy, a regard for outward appearances, ostentation, love of praise, will sometimes have great influences: and not seldom is the requester of a favour himself in fault, who perhaps shews as much *self* in the application, as the refuser does in the denial.

Let Charlotte know, that I will write to her when *she gives me a subject*.

I will write to Lord and Lady L. by the next mail. To write to either, is to write to both.

I have already answered Emily's favour. I am very glad that her mother, and her mother's husband, are so wise as to pursue their own interests in their behaviour to that good girl, and their happiness in their conduct to each other.

My poor cousin Grandison—I am concerned for him. I have a very affecting letter from him. But I see the proud man in it, valuing himself on his knowledge of the world, and rather vexed to be over-reached by the common artifices of some of the worst people in it, than from right principles. I know not what I can do for him, except I were on the spot. I am grieved that he has not profited by other men's wisdom: I wish he may by his own experience. I will write to him; yet neither to reproach him, nor to extenuate his folly, though I wish to free him from the consequences of it.

I write to my aunt Eleanor, to congratulate and welcome her to London. I hope to find her there on my return from Italy.

The unhappy Sir Hargrave! The still unhappier Merceda! What sport have they made with their health, in the prime of their days; and with their reputation! How poor would have been their triumph, had they escaped, by a flight so ignominious, the due reward of their iniquitous contrivances! But to meet with such a disgraceful punishment, and so narrowly to escape a still *more* disgraceful one—

one—Tell me, can the poor men look out into open day?

But poor Bagenhall! sunk as he is, almost beneath pity, what can be said of him?

We see, Dr. Bartlett, in the behaviour, and sordid acquiescence with insults, of these threemen, that offensive spirits cannot be true ones.

If you have any call or inclination to go to London, I am sure you will look in upon the little Oldhams, and their mother.

My compliments to the young officer. I am glad he is pleased with what has been done for him.

I have letters from Paris. I am greatly pleased with what is done, and doing there, in pursuance of my directions, relating to good Mr. Danby's legacy.

As he gained a great part of his considerable fortune in France, I think it would have been agreeable to him, to find out there half of the objects of his benevolence: why else named he France in his will?

The *intention* of the bequeather, in doubtful cases, ought always to be considered: and another case has offered, which, I think, as there is a large surplus in my hands, after having done by his relations more than they expected, and full as much as is necessary to put them in a flourishing way, I ought to consider in that light.

Mr. Danby at his setting out in life, owed great obligations to a particular family, then in affluent circumstances. This family fell, by unavoidable accidents, into indigence. Its descendants were numerous. Mr. Danby used to confer on no less than six granddaughters, and four grandsons, of this family, an annual bounty, which kept them just above want. And he had put them in hopes that he would cause it to be continued to them, as long as they were unprovided for: the elder girls were in services; the younger were brought up to be qualified for the same useful way of life; the sons were neither idle or vicious. I cannot but think, that it was his *intention* to continue his bounty to them by his last will, had he not forgot them when he gave orders for drawing it up; which was not till he thought himself in a dying way.

Proper enquiries have been made;

and this affair is settled. The numerous family think themselves happy. And the supposed intention of my deceased friend is fully answered; and no legatee a sufferer.

You kindly, my dear Dr. Bartlett, regret the distance we are at from each other. I am the loser by it, and not you: since I give you, by pen and ink, almost as minute an account of my proceedings, as I could do were we conversing together: such are your expectations upon, and such is the obedience of, *your ever affectionate and filial friend,*

CHARLES GRANDISON.

LETTER III.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON. IN CONTINUATION.

JUNE 12-23.

WE have now, thank God, some hopes of our Jeronymo. The opening made below the great wound, answers happily its intention; and that in the shoulder is once more in a fine way.

Lady Clementina has been made to understand, that he is better; and this good news, and the method she is treated with, partly in pursuance of the advice of the English physicians, leave us not without hopes of her recovery.

The general and his lady are gone to Naples, in much higher spirits than when they left that city. His lady seconding his earnest invitation, I was not able to deny them the promise of a visit there.

Every one endeavours to soothe and humour Lady Clementina; and the whole family is now satisfied, that this was the method which always ought to have been taken with her; and lay to the charge of Lady Sforza and Laura, perhaps much deeper views than they had at first; though they might enlarge them afterwards, and certainly did extend them, when the poor lady was deemed irrecoverable.

Let me account to you, my dear friend, for my silence of near a month since the date of my last.

For a fortnight together, I was every day once with Lady Clementina. She took no small pleasure in seeing me. She was very various all that time in
her

her absences; sometimes she had sensible intervals, but they were not durable. She generally rambled much; and was very incoherent. Sometimes she fell into her silent fits: but they seldom lasted long when I came. Sometimes she aimed to speak to me in English: but her ideas were too much unfixed, and her memory too much shattered, to make herself understood for a sentence together, in the tongue she had so lately learned, and for some time disused. Yet, on the whole, her reason seemed to gather strength. It was a heavy fortnight to me; and the heavier, as I was not very well myself.—Yet I was loth to forbear my daily visits.

Mrs. Beaumont, at the fortnight's end, made the family and me a visit of three days. In that space, Lady Clementina's absences were stronger, but less frequent than before.

I had, by letter, been all this time preparing the persons who had the management of Mr. Jervois's affairs, to adjust, finally, the account relating to his estate, which remained unsettled; and they let me know, that they were quite ready to put the last hand to them. It was necessary for me to attend these gentlemen in person: and as Mrs. Beaumont could not conveniently stay any longer than the three days, I acquainted the marchioness, that I should do myself the honour of attending her to Florence.

As well Mrs. Beaumont, as the marchioness, and the bishop, thought I should communicate my intention, and the necessity of pursuing it, to Lady Clementina; lest on her asking me, she should be impatient, and we should lose the ground we had gained. I laid before the young lady, in presence of her mother and Mrs. Beaumont, in a plain and simple manner, my obligation to leave her for a few days, and the reason for it. 'To Florence?' said she. 'Does not Lady Olivia live at Florence?'—'She does, usually,' answered Mrs. Beaumont: 'but she is abroad on her travels.'

'Well, Sir, it is not for me to detain you, if you have business; but what will become of my poor Jeronymo in the mean time?'—But, before I could answer, 'What a silly

question is that!—I will be his comforter.'

Father Marefotti just then entered.—'O father!' rambled the poor lady, 'you have not agreed with me for a long time. O, Sir, I am an undone creature! I am a lost soul!'—She fell on her knees, and with tears bewailed herself.

She endeavoured, after this, to recollect what she had been talking of before. We make it a rule, not to suffer her, if we can help it, to puzzle and perplex herself, by aiming at recollection: and therefore I told her what was our subject. She fell into it again with cheerfulness.—'Well, Sir, and when may Jeronymo expect you again?'—In about ten days, I told her. And taking her hint, I added, that I doubted not but she would comfort Signor Jeronymo in my absence. She promised she would; and I wished me happy.

I attended Mrs. Beaumont accordingly. I concluded, to my satisfaction, all that remained undischarged of my Emily's affairs in two days after my arrival at Florence. I had a happy two days more with Mrs. Beaumont, and the ladies her friends; and I stole a visit out of the ten days to the Count of Belvedere, at Parma.

This excursion was of benefit to my health; and having had a letter from Mr. Lowther, as I had desired, at Modena, in my way to Parma, with very favourable news, in relation both to the sister and brother, I returned to Bologna, and met with a joyful reception from the marquis, his lady, the bishop, and Jeronymo; who all joined to give me a share in the merit that was principally due to Mr. Lowther, and his assistants, with regard to the brother's amendment, and to their own soothing methods of treating the beloved sister; who followed strictly the prescriptions of her physicians.

I was introduced to Lady Clementina by her mother, attended only by Camilla. The young lady met me at the entrance of her anti-chamber, with a dignity like that which used to distinguish her in her happier days. 'You are welcome, chevalier,' said she: 'but you kept not your time. I have let it down;' pulling out her pocket-book.—'Ten days, Madam: I told you

'you ten days.'—'I am exactly to my time—You shall see that: I cannot be mistaken,' smiling. But her smiles were not quite her own.

She referred me to her book. 'You have reckoned two days twice over, Madam.—See here—'

'Is it possible?—I once, Sir, was a better accountant. Well, but we will not stand upon two days in so many. I have taken great care of Jeronymo in your absence. I have attended him several times; and would have seen him oftener; but they told me there was no need.'

I thanked her for her care of my friend—

'That's good enough,' said she, 'to thank me for the care of myself. Jeronymo is myself.'

'Signor Jeronymo,' replied I, 'can not be dearer to his sister than he is to me.'

'You are a good man,' returned she; and laid her hand upon my arm; 'I always said so. But, chevalier, I have quite forgot my English. I shall never recover it. What happy times were those, when I was innocent, and was learning English!'

'My beloved young lady,' said Camilla, 'was always innocent.'

'No, Camilla!—No!—And then she began to ramble—And taking Camilla under the arm, whispering, 'Let us go together, to that corner of the room, and pray to God to forgive us. You, Camilla, have been wicked as well as I.'

She went and kneeled down, and held up her hands in silence: then rising, she came to her mother, and kneeled to her; her hands lifted up—'Forgive me, forgive your poor child, my mamma!'

'God bless my child! Rise, my love!—I do forgive you! But do you forgive me,' tears trickling down her cheeks, 'for ever suffering you to go out of my own sight? for delivering you into the management of less kind, and less indulgent relations?'

'And God forgive *them* too,' rising. 'Some of them made me crazy, and then upbraided me with being so. God forgive them! I do.'

She then came to me; and to my great surprise, dropt down on one

knee. I could not, for a few moments, tell what to do, or what to say to her. Her hands held up, her fine eyes supplicating—'Pray, Sir, forgive me!'

'Humour, humour the dear creature, chevalier,' said her mother, sobbing.

'Forgive you, Madam!—Forgive you, dear lady! for what?—You have not offended! You could not offend.'

I raised her; and taking her hand, pressed it with my lips! 'Now, Madam, forgive *me*—For this freedom forgive me!'

'O, Sir, I have given you, I have given every body, trouble!—I am an unhappy creature: and God, and you, are angry with me—And you will not say you forgive me?'

'Humour her, chevalier.'

'I do, I do forgive you, most excellent of women.'

She hesitated a little; then turned round to Camilla, who stood at a distance, weeping; and running to her, cast herself into her arms, hiding her face in her bosom—'Hide me, hide me, Camilla!—What have I done! I have kneeled to a man!—She put her arm under Camilla's, and hurried out of the room with her.

Her mother seeing me in some confusion; 'Peevish with me, chevalier,' said she, yet weeping, 'that we see, though her reason is imperfect, such happy symptoms. Our child will, I trust in God, be once more our own. And you will be the happy instrument of restoring her to us.'

The marquis, and the bishop, were informed of what had passed. They also rejoiced in these farther day-breaks, as they called them, of their Clementina's reason.

You will observe, my dear Dr. Bartlett, that I only aim to give you an account of the greater and more visible changes that happen in the mind of this unhappy lady; omitting those conversations between her and her friends, in which her situation varied but little from those before described. By this means you will be able to trace the steps to that recovery of her reason, which, we presume to hope, will be the return to our fervent prayers, and humble endeavours.

LETTER IV.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON. IN CONTINUATION.

BOLOGNA, JUNE 13-24.

THE Conte della Porretta, and his two sons, came hither yesterday, to rejoice on the hopeful prospects before us.

I thought I saw a little shyness and reserve sit upon the brow of the marchioness, which I had not observed till the arrival of the count. A complaisance that was too civil for friendship; for *our* friendship. I never permit a cloud to hang for one hour upon the brow of a friend, without examining into the reason of it, in hopes it may be in my power to dispel it. An abatement in the freedom of one I love, is a charge of unworthiness upon me, that I must endeavour to obviate the moment I suspect it. I desired a private audience of the good lady.

She favoured me with it at the first word. But as soon as I had opened my heart to her, she asked, if Father Marescotti, who loved me, she said, as if I were his own son, might be allowed to be present at our conversation? I was a little startled at the question, but answered, 'By all means.'

The father was sent to, and came. Tender concern and reserve were both apparent in his countenance. This shewed that he was apprized of the occasion of the marchioness's reserve: and expected to be called upon, or employed in the explanation, had I *not* demanded it.

I repeated before him, what I had said to the marchioness, of the reserve that I had thought I saw since yesterday in one of the most benign countenances in the world.

'Chevalier,' said she, 'if you think that every one of our family, as well as those of Urbino and Naples, as those of this place, do not love you as one of their own family, you do not do us justice.'

She then enumerated and exaggerated their obligations to me. I truly told her, that I could not do less than I had done, and answer it to my own heart.

'Leave us,' replied she, 'to judge for ourselves on this subject. And, for God's sake, do not think us ca-

pable of ingratitude. We begin with pleasure to see the poor child, after a course of sufferings and distresses, that few young creatures have gone through, reviving to our hopes. She must in gratitude, in honour, in justice, be yours, if you require her of us, and upon the terms you have formerly proposed.'

'I think so,' said the father.

'What can I say?' proceeded she: 'We are all distressed. I am put upon a task that grieves me. Ease my heart, chevalier, by sparing my speech.'

'Explain yourself no farther, Madam: I fully understand you. I will not impute ingratitude to any heart in this family.—Tell me, Father Marescotti, if you can allow for me, as I could for you, were you in my circumstances, (and you cannot be better satisfied in your religion, than I am in mine) tell me, by what you *could* do, what I *ought*.'

'There is no answering a case so strongly put,' replied the father. 'But can a false religion, an heresy, persuade an ingenuous mind as strongly as the true?'

'Dear Father Marescotti, you know you have said nothing; it would sound harshly to repeat your own question to you; yet that is all I need to do. But let us continue our prayers, that the desirable work may be perfected: that Lady Clementina may be quite recovered.—You have seen, Madam, that I have not offered to give myself consequence with her. You see the distance I have observed to her: you see nothing in her, not even in her most afflicting reveries, than can induce you to think she has marriage in view. As I told your ladyship at first, I have but one wish at present; and that is, her perfect recovery.'

'What, father, can we say?' resumed the marchioness.—'Advise us, chevalier. You know our situation. But do not, do not impute ingratitude to us. Our child's salvation, in our own opinion, is at stake.—If she be yours, she will not be long a catholic—Once more, advise us.'

'You generously, I know, Madam, think you speak in time, both for the young lady's sake and mine. You say she shall be mine upon the terms

' terms I formerly offered, if I insist upon it. I have told the general, that I will have the consent of all three brothers, as well as yours, Madam, and your good lord's, or I will not hope for the honour of your alliance: and I have declared to you, that I look upon myself as bound; upon you all, as free. If you think that the sense of supposed obligation, as Lady Clementina advances in her health, may engage her farther than you wish, let me decline my visits by degrees, in order to leave her as disengaged as possible in her own mind; and that I may not be thought of consequence to her recovery. In the first place, I will make my promised visit to the general. You see she was not the worse, but, perhaps, the better, for my absence of ten days. I will pass twenty, if you please, at Rome, and at Naples; holding myself in readiness to return post, at the first call. Let us determine nothing in the interim. Depend upon the honour of a man, who once more assures you, that he looks upon himself as bound, and the lady free; and who will act accordingly by her, and all your family.'

They were both silent, and looked upon each other.

' What say you, Madam, to this proposal?—What say you, Father Marefcotti?—Could I think of a more disinterested one, I would make it.'

' I say, you are a wonderful man.'

' I have not words,' resumed the lady—She wept, ' Hard, hard fate! The man, that of all men—'

There she stopt. The father was present, or, perhaps, she had said more.

' Shall we,' said she, ' acquaint Jeronimo with this conversation?'

' It may disturb him,' replied I. ' You know, Madam, his generous attachment to me. I have promised the general a visit. Signor Jeronimo was as much pleased with the promise, as with the invitation. The performance will add to his pleasure. He may get more strength; Lady Clementina may be still better: and you will, from events so happy, be able to resolve. Still be pleased to

' remember, that I hold myself bound, yourselves to be free.'

Yet I thought at the time, with a concern, that, perhaps, was too visible, ' When shall I meet with the returns, which my proud heart challenges as it's due?' But then my pride (shall I call it?) came in to my relief—' Great God! I thank thee,' thought I, ' that thou enablest me to do what my conscience, what humanity tells me, is fit and right to be done, without taking my measures of right and wrong from any other standard.'

Father Marefcotti saw me affected. Tears stood in his eyes. The marchioness was still more concerned. She called me the most generous of men, took a respectful leave, and withdrew to Jeronimo.

As I was intending to return to my lodgings, in order to try to calm there my disturbed mind, the marquis and his brother, and the bishop, sent for me into the marchioness's drawing-room, where were she and Father Marefcotti; who had acquainted them with what had passed between her, himself, and me.

The bishop arose and embraced me—' Dear Grandison,' said he, ' How I admire you!—Why, why will you not let me call you brother?—Were a prince your competitor, and you would be a catholic—'

' O that you would!' said the marchioness; her hands and eyes lifted up.

' And will you not? Can you not, my dear chevalier?' said the count.

' That, my lord, is a question kindly put, as it shews your regard for me—But it is not to be answered now.'

The marquis took my hand. He applauded the disinterestedness of my behaviour to his family. He approved of my proposal of absence; but said, that I must myself undertake to manage that part, not only with their Clementina, but with Jeronimo; whose grateful heart would otherwise be uneasy, on a surmise, that the motion came not from myself, but them.

' We will not resolve upon any measures,' said he. ' God continue

‘and improve our prospects! and the result we will leave to his providence.’

I went from them directly to Jeronymo; and told him of my intended journey.

He asked me, what would become of Clementina in the mean time? Was there not too great a danger that she would go back again?

I told him I would not go, but with her approbation.

I pleaded my last absence of ten days, in favour of my intention. ‘Her recovery,’ said I, ‘must be a work of time. If I am of the consequence your friendship for me supposes, her attention will, probably, be more engaged by short absences, and the expectations raised by them, than by daily visits. I remember not, my dear Jeronymo,’ continued I, ‘a single instance, that could induce any one to imagine, that your Clementina’s regard for the man you favour was a personal one. Friendship never lighted up a purer flame in a human heart, than in that of your sister. Was not the future happiness of the man she esteemed, the constant, I may say, the *only* object of her cares? In the height of her malady, did she not declare, that were that great article but probably secured, she would resign her life with pleasure?’

‘True, very true: Clementina is an excellent creature; she ever was. And you only can deserve her. O that she could be now worthy of you! But are my father, mother, brother, willing to part with you? Do they not, for Clementina’s sake, make objections?’

‘The last absence sitting so easy on her mind, they doubt not but frequent absences may excite her attention.’

‘Well, well, I acquiesce. The general and his lady will rejoice to see you. I must not be too selfish. God preserve you, wherever you go!—Only let not the gentle heart of Clementina be wounded by your absence. Don’t let her miss you.’

‘To-morrow,’ replied I, ‘I will consult her. She shall determine for me.’

LETTER V.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON. IN
CONTINUATION.

JUNE 14-25.

HAVING the honour of an invitation to a conversation-visit, to the cardinal legate, and to meet there the gonfalonier, I went to the palace of Porretta in the morning.

After sitting about half an hour with my friend Jeronymo, I was admitted in the presence of Lady Clementina. Her parents and the bishop were with her. ‘Clementina, chevalier,’ said her mother, ‘was enquiring for you. She is desirous to recover her English. Are you willing, Sir, to undertake your pupil again?’

‘Aye, chevalier,’ said the young lady, ‘those were happy times, and I want to recover them. I want to be as happy as I was then.’

‘You have not been very well, Madam: and is it not better to defer our lectures for some days, till you are quite established in your health?’

‘Why, that is the thing. I know I have been very ill, I know that I am not yet quite well; and I *want* to be so: and that is the reason that I would recover my English.’

‘You will soon recover it, Madam, when you begin. But at present, the thought, the memory, it would require you to exert, would perplex you. I am afraid the study would rather retard, than forward your recovery.’

‘Why, now, I did not expect this from you, Sir. My mamma has consented.’

‘I did, my dear, because I would deny you nothing that your heart was set upon: but the chevalier has given you such good reasons to suspend his lectures, that I wish you would not be earnest in your request.’

‘But I can’t help it, Madam. I want to be happy.’

‘Well, Madam, let us begin now. What English book have you at hand?’

‘I don’t know. But I will fetch one.’

She

She slept out, Camilla after her; and, poor lady, forgetting her purpose, brought down some of her own work, the first thing that came to hand out of a drawer that she pulled out, in her dressing-room; instead of looking into her book-case. 'It is an unfinished piece of Noah's ark, and the rising deluge; the execution admirable.' And, coming to me, 'I wonder where it has lain all this time. Are you a judge of women's works, chevalier?'

She went to the table—'Come hither, and sit down by me.' I did.—'Madam,' to her mother—'my lord,' to her brother—(for the marquis withdrew, in grief, upon this instance of her wandering;) 'come, and sit down by the chevalier and me.' They did. She spread it on the table, and, in an attentive posture, her elbow on the table, her head on one hand, pointing with the finger of the other—'Now tell me your opinion of this work.'

I praised, as it deserved, the admirable finger of the workwoman. 'Do you know, that's *mine*, Sir?' said she: 'But tell me; every body can praise; do you see no fault?'—'I think *that* is one,' said I; and pointed to a disproportion that was pretty obvious—'Why so it is. I never knew you to be a flatterer.'

'Men, who can find faults more gracefully,' said the bishop, 'than others praise, need not flatter.'—'Why that's true,' said she. She sighed; 'I was happy when I was about this work. And the drawing was my own too, after—after—I forget the painter—But you think it tolerable—Do you?'

'I think it, upon the whole, very fine. If you would rectify that one fault, it would be a master-piece.'

'Well, I think I'll try, since you like it.' She rolled it up—'Camilla, let it be put on my toilet. I am glad the chevalier likes it.—But, Sir, if I am not at a loss; for my head is not as it should be—'

Poor lady! she lost what she was going to say—She paused as if she would recollect it—'Do you know,' at last, said she, 'what is the matter with my head?' putting her hand to her forehead—'Such a strange con-

'fusion just here! And so stupid!—' She shut her eyes. She laid her head on her mother's shoulder; who dropt an involuntary tear on her forehead.

The bishop was affected. 'Can you, chevalier,' whispered he, 'suppose this dear creature's reason in your power, and yet withhold it from her?'

'Ah, my lord,' said I, 'how cruel—'

She raised her head; and, taking her mother's and Camilla's offered salts, smelt to them in turn—'I think I am a little better.—Were you, chevalier, ever in such a strange way?—I hope not—God preserve all people from being as I have been!—Why now you are all affected. Why do you all weep? What have I said! God forbid, that I should afflict any body—Ah! chevalier!' and laid her hand upon my arm, 'God will bless you. I always said, you were a tender-hearted man. God will pity him, that can pity another!—But, brother, my lord, I have not been at church a long time: have I? How long is it?—Where is the general? Where is my uncle?—Laurana! poor Laurana! God forgive her; she is gone to answer for all her unkindness!—And she said she was sorry; did she?'

Thus rambled the poor lady! What, my dear Dr. Bartlett, can be more affecting than these absences, these reveries, of a mind once so sound and sensible!

She withdrew at her own motion, with Camilla; and we had no thoughts of communicating to her, at that time, my intentional absence. But as I was about taking my leave for the day, Camilla came into Jeronymo's chamber, where I was; and told me, that her young lady was very sedate, and desired to see me, if I were not gone.

She led me into Clementina's dressing-room, where was present the marchioness only: who said, she thought I might apprize her daughter of my proposed journey to Naples; and she herself began the subject.

'My dear,' said she, 'the chevalier has been acquainting my lord and me with an engagement he is under to visit your brother Giacomo, and his lady, at Naples.'

'That is a vast journey,' said she.

'Not for the chevalier, my dear. He is used to travel.'

'Only for a visit!—Is it not better, Sir, for you to stay here, where every body loves you?'

'The general, my dear, and his lady, love the chevalier.'

'May be so.—But did you promise them, Sir?'

'I did, Madam.'

'Why then you must perform your promise. But it was not kind in them to engage you.'

'Why so, my dear?' asked her mother.

'Why so? Why what will poor Jeronymo do for his friend?'

'Jeronymo has consented, my dear. He thinks the journey will do the chevalier good.'

'Nay, then—Will the journey do you good, Sir? If it will, I am sure Jeronymo would not, for the world, detain you.'

'Are you willing, my dear, that the chevalier should go?'

'Yes, surely, Madam, if it will do him good. I would lay down my life to do him good. Can we ever requite him for his goodness to us?'

'Grateful heart!' said her mother, tears in her eyes.

'Gratitude, piety, sincerity, and every duty of the social life, are constitutional virtues in this lady. No disturbance of mind can weaken, much less efface them.'

'Shall you not want to see him in his absence?'

'Perhaps I may: but what then? if it be for his good, you know.'

'Suppose, my dear, we could obtain the favour of Mrs. Beaumont's company, while the chevalier is gone?'

'I should be glad.'

'Mrs. Beaumont is all goodness,' said I. 'I will endeavour to engage her. I can go by sea to Naples; and then Florence will be in my way.'

'Florence! Aye, and then you may see Olivia too, you know.'

'Olivia is not in Italy, Madam. She is on her travels.'

'Nay, I am not against your seeing Olivia, if it will do you good to see her.'

'You don't love Olivia, my dear,' said her mother.

'Why, not much—But *will* you send Mrs. Beaumont to keep me company?'

'I hope, Madam, I may be able to engage her.'

'And how long shall you be gone?'

'If I go by sea, I shall return by the way of Rome: and shall make my absence longer or shorter, as I shall hear how my Jeronymo does, or as he will or will not dispense with it.'

'That is very good of you—But, but—suppose—' (a sweet blush overspread her face)—'I don't know what I would say—But, for Jeronymo's sake, don't stay longer than will do you good. No need of *that*, you know.'

'Sweet creature!' said the mother.

'Did you call *me* so, Madam! wrapping her arms about her, and hiding her faintly-blushing face in her bosom. Then raising it up, her arms still folded about her mother:

'As long as I have my mamma with me, I am happy. Don't let me be sent away from you again, my mamma. I will do every thing you bid me do. I never was disobedient—Was I? Pity upon me, if I was?'

'No, never, never, my dearest life.'

'So I hoped. For when I knew nothing, this I used to say over my beads—"Gracious Father! let me never forget my duty to thee, and to my parents!" I was afraid I *might*, as I remembered nothing—But that was partly owing to Laurana. Poor Laurana! She has now answered for it. I would pray her out of her pains, if I could. Yet she *did* torment me.'

She has entertained a notion, that Laurana is dead; and as it has removed that terror which she used to have, at her very name, they intend not to deceive her. But, Dr. Bartlett, well or ill, did you ever know a more excellent creature!

'Well, Sir, and so you *must* go.—' She quitted her mother, and with a dignity like that which used to distinguish her, she turned to me; and gracefully waving one hand, while she held up the other—'God preserve you wherever you go! You *must* go from
' friend

friend to friend, were it all the world over. You will let Jeronymo hear often from you—Won't you?—Pray do. And I will, in every visit I make to him, enquire when he heard from his friend. Adieu, Sir; adieu.'

I had not intended then to take my leave of her; but, as she anticipated me, I thought it right to do so; and, respectfully bowing on her hand, withdrew, followed by her eyes and her blessings.

I went to Jeronymo. The marchioness came to me there; and was of opinion with me, that I should take this as a farewell-visit to her Clementina; and to-morrow, (sooner by two days than I intended) I propose to set out for Florence, in hopes to engage for them Mrs. Beaumont's company.

Mr. Lowther will write to me at all opportunities; and, perhaps, you will not, for some weeks, hear farther from your ever affectionate

CHARLES GRANDISON.

LETTER VI.

MISS BYRON, TO LADY G.

THURSDAY, MAY II.

I Write on purpose to acquaint you, that I have had a visit from Lady Olivia. She dined with me; and is just set out for Northampton. We all joined, in the most cordial manner, to entreat her to favour us with her company till morning: but she was not to be prevailed upon. Every one of us equally admires, and pities her. Indeed, she is a finer woman than you, Lady G. would allow her to be, in the debate between us in town, on that subject.

After dinner, she desired a quarter of an hour's discourse with me alone. We retired into the cedar-parlour.

She opened, as she said, her *whole* heart to me. What an hatred has she to the noble Lady Clementina! She sometimes frightened me by her threatenings—Poor unwomanly lady!

I took the liberty to blame her. I told her, she must excuse me; it was ever my way with those I respected.

She would fain have got me to own, that I loved Sir Charles Grandison. I

acknowledged gratitude and esteem.—But as there are no prospects, (*hopes* I had like to have said) I would go no farther. But she was sure it was so. I *did* say, and I am in earnest, that I never could be satisfied with a divided heart. She clasped me in her arms upon this, and put her cheek to my forehead.

She told me, that she admired him for his virtue. She knew he had resisted the greatest temptations that ever man was tried with. I hope, poor woman, that none of them were from her!—For her own sake, (notwithstanding what Dr. Bartlett once whispered, and, good man as he is) I hope so!—The chevalier, she said, was superior to all attempts that were not grounded on honour and conscience. She had heard of women who had spread their snares for him in his early youth: but women, in her country, of slight fame, she said, had no way to come at him; and women of virtue were secure from *his* attempts. 'Yet 'would you not have thought,' asked she, 'that beauty might have marked him for it's own! Such an air, such an address, so much personal bravery, accustomed to shine in the upper life; all that a woman can value in a man, is the Chevalier Grandison!'

She at last declared, that she wished him to be mine, rather than any woman's on earth.

I was very frank, very unreserved. She seemed delighted with me; and went away, professing to every one, as well as to me, that she admired me for my behaviour, my sincerity, my prudence, (she was pleased to say) and my ardeursness, above all the women she had ever conversed with.

May her future conduct be such as may do credit to her birth, to her high fortune, to her sex! and I shall then forgive her for an attempt (as it was frustrated) that I thought she ought never to be forgiven for; and which made me, as we sat, often look upon her with terror, and *deprecation*, may I say?

In answer to your kind enquiries about my health—I only say, What must be, will—Sometimes better than at others. If I could hear you were good, I should be better, I believe. Adieu, my dear Lady G. Adieu.

LETTER

LETTER VII.

MISS BYRON, TO LADY G.

[ON SIR CHARLES'S FIRST LETTER
FROM BOLOGNA, VOL. IV. LETTER XL.]

WEDNESDAY, MAY 31*.

I Am greatly obliged to you, my dear Lady G. for dispatching to me, in so extraordinary a way, the first letter of your brother to Dr. Bartlett. I thank God for his safe arrival at the destined place; and for the faint hopes given in it of his friend's life. The Almighty will do his own work, and in his own way. And that must be best.

You ask me for my opinion of the contents of this letter, at large.—What can I say?—Thus much I must say—

I admire, more and more, your brother: I pity the family he is gone to comfort and relieve; and I pray for Clementina and Jeronymo; and this as well for your brother's sake as theirs.

He generously rejoices, that he did not pursue his own INCLINATIONS—I am very happy in what he says of your Harriet. Indeed, my dear, I am. Though we may be conscious of not deserving the praises bestowed upon us, yet are we fond of standing high in the opinion of those we love. Two paragraphs I have got by heart. I need not tell you which they are. But, alas! his greatly favoured friend is *not* so free, as he hoped she was. It is a pleasure to me, however, because it is such to him, that it is not his fault, but her own, that she is not.

The countess, whom he so justly praises, writes to me; and I answer—But to what purpose? I am afraid, that a very important observation of his comes not in time to do me service; since if my prudence is proportioned to my trials, I ought to have endeavoured to exert it sooner.

But, it seems, there is an insuperable objection against the poor lady's going into a nunnery. I never heard of that before. It seems right to the marchioness, that the young lady, who is intitled to a great share of this world's

goods, should not be dedicated to Heaven. This *may* be so in the family-eye, for aught I know: but I am persuaded, that if there is any one of it, who would not have pleaded this obstacle to a divine dedication, it would be Clementina herself. And yet I own, I can allow of their regret, that the cruel Laurana should be a gainer by Clementina's being lost, as I may say, to the world.

Your brother's kind remembrance of Mr. and Mrs. Reeves is an honour done to me, as well as to them. I *must* take it so, Lady G. And what he says of me in the paragraph in which he mentions Emily, adds to the pride he had raised in me before.

Dr. Bartlett is extremely obliging, in not offering to withhold any passage in your brother's letters from us. I have let him know, that I think him so; and have begged him: not to spare any thing out of tenderness to me, on a supposition that I may be affected, or made uneasy, by what your brother shall write to him. This is speaking very plainly, my dear: but it is to Dr. Bartlett; and he signified to us, more than once, that he could not be a stranger to the heart of your Harriet.

And now, my dear Lady G. let me ask you, in my turn, what you think of one passage in your brother's letter, of which you have not taken the least notice in yours to me? 'Charlotte, I hope, is happy. If she be not, it must be her own fault.'

You have honestly owned in your last, (yet too roguishly for a true penitent) that it was evidently so in the debate about being presented. *Miss Grandison* used to like the drawing-room well enough. Her brother has owned, in my hearing, as well as in yours, that had he not been so long out of England, and, since his return to it, so seldom in town, he would have made it a part of his duty to pay his attendance there, at proper times. But *Lady G.* forsooth, disdained to appear as the property [Reflect but, my dear, how absurd] of a worthy man, to whom she had vowed love, honour, and obedience.

I should not remind you thus of past

* Several letters of Miss Byron, Lady G. Lady L. and Miss Jervois, which were written between the dates of the preceding letter and the present, are omitted.

dispancies, did not new ones seem to spring up every day.

For Heaven's sake, my dear Lady G. let it not be carried from England to Italy, that Lord G. is not so happy with a sister of Sir Charles Grandison as might be expected; lest it be asked, whether that sister, and this brother, had the same mother. I have written before all that I could possibly say on this subject. You know yourself to be wrong. It would be impertinence to expostulate farther on a duty so known, and acknowledged: no more, therefore, on this head, (authorize me to say) for ever!

As to my health—I would fain be well. I am more sorry, that I am not, for the sake of my friends, (who are incessantly grieving for me) than for my own. I have not, I *think* I have not, any thing to reproach myself with; nor yet any body to reproach me. To whom have I given cause of triumph over me, by my ill usage, or insolence to him? I yield to an event to which I ought to submit: and to a woman, not *less*, but *more* worthy than myself; and who has a prior claim.

I long to hear of the meeting of this noble pair. May it be propitious! May Sir Charles Grandison have the satisfaction, and the merit with the family, of being the means of restoring to reason (a greater restoration than to health) the woman, every faculty of whose soul ought, in that case, to be devoted to GOD, and to him! Methinks I have at present but one wish; it is, that I may live to *see* this lady, if she *is* to be the happy woman. Could I, do you think, Lady G. if I were to have this honour, cordially congratulate her as Lady Grandison? Heaven only knows! But it would be my glory, if I could; for then I should not scruple to put myself in a rank with Clementina; and to demand her hand, as that of my sister.

But, poor Olivia!—Shall I not pity the unhappy woman, who, I am afraid, is too short-sighted to look forward to that only consolation which can weaken the force of worldly disappointments?

My cousin Reeves, in a joyful letter, just now received, acquaints me with the birth of the fine boy his wife has presented to him: an event that exceedingly rejoices us all. He tells me in it, how good you are. Continue to

them, my dear Lady G. your affectionate regards. They ever loved you: even for your very faults, so bewitchingly lively are you. But I have told Mr. Reeves, that his partiality for you shews that he feels not for Lord G. as he would for himself, were *his* wife a Lady G.

I will write to my other friends.—Dear creature! don't let me say that I love Lord G. better than I do Lady G. yet, were the aggressor in a quarrel my own sister, endeared to me by a thousand generous offices, I would, I *must* love the sufferer best; at least, while he is a sufferer. Witness,

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER VIII.

MISS BYRON, TO LADY G.

THURSDAY, JUNE 1.

THANKS an hundred times repeated, to you, my dear Lady G. and to good Dr. Bartlett, for the favour of Sir Charles's letters, of May 22, 23, 26, and 27, N.S. all following so quick, that which you favoured me with of the 10th-21st, upon which I wrote to you yesterday. I dispatch them to you for the doctor all together.

I cannot, my dear, have much to say to the contents of these.

They *have* met: had more interviews than one.

Why cannot the Count of Belvedere—But no more of that. I don't like this general. The whole family (the two noble sufferers Jeronymo and Clementina excepted) seem to me to have more pride than gratitude—Aye, mother and all, my dear!

But you see Sir Charles has been indisposed. No wonder—Visited by the marquis and marchioness, you see: not a slight illness, therefore, you may believe. God preserve him, and restore Lady Clementina, and the worthy Jeronymo!

His kind remembrance of me—But, my dear, I think the doctor and you must forbear obliging me with any more of his letters—His goodness, his tenderness, his delicacy, his strict honour, but add—Yet can any new instances add to a character so uniformly good? But the chief reason of my self-denial,

denial, if you were to take me at my word, as to these communications, is, that his affecting descriptions and narratives of Lady Clementina's reverses (poor, poor lady!) will break my heart! Yet you must send them to *your ever obliged*

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER IX.

LADY G. TO MISS BYRON.

MONDAY, JUNE 5.

MY DEAR CREATURE!

YOU must not, you shall not, be ill. What signify your *heroicks*, child, if they only give you placid looks, and make an hypocrite of the sincerest girl in England? In other words, if they are only a cover for a despairing heart? Be better: be less affected; or, I can tell you, the doctor and I, and Lady L. shall all think it but right to take you at your first word, and send you no more of my brother's letters. Yet we are all of us as greatly affected by the contents of them, as our dear Harriet can be. I am sure you will allow us to be so for the poor lady. But to subjects less interesting.

The doctor is with us. Aunt Nell is in love with him. He ordered his matters, and came to town at Lady L.'s request and mine, and Beauchamp's, that we might the sooner come at my brother's letters.—Very obliging!—Beauchamp worships the good man. He would have been with him at Grandison Hall, but that Sir Harry and Lady Beauchamp knew not how to part with him: and I fancy another slyer reason withheld him, half unknown to himself. Love is certainly creeping into his heart. This Emily! a little rogue! has already (yet suspects it not) made a conquest. He deserves her better than any man I know: the him, had she not already a great hole in her heart, through which one may run one's head. But does not Beauchamp love the same person as much as she can do? And does he not know, that the girl is innocent, and the man virtuous, even, as I believe, to chastity?—Dear Harriet! don't let the ladies around you, nor the gentlemen neither, hear this grace supposed to be my brother's. Nobody about us shall for *me*. I would not have my

brother made the jest of one sex, and the aversion of the other; and be thought so singular a young man.

Beauchamp says nothing to any body of his regard to Emily. But he lays himself out in so many unaffected assiduities to her, that one cannot but see it. She likes his company and his conversation. But why? because he is always lurching out in the praises of his and her beloved friend. He *thinks*, there is not, he believes, such another innocent and undesigned heart in the world, except one in Northamptonshire—There's for you, Harriet!—So he praises not *mine*. That is the wickedest thing of these *felons* of men: poverty compels them, though—poverty of genius!—They cannot praise one woman, but by robbing the rest. Different, however, from all men, is my brother. I will engage he could find attributes for fifty different women, yet do justice to them all: because, though he sees every one with favour, he is above flattering any.

Well, but, Harriet, I expected letters six times as long as those you have sent me. Upon my word, if you are so very heavenly-minded, as you appear to be in the first, (for the second is hardly a letter) I will have you to town, and run you up with aunt Nell. The doctor is one of the most pious men in England: but he will tire him with praying, and *exhorting*, as the call it. Do you know that the good creature was a methodist in Yorkshire? Then *condemns*, my dear, are wicked wretches. What do they, but make religion look unlovely, and put *underdoers* out of heart? My brother is *The Man*: you know I must always bring in my brother, though I am a little out of humour with him, at present; and am I not justified by the *many*? Since it is always the way of those who intend not to amend, to set their hearts against their correctors.—My brother professes not the one half of what he practices. He uses the fashion without abusing it, or himself, by following it. Some such words in a sacred book ramble in my mad head; but I know I have not them right.

It is impossible, say what you will, Harriet, to be long upon terms with *this* man—Lord G. I mean. He was once half in the right, to be sure, but you should not have reproached

me with *that*. The bride was shewn, the jewels were shewn, the whole family paraded it together; and Emily wrote you all how and about it. But never fear for your poor friend. The honest man will put himself in the wrong next, to save her credit. — He has been long careless, and now he is, at times, *imperious* as well as careless. Very true! Nay, it was but yesterday that he attempted to hum a tune of contempt, upon my warbling an Italian air. An opera couple, we! Is it not charming to sing *at* (I cannot say *to*) each other, when we have a mind to be spiteful? But he has a miserable voice. He cannot sing so fine a song as I can. He should not attempt it. Besides, I can play to my song; that cannot he. Such a foe to melody, that he hates the very sight of my harpsichord. He flies out of the room, if I but move towards it.

He has every body on his side; Lord and Lady L. Emily, nay, Dr. Bartlett and aunt Nell. This sets him up. No such thing as managing one's own husband, when so many wise heads join together, to uphold him. Utterly ruined for a husband, is Lord G. I once had some hopes of him. But now, every good-natured jest is turned into earnest by these mediators and mediatrices.

A few days ago, in a fond fit, I would have stroked his cheek, though he was not in a very good humour neither—“*So, then! So, then!*” said I, as I had seen Beauchamp do an hour before by his prancing nag; and it was construed as a contempt; and his bristles got up upon it. “Bless me,” thought I, “this man is not so sensible of a favour as Beauchamp’s horse; and yet I have known the time when he has thought it an honour to be admitted to press the same fair hand with his lips on one knee.”

Hark! He is now, at this very instant, complaining to aunt Nell. Little do they think that I am in her closet. She hears all he has to say, with greedy ears.—These antiquated souls are happy, when they can find reasons from the disagreement of honest people in matrimony, to make a virtue of necessity. “Thank the Lord, I am not married! If these be the fruits of matrimony!”—Ah! Lord, my dear! Now these *last* words have slept me—

The man—between you and me, has been a villain to me! Can I forgive him? Could *you*, in my circumstances? Yet I hope it is *not* so. If it should, and Lady Gertrude and aunt Nell, (spiteful old souls!) should find their perpetual curiosity answered as they wish, I will have my own will in every thing.

And how came I, you will wonder, in aunt Nell’s closet?—I will tell you. She had got my pen and ink; and I went to fetch it myself; the scribbling fit was strong upon me; so I sat down in her closet to write; and they both came into her chamber together, to have their own talk—“Hark, I say! they are really talking of me—‘Complaining!—Abominable!—This wicked aunt of mine—“I tell you, nephew, that you are too ready to make up with her.”—Could you have believed this of one’s own aunt? No wonder that he is so refractory at times. ‘But, hush!—‘Why don’t he speak louder? He can’t be in earnest hurt, if he does not raise his voice. Creeping soul, and whiner! I can’t hear a word he says. I have enough against *her*!—‘But I want something against *him*.—Deuce take them both! I can’t hear more than the sound of her broken-toothed voice, mumbling; and his plaintive hum-drum, whimpering. I will go out in full majesty. I will lighten upon them with airs imperial. How the poor souls will start at my appearance! How will their consciences fly in their faces! The complainer and adviser both detected in the very fact, as I may say.’ And yet perhaps you, Harriet, will think them less blameable than their conscience-striker.

“Hem!” Three hems in anger!—And now I burst upon them.

* * *

O HARRIET! what a triumph was mine!

Aunt Nell, who has naturally a good blowing, north-country complexion, turned as pale as ashes. Her chin, nose, and lips, were all in motion. My nimble lord gave a jump, and three leaps, to the other side of the room. He had not the courage to look directly at me. His face, as sharp as a new moon in a frosty night, and his sides so gaunt—As if he wanted to shrink

into himself. They could not in their hearts but accuse themselves of all they had said, as if I had heard every word of it.

While I, (what a charming thing is innocence!) half a foot taller than usual, stalked along between them, casting a look of indignation upon aunt Nell; of haughtiness on Lord G. My withheld breath raised my complexion, and swelled my features; and when I got to the door, I pulled it after me with an air, that I hope made them both tremble.

LETTER X.

LADY G. IN CONTINUATION.

WELL, my dear—*aunt Nell* and I have made up. I have been pacified by her apologies, and promises never again to interfere between man and wife. As I told the forlorn soul, ‘You maiden ladies, though you have lived a great while in the world, cannot know what strange creatures these husbands are, and how many *daughters* (that cannot be mentioned by the poor wife to her friends) a woman may have to be displeased with her man, in order to keep the creature in some little decorum.—Indeed, *Madam*—There I stopt—This excited her prudery; and she made out the rest, and perhaps a great deal more than the rest. She looked down, to shew she was sensible, tried for a blush; and, I verily believe, had she been a young woman, would have succeeded. ‘Why, truly, niece, I believe, you are right. These men are *odious creatures*!’—And then she shuddered, as if she had said, ‘*Lord defend me from them!*’—a prayer, that, being a good creature, she need not doubt will be answered.

But for Lord G. there lies no forgiveness. To complain of his wife to her aunt! A married man to submit matrimonial squabbles (and every honest pair has *some*) to others! to an old maid, especially! and to authorize her to sit in judgment on his wife’s little whimsies, when the good woman wants to make herself important to him; and thereby endeavour to destroy the wife’s significance; there’s no bearing of that. He had made Lord L. and Lady L. judges over me before. Nay,

this infant Emily has taken her seat on the same bench; and, in her pretty manner, has, by beseeching me to be good, supposed me bad. And to some one of them, (who knows but to the tell-tale himself, though he denies it?) my brother’s hint is owing, on which you so sagely expostulate: my reputation, therefore, as an obedient wife, with all those whose good opinion was worth courting, is gone; and is not this enough to make one careless?

* * *

BLESS me, my dear! This man of errors has committed, if possible, a still worse fault. He regards me not as any body. The earl and he have been long uneasy, it seems, that we live at the expence of my brother, to whom there is no making returns; and a house offering in Grosvenor Square, he has actually contracted for it, without consulting me. I must own, that I cannot in my heart disapprove either of the motive, or the house, as I have the latter described to me: but his doing it of his own head, is an insolent act of prerogative. Don’t you in conscience think so? Does he not, by this step, make me his chattels, a piece of furniture only, to be removed as any other piece of furniture, or picture, or cabinet, at his pleasure?

He came to me—‘I hope, *Madam*,’ in a reproaching accent, ‘I have done something now that will please you.’ Ought his stiff air, and the reflecting word, ‘*NOW*,’ to have gone unpunished? ‘Hast thou found out any other old maid, to sit in judgment on the behaviour of thy wife? But what hast thou done?’

I was astonished when the man told me.

‘And who is to be thy house-keeper? Is this done, in hope I’ll follow thee? Or dost thou intend to exclude from thy habitation the poor woman who met thee at church a few weeks ago?’

Just then came in Lady L. I asked her, what she thought of this step?

Had she vindicated him, I never would have regarded a word she said between us. But she owned, that she thought I *should* have been consulted. And then he began to see that he had done a wrong thing. I acquainted her with his former fault, unatoned for as it was—Why, as to *that*, she did not know what to say; only, that it be-

came

came my character, and good sense, so to behave, as that Lord G. should have no reason to complain of me to anybody. A hard thing, Harriet, to be reflected upon by an own sister!

LADY L. prevailed upon me, unknown to Lord G. to go with her to see this house. 'Tis a handsome house. I have but the one aforesaid objection to it—But let me ask you again: Is not the slight he has put upon me, in taking it without consulting me, an inexcusable thing?—I know you will say it is. But I'll tell you how I think to do—I will make him give up the contract; and when he has done so, unknown to him, take the same house myself. This will be returning the compliment. His excuse is, he was sure I should like the house and the terms. If he is sure of my liking it, and has chosen it himself, the deuce is in it, if I may not be sure of his—Would he dislike it, because I liked it?—Say so, if you dare, Harriet; and suppose me blameable.

O MY dear! what shall I do with this passionate man? I could not, you know, forgive him for the two unatoned-for steps which he has taken, without some contrition: and do you think he would shew any?—Not he!—I said something that set him up; something bordering upon the whimsical—No matter what. He pranced upon it. I, with my usual meekness, calmly rebuked him; and then went to my harpsichord: and what do you think? How shall I tell it? Yet to you I may—Why then he whisked his hat from under his arm, (he was going out) and silenced, broke, demolished, my poor harpsichord.

I was surprized; but instantly recovering myself; 'You are a violent wretch, Lord G.' said I, quite calmly; 'how could you do so?—Suppose,' (and I took the wicked hat) 'I should throw it into the fire?' But I gave it to him, and made him a fine curtsy. There was command of temper! I thought, at the instant, of Epicuretus and his snapt leg. Was I not as great a philosopher?

HE is gone out. Dinner is ready; and no Lord G. Aunt Nell is upon

the fret: but she remembers her late act of delinquency; so is obliged to be silent. I have her under my thumb.

THE man came in after we had dined. I went to him, as if nothing had been the matter between us. 'You look vexed, my lord!—It *was* a very violent action; it vexed *me* at first; but you see how soon I recovered my temper. I wish you would learn patience of me. But come, I forgive you; I will not be angry with you, for an evil that a little money will repair. I see you are vexed.'

'So I am, Madam, at my very soul! But it is not—'

'Now to be helped—True, my lord, and I forgive you.'

'But curse me, if I forgive you, Madam!—'

'O fie: that's wickedly said: but I know you *will*—when I ask you.'

Aunt Nell sat by the window; her eyes half shut; her mouth as firmly closed as if her lips were glewed together.

'Madam,' addressing himself to her, 'I shall set out to-morrow for Windfor.'

'Windfor, my lord?' said I—He answered me not.

'Ask my good Lord G. Madam,' said I, in a sweet humble voice, 'how long he shall stay at Windfor?'

'How long, my lord?' mumbled out aunt Nell.

'From Windfor I shall go to Oxford.'

'Ask him, Madam, how long he shall be before he returns?'

'How long, my lord, shall you be absent from us?'

'When I find I can return, and not be the jest of my own wife—I *may*, perhaps—' There he stopt, and looked stately.

'Tell my lord, that he is too serious, Madam. Tell him, that hardly any other man but would see I was at play with him, and would play again.'

'You hear what my niece says, my lord?'

'I regard nothing she says.'

'Ask him, Madam, who is to be of his party?'

'Who, my lord, is to be of your party?'

'Nobody!' turning himself half round, that he might not be thought to answer *me*, but *her*.

'Ask him, Madam, whether it be business or pleasure, that engages him to take this solitary tour?'

She looked the question to him.

'Neither, Madam,' to her. 'I left my pleasure some weeks ago, at St. George's church. I have never found it since.'

A strange forgetful man! and as ungrateful as forgetful. And I stepped to him, and looked in his face, *so* courteously! and with such a *sweet* smile!

He suddenly turned from me, and to aunt Nell.

'Ask my lord, if he takes his journey, thinking to oblige me?'

'Ask him your own questions, niece.'

'My lord won't answer *me*.'

He strutted, and bit his lips with vexation.

'Come, I'll try once more if you think me worth answering—I think, my lord, if you shall be gone a *month* or *two*, I may take a little trip to Northamptonshire. Emily shall go with me. The girl is very uneasy to see Miss Byron; and Miss Byron will rejoice to see us both. A visit from us will do her good.'

He took it, that I was not desirous of a short absence. And he pouted his mouth, and reared himself up, and swelled; but answered me not.

'See, Madam, my lord is fullen; he won't answer *me*. I must get *you* to ask my questions. I think it, my duty to ask leave to go. My *lord* may go where he pleases, without my leave—Very fit he should. He is a *man*. I once could have done so! heigh-ho! but I have vowed obedience and vassalage. I will not break my vow. Ask him, if I have his consent for a visit to Miss Byron, of a month or two? Ask him, Madam, if he can make himself happy in my absence? I should otherwise be loth to go for so long a time.'

'I should be as welcome,' said he, to Miss Byron, as *her*.'

'As *her*!—As *she*,' you should say, I believe, if you won't say, 'As *you*, Madam,' and bow to me—

'I believe so, my lord. Miss Byron would rejoice to see any of *my* friends. Miss Byron is very good.'

'Would to God—'

'That somebody were half as good,' interrupted I. 'Somebody understands you, my lord, and wishes so too—Pray, Madam, ask my lord if I may go?—His *new house* will be putting in order mean time.'

'I will ask none of your questions for you.—"New house," niece! You harp too much on one string.'

'I mean not offence. I have done with that subject. My lord, to be sure, has dominion over his bird. He can chuse her cage. She has nothing to do, but sit and sing in it—when her instrument is mended, and in tune—He has but one fault. He is *too good-natured* to his bird. But would he take *your* advice, Madam—'

Now, though this may sound to you, Harriet, a little recriminating; yet, I do assure you, I spoke it in a very sweet accent: yet up got aunt Nell in a passion; my lord too was all alive. I put myself between her and the door; and throwing my arms about her, 'You shan't go, Madam—' smiling sweetly in her glowing face. 'Upon my honour you shan't.'

'Wicked trisler!' she called me, as I led her to a chair. 'Perverse girl!' and two or three other names;—apropos enough: my character is not difficult to hit; that's the beauty of it.

My lord withdrew in wrath; and then the old lady said, she would now tell me a piece of her mind: and she made me sit down by her; and thus she addressed me—

'Niece, it is my opinion, that you might be, if you *would*, one of the happiest women in the world.'

'You don't hear *me* complain, Madam.'

'Well, if Lord G. *did* complain to me! it was to *me*; and you should be sorry for the occasion, and not for the complaint.'

'I may be sorry for both, Madam.'

'Well, but Lord G. is one of the best-natured men in the world.'

'The man's well enough. Passionate men, they say, are good-natured.'

'Why won't you be happy, niece?'

'I will.'

'I will. I am not now *un*-happy.'
'More shame for you then, that you will not make Lord G. happy.'

'He is captious. I am playful. That's all.'

'What do you think your brother would say?'

'He would blame me, as you do.'

'Dear creature, be good. Dear creature, make Lord G. happy.'

'I am like a builder, Madam. I am digging for a foundation. There is a good deal of rubbishy humours to remove; a little swampiness of soil: and I am only removing it, and digging deeper, to make my foundation sure.'

'Take care, take care, niece: you may dig too deep. There may be springs: you may open, and never be able to stop them, till they have fapped your foundation. Take care, niece.'

'Thank you, Madam, for your caution. Pity you had not been a builder yourself!'

'Had such a fellow-labourer as Lord G. offered, I should not have refused a partnership with him, I do assure you.'

'Fairly answered, aunt Nell,' thought I. I was pleased with her.

'Don't you think Lord G. loves you dearly?'

'As to *dearly*, I can't say: but I believe he loves me as well as most husbands love their wives.'

'Are you not ungrateful then?'

'No. I am only at play with him. I don't hate him.'

'Hate him! Dreadful if you did! But he thinks you despise him.'

'That is one of the rubbishy notions I want to remove. He would have it that I did, when he could have helped himself. But he injures me now, if he thinks so. I can't say I have a very profound reverence for him. He and my brother should not have been allied. But had I despised him in my heart, I should have thought myself a very bad creature for going to church with him.'

'That's well said. I love you now. Your brother is, indeed, enough to put all other men down with one. But may I tell Lord G. that you love him?'

'No, Madam,'

'No! I am sorry for that.'

'Let him find it out. But he ought to know so much of human nature, and of my sincerity, as to gather from my behaviour to him, that had I either hated or despised him, I would not have been his: and it would have been impossible for me to be so playful with him; to be so domestic, and he so much at home with me.'

'Am I fond of seeking occasions to carry myself from him? What delights, what diversions, what public entertainments do I hunt after? —None. Is not he, are not all my friends, sure of finding me at home, whenever they visit me?'

'So far, so good,' said aunt Eleanor.

'I will open my heart to you, Madam. You are my father's sister. You have a right to my sincerity. But you must keep my secret.'

'Proceed, my dear.'

'I know my own heart, Madam. If I thought I could not trust it, (and I wish Lord G. had a good opinion of it) I would not dance thus, as you suppose, on the edge of danger.'

'Good creature! —I shall call you good creature bye and bye. Let me call Lord G. to us.'

I was silent. I contradicted her not. She rang. She bid the servant tell Lord G. that she desired his company. Lord G. was pranced out. She regretted (I was not glad) that he was.

'I will tell you what, my dear,' said she. 'I have heard it suggested, by a friend of yours, that you would much rather have had Mr. Beauchamp.'

'Not a word more of such a suggestion, Madam. I should hate myself, were I capable of treating Lord G. meanly, or contemptibly, with a thought of preference to any man breathing, now I am his. I have a great opinion of Mr. Beauchamp. He deserves it. But I never had the shadow of a wish, that I had been his. I never should have spoken of my brother's excellences, as outshining those of Lord G. had he not been my brother, and therefore could not be *more* to me; and had they not been so conspicuous, that no other man could be disgraced by giving place to him. No, Madam, let me assure

'you,

'you, once for all, that I am so far from despising my Lord G. that, were any misfortune to befall him, I should be a miserable woman.'

She embraced me. 'Why, then—'

'I know your inference, Madam. It is a just one. I am afraid I think as *well* of my own understanding as I do of Lord G.'s. I love to jest, to play, to make him look about him. I dislike not even his petulance. You see I bear all the flings and throws, and peevishness, which he returns to my sauciness. I think I *ought*. His complaints of me to you, to Lord and Lady L. which bring upon me their and your grave lectures, and even anger, I can forgive him for; and this I shew, by making those complaints matter of pleasantry rather than resentment. I know he intended well, in taking the house, though he consulted me not first. It was surely wrong in him; yet I am not mortally offended with him for it. His violence to my poor harpsichord startled me; but I recollected myself; and had he buffeted *me* instead of *that*, as I was afraid he would, I should have thought I *ought* to have borne it, whether I *could* or *not*, and to have returned him his hat with a curtsey. Believe me, Madam, I am not a bad, I am only a whimsical creature. I tried my brother once. I set him up. I was afraid of *him* indeed: but I tried him again. Then he called it consultation, and laughed at me, and run me out of breath in my own way. So I let *him* alone. Lord L. Lady L. had it in turn. Lord G. has a little more than his turn, perhaps: and why? because he is forever fitting the cap to his head; and because I don't love him less than those I am less free with.—Come, Madam, let me demand your kind thoughts. I *will* deserve them. Contradiction and opposition, mediators and mediatrices, have carried my playfulness farther than it would otherwise have gone. But henceforth your precepts, my brother's, and Miss *Byron's*, shall not want their weight with me, whether I may shew it or not at the instant. My reign, I am afraid, will be but short. Let the man bear with me a little now and

'then. I am not absolutely ungenerous. If he can but shew his love by his forbearance, I will endeavour to reward his forbearance with my love.'

She embraced me, and said, that now she attributed to the gaiety of my spirits, and not to perverseness, my *till* now unaccountable behaviour. 'I was sure,' said she, 'that you were more your mother's, than your father's daughter. Let me, when my lord comes in, see an instance of the behaviour you bid me hope for.' 'I will try,' said I, 'what can be done.'

We parted. I went up to my pen; and scribbled down to this place.

This moment my lord is come in. Into my brother's study is he directly gone. Not a question asked about me. Sullen! I warrant. He used to pay his duty to me, and ask blessing the moment he came in, if *admissible*; [Is that a word, Harriet?] But times are altered. Ah, Harriet! when I know I am saucy, I can bear negligence and flight: but when I intend to be good, knowing my own heart to be right, I shall be quite saucy if he is sullen. Is not the duty of wedded people reciprocal?—Aunt Eleanor and he are talking together. She is endeavouring, I suppose, to make a philosopher of him.—'Promise nothing for me, aunt Nell. I will have the whole merit of my own reformation.'

LETTER XI.

LADY G. IN CONTINUATION.

PREPARE, Harriet, to hear strange and wonderful things.

My lord sent up his compliments, and desired to know, if he might attend me. I was in my dressing-room. He was not always so polite. 'I wish,' thought I, 'since displeasure produces respect, that familiarity does not spoil this man. But I'll try him.'

'I shall be glad to see my lord,' was the answer I returned.

Up he came, one leg dragged after the other. Not alert, as he used to be on admission to his Charlotte. The last eight stairs his steps sounded, 'I, go, up, with, an, hea-vy, heart.'

He

He entered; bowed: 'Were the words yours, you should be glad to see me, Madam?'

'They were, my lord.'

'Would to God you said truth!'

'I did. I am glad to see you. I wanted to talk with you—about this Northamptonshire visit.'

'Are you in earnest, Madam, to make that visit?'

'I am. Miss Byron is not well.'

'Emily pines to see her as much as I.'

'You have no objection?'

He was silent.

'Do you set out to-morrow, Sir, for Windfor and Oxford?'

He sighed. 'I think so, Madam.'

'Shall you visit Lord W.?'

'I shall.'

'And complain to him of me, my lord?'—He shook his grave head, as if there were wisdom in it—Be quiet, Harriet—Not good all at once—That would not be to hold it.

'No, Madam, I have done complaining to any body. You will one day see you have not acted generously by the man who loves you as his own soul.'

This, and his eyes glistening, moved me—'Have we not been both wrong, my lord?'

'Perhaps we have, Madam: but here is the difference—I have been wrong, with a *right intention*; you have been wrong, and *studied* to be so.'

'Prettily said. Repeat it, my lord—How was it?' And I took his hand, and looked very graciously.

'I cannot bear these airs of contempt.'

'If you call them so, you are wrong, my lord; though, perhaps, *intending* to be right.'

He did not see how good I was disposed to be. As I said, a change all at once would have been unnatural.

'Very well, Madam!' and turned from me with an air half-grieved, half-angry.

'Only answer me, my lord; Are you willing I should go to Northamptonshire?'

'If you chuse to go, I have no objection. Miss Byron is an angel.'

'Now, don't be perverse, Lord G. Don't praise Miss Byron at the expense of somebody else.'

'Would to Heaven, Madam—'

'I wish so too.'—And I put my hand before his mouth—So kindly!

He held it there with both his, and kissed it. I was not offended. 'But do you actually set out for Windfor and Oxford to-morrow, my lord?'

'Not, Madam, if you have any commands for me.'

'Why, now, that's well said. Has your lordship any thing to propose to me?'

'I could not be so welcome to you as your *escorte*, as I am sure I should be to Miss Byron and her friends, as her *guest*?'

'You could not? How can you say so, my lord! You would do me both honour and pleasure.'

'What would I give, that you mean what you say?'

'I do mean it, my lord—My hand upon it.'—I held out my hand for his. He snatched it; and I thought would have devoured it.

'We will take the coach, my lord; that I may have your company all the way.'

'You equally astonish and delight me, Madam! Is it possible that you are—'

'Yes, yes; don't, in policy, make it such a wonder that I am disposed to be what I *ought* to be.'

'I shall be too, too, too happy!' sobbed the grateful man.

'No! no! I'll take care of that. Married folks, brought up differently, of different humours, inclinations, and so-forth, never can be too happy. Now I intend to put up all our little quarrels in my work-bag. [You know I am a worker: not quite so bad, at worst, as some modern wives.] There they shall lie, till we get to Miss Byron's.—I revere the character of Mrs. Shirley: Mrs. Selby you have seen; Harriet, and you, and I, and the two figes I have named, will get together in some happy hour. Then I will open my work-bag, and take out our quarrels one by one, and lay them on the table before us; and we will be determined by their judgment.'

'My dear Lady G. if you think there is any thing amiss in your behaviour to me, or in mine to you, let us spread the faults on your toi-

'*lette*

'lette now; and we shall go down to Northamptonshire all love and harmony, and delight those excellent—
'Always prescribing, my lord!—
'O these men!—Why will you not let me have my own way?—Have not all these good folks heard of our folly? And shall they not be witnesses of our wisdom? If they are not at the agreement, they will wonder how it came about.—I tell you, Sir, that they shall have an opportunity to laugh at us both; at me, for my flippancy; at you, for your petulance. I will be sorry, you shall be ashamed, that quarrels so easily made up, and where the heart of either is not bad, should subsist a quarter of an hour, and be perpetually renewing. I *will* have my own way, I tell you.'

'Don't make me look like a fool, Madam, before such ladies as those, if we do visit them.'

'I *must* have my jest, my lord. You know (for have you not tried it?) that I can have patience.—Let me see—Is that the hat that you pulled off with an air so lately?—Pish! How your countenance falls! I am *not* angry with you. But don't do so again, if you can help it—I *must* have my jest, I say: but assure yourself of the first place in my heart—
'What more would the man have?'

'O Madam! nothing, nothing more!' And he kissed my hand on one knee, with a rapture, that he never could have known, had we always been quiet, easy, and drowsy, like some married folks, whom the world calls happy.

But then the man came out with his gew-gaw japan-china taste. Why is it the privilege of people of quality now, to be educated in such a way, that their time can hardly ever be worthily filled up; and as if it were a disgrace to be either manly or useful? He began to talk of equipage, and such nonsense; but I cut him short, by telling him, that I *must* have my whole way on this occasion.—'Our visit is to be a private one,' said I. 'We will have only the coach. Jenny shall attend on Emily and me. No other female servant. Two men: we will have no more. I will not have so much as your French-horn. We go to the land of harmony.'

'Kings sometimes travel incog. We will ~~are~~ kings, when they put off royalty. Will not this thought gratify your pride?—You, my lord, have some foibles to be cured of, as well as I.—We shall be wonderfully amended, both of us, by this excursion.'

Poor man! his heart was as light as a feather. Upon my word, my dear, I begin to think, that if my lord and master had been a wise man, I should not have known what to do with him. Yet I will not forgive any one but myself, who finds him out to be *other-wise*.

He told me, in raptures of joy, that I should direct every thing as I pleased. God grant that I might not change my mind as to the visit! He hoped I was in earnest; and looked now and then at me, as if he questioned it.

But what do you think the man did? He retired; came back presently; called me his dearest life; and said, that it was possible I might want to have an opportunity given me to make some presents, or to furnish myself with trinkets of one nature or other, against I set out; and he should be very sorry, if, by his inattention, I were obliged to ask him for the means to shew the natural liberality of my spirit in the way I thought best to exert it; and then he begged me to accept of that note; putting into my hand a bank note of 500l.

I stept to my closet, and *as* instantly returned. 'This, my lord,' said I, 'is a most cruel reflection upon me. It looks as if I were to be bribed to do my duty.—There, my lord! take back your present. I will endeavour to be good without it.—And as a proof that I *will*, you must not only receive back your favour, (though I look upon it as such, and from my heart thank you for it) but take, as your right, this note which Lord W. presented to me on the day you received me as yours.'

He held back both hands, gratefully reluctant.

'You must, you *shall*, take both notes, my lord. I only wanted a fit opportunity to put Lord W.'s note into your hands before. It was owing to my flippancy folly, and not to your want of affection, that I had not that opportunity sooner. Bear with

‘with me now and then, if I should be silly again. Complain of me only to myself. My heart, I re-assure you, is yours, and yours only. I was not willing that you should owe to any other person’s interposition, my declarations of affection and regard to you, not even to Miss Byron, (though I talked of my *weak-bag*) whom I love as my own sister.’

The worthy man was in ecstasies. He could not express in words the joy of his heart. He kneeled, and wrapt his arms about my waist; and sobbed his request to me to forgive his petulance, and the offences he had ever given me, by any acts of passion, or words of anger.

‘You have not offended me, my lord. Forgive my past follies, and my future failures. When you were most angry, I wondered at your patience. Had I been you, I should not have borne what you bore with me.’

‘For God’s sake, Madam, take back both notes. We *can* have but one interest. You will make me easier, when I know that you have power in your hands to gratify every wish of your heart.’

‘You *must*, you *shall*, my lord, take these notes. I will apply to you whenever I have occasion, and receive your favours, as such. I wish not to be independent of you. I have a handsome sum by me, the moiety of the money that was my mother’s, which my brother divided between my sister and me, when he first came over. Is not the settlement made upon me more than my brother asked, or thought I *should* expect? Did he not oppose so large an annuity for pin-money, as your father, Lady Gertrude, and you, would have me accept of, because he thought that such a large allowance might make a wife independent of her husband, and put it out of his power, with discretion, to oblige her? My brother, in an instance glorious to him, said, that he would not be a richer man than he ought to be. In such instances I will be his sister.’

Aunt Nell joined us. My lord, in transports, told her what had passed. The good old soul took the merit of the reformation to herself. She wept over us. She rejoiced to hear of our

intended journey to Northamptonshire. My lord proposed to have the house he had taken fitted up to my liking, while we were away. At his desire, I promised to see it in his company, and give my opinion of his designed alterations. But as I know he has judgment in nick-knackatories, and even as much as I wish him in what is called *style*, I intend to compliment him with leaving all to him; and resolve to be satisfied with whatever he does.

And now is the good man *so* busy, *so* pleased, *so* important! Bless me, my dear! who would rob the honest man of any part of his merit; or even wish to divide it with him?

And what, Harriet, do you say to me *now*?—In a week’s time I shall be with you. Be sure be cheerful, and well; or I shall be ready to question my welcome.

This moment, having let Dr. Bartlett into our intended visit, he has offered to accompany us. Now shall we, I know, be doubly welcome. The doctor, Emily, my Lord G. and your Charlotte, will be happy in one coach. The doctor is prodigiously pleased with me. *What is the text? ‘More joy in Heaven over one sinner that repenteth, than over ninety and nine just persons, who need it not.’*

I long to see you, and every one of the family, *so* deservedly dear to you! God give you health; and us no worse news from Italy than we have yet had; and how happy shall we be!—Lord and Lady L. wish they could be of the party. They are in love with me now. Emily says, she debts upon me. I begin to think that there is almost as much pleasure in being good, as in teasing. Yet a little reguery rises now and then in the heart of your

JUNE 8.

CHARLOTTE G.

The doctor has been so good (I believe because I am good) as to allow me to take a copy of a letter of my brother’s to that wretch Everard; but for your perusal only. I mention it, therefore, under that relation. Let it speak its own praises.

We are actually preparing to be your guests. You will only have time to forbid us, if we shall not be welcome.

Merciful! what a packet!

LETTER XII.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, TO
MR. GRANDISON.

BOLOGNA, JUNE 4. N. S.

WHAT can I do for my cousin? Why would he oppress me with so circumstantial an account of the heavy evil that has befallen him, and not point out a way by which I could comfort or relieve him? Don't be afraid of what you call the severity of my virtue. I should be ready to question the rectitude of my own heart, if, on examination, I had not reason to hope, that charity is the principal of those virtues which you attribute to me. You re-criminate enough upon yourself. In what way I can extricate or assist you, is now my only question.

You ask my advice, in relation to the payment of the debts which the world calls debts of honour; and for which you have asked, and are granted, three months time. Have you not, Sir, strengthened your engagement by your request? And have they not intitled themselves to the performance, by their compliance with it? The obligation which rashness, and, perhaps, surprize, laid you under, your deliberation has confirmed.

You say, that your new creditors are men of the town, sharpers and gamblers. But, my cousin, how came you among such? They came not to you. I say not this to upbraid you: but I must not have you deceive yourself. Who but a man's self is to suffer by his rashness or inconsideration? They are reputed to have been possessed of fortunes, however they came by them, which would have enabled them to answer the stakes they played for, had they been the losers: and would you not have exacted payment from them, had you been the winner? Did you at the time suspect loaded dice, or foul play? You are not, Sir, a novice in the ways of the town. If you had good *proof* of what, from the ill success you seem only to *suspect*, I should not account the debts incurred *debts of honour*; and should hardly scruple, had I not indirectly promised payment, by asking time for it, or had they refused to give it, to call in to my aid the laws of my country; and the rather, as the

appeal to those laws would be a security to me, against ever again being seen in such company.

Adversity is the trial of principle: without it, a man hardly knows whether he is an honest man. Two things my cousin, in his present difficulties, must guard against; the one, that he do not suffer himself to be prevailed upon, in hopes to retrieve his losses, to *flip* the tables by which he has suffered; and so become one of the very men he has so much reason to wish he had avoided: [Who would not rather be the sufferer than the defrauder? What must be the nature of that man, who, having himself been ruined, will endeavour to draw in other innocent men to their ruin?]

The other, that he do not permit prior and worthier creditors (creditors for valuable considerations) to suffer by the distresses in which he has involved himself.

It is a hard decision: but were I my cousin, I would divest myself of my whole estate, (were it necessary) for the satisfaction of my creditors; and leave it to their generosity, to allow me what pittance they pleased for subsistence; and within that pittance would I live: and this (were my difficulties owing to my own inconsideration) not only for justice sake, but as a proper punishment for not being satisfied with my own ampler fortune, and for putting to hazard a certainty, in hopes of obtaining a share in the property of others.—Excuse me, my dear Everard; I mean not particular reflection; but only to give you my notion of general justice in cases of this nature.

Acquit yourself worthily of these difficulties. I consider you as my brother: and you shall be welcome to take with me a brother's part of my estate, till you can be restored to a competency.

But with regard to the woman whom the infamous Lord B. would impose upon you as a wife, that is an imposition to which you must not submit. Had she been the poorest honest girl in Britain, and you had seduced her, by promises of marriage, I must have made it the condition of our continued friendship, that you had married her: but a kept woman!—Let not *her*, let not not the *bad man*, have such a triumph. I know his character well:

I know

I know his dependence on the skill of his arm. And I know his litigious spirit, and the use he is capable of making of his privilege. But regard not these: let me advise you, Sir, after you have secured to your creditors the payment of their just debts, to come over to me; the sooner the better. By this means you will be out of the way of being disturbed by the menaces of this lord, and the machinations of this woman. We will return together. I will make your cause my own. As well the courage, as the quality, of the man who can be unjust, are to be despised. Is not Lord B. an unjust man in *every* article of his dealings with men? Do not you, my dear cousin, be so in *any one*; and you will ever command the true fraternal love of *your*

CHARLES GRANDISON.

LETTER XIII.

LADY G. TO LADY L.

SELBY HOUSE, FRIDAY, JUNE 16.

HERE we are, my Caroline: and the happiest people in the world should we be, if Harriet were but well, my brother in England, and you and Lord L. with us.

Mrs. Selby, Lucy, Nancy, Harriet, met us at Stony Stratford, escorted by uncle Selby, and his kinsman James.

My lord and I were 'Dear! Love! and Life!' all the journey. I was the *sweetest*-tempered creature!—Joyful people are not always wise ones. When the heart is open, silly things will be said; any thing, in short, that comes uppermost. I kindly allowed for my lord's joy, on twenty occasions. I smiled when he smiled, laughed out when he laughed out, did not talk to any body else, when he directed his discourse to me; so that the honest man crowded all the way. 'It is a charming thing,' thought I, several times, 'to be on a foot of good understanding with each other; for now I can call him "*honest man*," or any names, that lately would have made him prance and caper; and he takes every thing kindly:' nay, two or three times he called me '*honest woman*;' but laughed and looked round him at the time, as if he were conscious

that he had made a *bold*, as well as *witty*, retort.

Let me tell you, Lady L. that I intend to give him signs when he exceeds, and other signs when he is right and clever; and I will accept of signs from him, that he may not be affronted. I am confident that we shall be in time an amazing happy couple.

Emily was rejoiced to see her equally beloved and revered Miss Byron. Miss Byron embraced Emily with the affection of a sister. My honest man kissed Miss Byron's hand on one knee, in the fervour of his love and gratitude; for I had let him know, that he owed much of his present happiness to her. She congratulated him whisperingly, in my hearing, on my being good.

James Selby almost wept for love over Emily's hand; while Emily looked as sleek and as shy as a bird new-caught, for fear of being thought to give him encouragement, after what you may remember passed between them at Dunstable.

Aunt Selby, Lucy, Nancy, were all in rapture to see us: we to see them. We were '*mother*,' and '*sisters*,' the moment we were seated. Uncle Selby began to crack his jokes upon me in the first half hour. I spared him not: and Lord G. since I must have somebody to play the rogue with, will fare the better for him. Dr. Bartlett was the revered of every heart. By the way, I am in high credit with that good man, for my behaviour to my lord.

Miss Byron received him with open arms, and even, as her father, with an offered cheek: and the modest man was so much affected by her filial regard for him, that I was obliged, for our own sakes, to whisper her, to rein in her joy to see him, that we might have the pleasure of hearing him talk.

When we arrived at Selby House, our joy was renewed, as if we had not seen each other at Stratford.

O, I should have told you, that in our journey from Stratford hither, aunt Selby, Harriet, Emily, and I, were in one coach: and I had, as we went on, a great deal of good instruction insinuated to me, by way of felicitation, on my being so very kind and obliging to Lord G. And, as if I had been a child, (corrected for being untoward) they endeavoured to coax

me into a perseverance in what they called my duty. Aunt Selby, on this occasion, performed the maternal part with so much good sense, and her praise and her cautions were so delicately insinuated, that I began to think, it was almost as pretty to be good as to be faucy.

Upon the whole, I really believe Lord G. will have reason to rejoice, as long as he lives, that he was ruled by his wife, in changing his Windfor and Oxford journey for this of Northamptonshire. So *right* a thing is it for men to be governable; and, perhaps, you'll add, for women to keep good company.

Lord L. thinks you, my sage sister, so good already, that you need not be better, or I would wish him to send you down to Selby House.

Well may Harriet revere her grandmother. That venerable woman is good in every sense of the word. She is pious, charitable, benevolent, affectionate, condescending to the very foibles of youth; cheerful, wise, patient under the infirmities of age, having outlived all her wishes but one; which is, to see her Harriet happily married: and then, she says, she hopes to be soon released. Never could she be so much admired in her blooming youth, though she was then, it seems, deservedly celebrated, both for her mind and person, as she is now in her declining age.

You have seen and admire Mrs. Selby. She rises upon me every hour. It gives one's heart joy, Lady L. to look forward, beyond the age of youth and flutter, when we see by these ladies, that women in their advanced years may, to express myself in the stile of Sir Rowland Meredith, be good for something; or still better, that the matronly time of female life is by far the most estimable of all the stages of it; if they make good wives, good mistresses, and good mothers; and, let me say, good aunts; were it but to keep in countenance aunt Gertrude and aunt Nell; who, good souls! will now hardly ever be mothers.

Lucy is an excellent young creature. Nancy, when Lucy is not present, is *de* excellent. Her cousins, Kitty and Patty Holles, are agreeable young women.

James Selby is a good sort of blun-

dering, well-meaning, great boy; who, when he has lived *a few years longer*, may make much such a good sort of man as my Lord G. There's for you, my once-catechizing sister! Pray be as ready to praise, as you used to be to blame me. I find duty and love growing fast upon me. I shall get into a custom of bringing in Lord G. on every occasion that will do him credit; and then I shall be like Lady Betty Clemson; who is so perpetually dinning the ears of her guests with her domestick superlatives, that we are apt to suspect the truth of all she says.

But Harriet, our dear Harriet, is not at all well. She visibly falls away; and her fine complexion fades. Mr. Deane was here a week ago; and Lucy tells me, was so much startled at the alteration in her lovely countenance, that he broke from her, and shed tears to Lucy. This good girl and Nancy lament to each other the too visible change: but when they are with the rest of the family, they all seem afraid to take notice of it to one another. She herself takes generous pains to be lively, cheerful, and unapprehensive, for fear of giving concern to her grandmother and aunt; who will sometimes sit and contemplate the alteration, sigh, and, now and then, drop a silent tear, which, however, they endeavour to smile off, to avoid notice. I have already observed, that as these good ladies sit in her company, they watch in silent love every turn of her mild and patient eye, every change of her charming countenance; for they too well know to what to impute the inward malady, which has approached the best of hearts; and they know that the cure cannot be within the art of the physician. They, as *we* do, admire her voice, and her playing. They ask her for a song, for a lesson on her harpsichord. She plays, she sings, at the very first word. In no one act of cheerfulness does she refuse to join. Her grandmother and her aunt Selby frequently give a private ball. The old lady delights to see young people cheerful and happy. She is always present, and directs the diversion; for she has a fine taste. We are often to have these balls, for our entertainment. Miss Syron, her cousin's say, knowing the delight her grandmother takes in these amusements, for the sake

of the young people, to whom she considers it as a healthful exercise, as well as diversion, is one of the alertest in them. She excuses not herself, nor encourages that supineness that creeps on, and invades a heart ill at ease. Yet every one sees, that solitude and retirement are her choice; though she is very careful to have it supposed otherwise; and, on the first summons, hastens into company, and joins in the conversation. O she is a lovely, and beloved young creature! I think verily, that though she was the admiration of every body, when she was with us, yet she is, if possible, more amiable at home, and among her own relations. Her uncle Selby raillies her sometimes. But respect as well as love, are visible in his countenance, when he does: in her returns, sweetness and reverence are mingled. She never forgets that the raillier is her uncle; yet her delicacy is not more apparent, than that she is mistress of fine talents in that way; but often restrains them, because she has far more superior ones to value herself upon. And is not this the case with my brother also?—Not so, I am afraid, with your Charlotte.

All her friends, however, rejoice in our visit to them, for her sake. They compliment me on my lively turn; and hope for a happy effect on Miss Byron from it.

I cannot accuse her of reserve to me. She owns her love for our brother as frankly as she used to do, after we had torn the secret from her bosom at Comebrook. She acknowledges to me, that she glories in it, and will not try to conquer it; because she is sure the trial will be to no purpose; an excuse, by the way, that if the conquest be necessary, would better become the mouth of your Charlotte than that of our Harriet: and so I have told her.

She prays for the restoration of Lady Clementina, and recovery of Signor Jeronymo. She loves to talk of the whole Italian family; and yet seems fully assured that Clementina will be the happy woman. But, surely, Harriet must be our sister. She values herself upon my brother's so solemnly requesting and claiming her friendship. True friendship, she but this morning argued with me, being disinterested, and more intellectual than

personal regard, is nobler than love. 'Love,' she said, 'does not always ripen into friendship, as is too frequently seen in wedlock.'

But does not the dear creature refine too much when she argues thus? A calm and easy kind of esteem is all I have to judge from in *my* matrimony. I know not what love is. At the very highest, and when I was most a fool, my motive was *supposed* convenience; (in order to be freed from the apprehended tyranny of a father,) and that never carried me beyond liking. But you, Lady L. were an adept in the passion. Pray tell me, if there be a difference between love and friendship, which is the noblest? Upon my opposing you and Lord L. (so truly one mind) to her argument, she said, that yours is love mellowed into friendship, upon full proof of the merit of each: but, that there *was* a time, that the flame *was* love only, founded in *hope* of the merit: and the *proof* might have been wanting; as it often is, when the hope has been as strong, and seemingly as well founded, as in your courtship.

Harriet, possibly, may argue from her own situation, in order to make her heart easy; and my brother is so *unquestionably* worthy, that love and friendship may, be one thing, in the bosom of a woman admiring him; since he will not enter into any obligation, that he cannot, that he *will* not, religiously perform. And if this refinement will make her heart *easier*, and enable her to allow his love to be placed elsewhere, because of a prior claim, and of circumstances that call for generous compassion, while she can content herself with the offered friendship, I think we ought to indulge her in her delicate notions.

Selby House is a large, convenient, well-furnished habitation. To-morrow we are to make a visit with Lucy and Nancy, to their branch of the Selby family. James is gone before. Those *two* girls are orphans: but their grandmother, by their mother's side, (a good old lady, mother-in-law to Mr. Selby) lives with them, or, rather, they with her; and loves them.

On our return, we are to have our first private ball at Shirley Manor; a fine old seat, which already the benevolent owner calls her Harriet's; with

an estate of about 500l. a year round it.

Adieu, my dear Lady L.—My lord and you, I hope, will own me now. Yet are you not sometimes surprized at the suddenness of my reformation? Shall I tell you how it came about? To own the truth, I began to find the man could be stout. ‘Charlotte,’ thought I, ‘what are you about?’ ‘You mean not to continue for ever your playful folly. You have no malice, no wickedness, in your sauciness; only a little levity: it may grow into habit:—Make your retreat while you can with honour; before you harden the man’s heart, and find your reformation a matter of indifference to him. You have a few good qualities; are not a modern woman; have neither wings to your shoulders, nor gad-fly in your cap: you love home. At present the honest man loves you. He has no vices. Every one loves you; but all your friends are busy upon your conduct. You will estrange them from you. The man will not be a King Log—Be you a prudent frog, lest you turn him into a toad. A weak man, if you *suppose* him weak, made a tyrant, will be an insupportable thing. I shall make him appear weak in the eyes of every body else, when I have so much grace left, as would make me rise against any one who should let me know they thought him so. My brother will be reflected upon for his solicitude to carry me to church with a man, whom I shall make the world think I despise. Harriet will renounce me. My wit will be thought folly. Does not the suckling Emily, does not the stale virgin, aunt Eleanor, think they have a right to blame, entreat, instruct me? I will be good of choice, and make my duty received as a *favour*. I have travelled a great way in the road of perverseness. I see briars, thorns, and a pathless track, before me. I may be benighted: the day is far gone. Serpents may be in the brakes. I will get home as fast as I can; and

rejoice every one, who now only wonders what is become of me.’

These, Lady L. were some of my reasonings. Make your advantage of them against me, if you can. You see that your grave wisdom had some weight with my light folly. Allow a little for constitution now and then; and you shall not have cause to be ashamed of your sister.

Let me conclude this subject, half one way, half t’other—that is to say, half serious, half roguish: if my lord would but be cured of his taste for trifles and nick-knacks, I should, possibly, be induced to consider him as a man of better understanding than I once thought him: but who can forbear, sometimes, to think slightly of a man, who, by effeminacies, and a shell and china taste, undervalues himself? I hope I shall cure him of those foibles; and, if I *can*, I shall consider him as a work of my own hands, and be proud of him, in compliment to myself.

Let my aunt Eleanor (no more Nell, if I can help it) know how good I *continue* to be. And now I will relieve you and myself, with the assurance that I am, and ever will be, notwithstanding yours and Lord L.’s past severity to me, *your truly affectionate sister*,

CH. G.

LETTER XIV.

LADY G. TO LADY L.

SELBY HOUSE, MONDAY, JULY 24*.

LORD bless me, my dear, what shall we do! My brother, in all probability may, by this time!—But I cannot tell how to suppose it!—Ah, the poor Harriet! The three letters from my brother, which, by the permission of Dr. Bartlett, I inclose, will shew you, that the Italian affair is now at a crisis.

Read them in this place; and return them sealed up, and directed to the doctor.

* Several letters, written in the space between the last date, June 16, and the present, which give an account of their directions, visits, entertainments, at Selby House, Shirley Manor, &c. are omitted.

LETTER XV.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, TO DR.
BARTLETT.

FLORENCE, WEDNESDAY, JULY 5-16.

THREE weeks have now past since the date of my last letter to my paternal friend. Nor has it, in the main, been a disagreeable space of time; since within it I have had the pleasure of hearing from you and other of my friends in England; from those at Paris; and good news from Bologna, wherever I moved, as well from the bishop and Father Marecotti as from Mr. Lowther.

The bishop particularly tells me, that they ascribe to the amendment of the brother, the hopes they now have of the sister's recovery.

I passed near a fortnight of this time at Naples and Portici. The general, and his lady, who is one of the best of women, made it equally their study to oblige and amuse me.

The general, on my first arrival at Naples, entered into talk with me, on my expectations with regard to his sister. I answered him as I had done his mother; and he was satisfied with what I said.

When we parted, he embraced me as his brother and friend; and apologized for the animosity he once had to me. If it pleased God to restore his sister, no more from him, he said, should her mind be endangered; but her choice should determine him. His lady declared her esteem for me, without reserve; and said, that next to the recovery of Clementina and Jeronymo, her wish was to be intitled to call me brother.

What, my dear Dr. Bartlett, is, at last, to be my destiny! The greatest opposer of the alliance once in view, is overcome: but the bishop, you will observe, by what I have told you, ascribes to another cause the merit which the general gives me; with a view possibly to abate my expectation. Be the event as it may, will go on in the course I am in, and leave to Providence the issue.

Mrs. Beaumont returned from Bologna but yesterday.

She confirms the favourable account I had before received of the great alte-

ration for the better that there is in the health both of brother and sister; and, because of that, in the whole family. Mr. Lowther, she says, is as highly, as deservedly, caressed by every one. Jeronymo is able to sit up two hours in a day. He has tried his pen, and finds it will be again in his power to give his friends pleasure with it.

Mrs. Beaumont tells me, that Clementina generally twice a day visits her beloved Jeronymo. She has taken once more to her needle, and often sits and works in her brother's room. This amuses her, and delights him.

She converses generally without much rambling; and seems to be very soon sensible of her misfortune, when she begins to talk incoherently: for at such times she immediately stops; not seldom sheds a tear; and either withdraws to her own closet, or is silent.

She several times directed her discourse to Mr. Lowther; when she met him in her brother's chamber. She observed great delicacy when she spoke of me to him; and dwelt not on the subject: but was very inquisitive about England, and the customs and manners of the people; particularly of the women.

Every body has made it a rule (Jeronymo among the rest, and to which also Camilla strictly conforms) never to lead her to talk of me. She, however, asks often after me; and numbers the days of my absence.

At one time, seeking Mrs. Beaumont in her dressing-room, she thus accosted her: 'I come, Madam, to ask you, why every body forbears to mention the Chevalier Grandison; and when I do, talks of somebody or something else; Camilla is as perverse in this way as any body; nay, Jeronymo (I have tried him several times) does the very same. Can Jeronymo be ungrateful? Can Jeronymo be indifferent to his friend, who has done so much for him? I hope I am not looked upon as a silly, or as a forward creature, that am not to be trusted with hearing the name of the man mentioned, for whom I profess an high esteem and gratitude. Tell me, Madam, have I at any time, in my unhappy hours, behaved or spoken aught unworthy of my character, of my family, of the modesty
' of

‘ of woman?—If I *have*, my heart renounces the guilt; I must, indeed, have been unhappy; I could not be Clementina della Porretta.’

Mrs. Beaumont set her heart at ease on this subject.

‘ Well,’ said she, ‘ it shall be seen, I hope so, that true modesty, and high gratitude, may properly have a place together in *this* heart,’ putting her hand to her bosom. ‘ Let me but own, that I esteem him; for I really do; and I hope my sincerity shall never mislead or betray me into indecorum: and now, Madam, let us talk of him for one quarter of an hour, and no more. Here is my watch; it is an English watch; nobody knows that I bought it for that very reason. Don’t *you* tell.’ She then, suspecting her head, dropt a tear; and withdrew in silence.

Mrs. Beaumont, my dear friend, knows the true state of my heart; and she pities me. She wishes that the lady’s reason may be established; she is afraid it should be risqued by opposition: but there is a man whom she wishes to be Clementina’s. There is a woman—But—do thou, Providence, direct us both! All that thou orderest must be best.

Mrs. Beaumont thinks Lady Clementina is at times too solemn; and is the more apprehensive when she is so: and there is a greatness in her solemnity, which she is afraid will be too much for her. She has often her silent fits, in which she is regardless of what any body but her mother says to her.

As she grows better, the fervour of her devotion, which in her highest delirium, never went quite off, increases. Nor do they discourage, but indulge her in it, because in her, it seems, by the cheerfulness with which her ardent zeal is attended, to be owing to true piety, which they justly observe never makes a good mind sour, morose, and melancholy.

Mrs. Beaumont says, that for two days before she came away, she had shewn, on several occasions, that she began to expect my return—She broke silence in one of her dumb fits—‘ Twenty days, did he say, Camilla?’ and was silent again.

The day before Mrs. Beaumont set out, as she, the young lady, and mar-

chioness, were sitting at work together, Camilla entered with unusual precipitation, with a message from the bishop, desiring leave to attend them—And the marchioness saying, ‘ By all means, pray let him come in;’ the young lady, on hearing him approach, laid down her work, changed colour, and stood up with an air of dignity; but on the bishop’s entrance, sat down with a look of dissatisfaction, as if disappointed.

Adieu, my dear friend! I shall reach Bologna, I hope, to-morrow night. You will soon have another letter from your truly affectionate

GRANDISON.

LETTER XVI.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON. IN CONTINUATION.

BOLOGNA, JULY 7-18.

IT was late last night before I arrived at this place. I sent my compliments to the family. In the morning I went to their palace, and was immediately conducted to the chamber of Signor Jeronymo. He was disposing himself to rise, that he might receive me up, in order to rejoice me on his ability to do so. I sat down by him, and received the overflowings of his grateful heart. Every body, he told me, was amended both in health and spirits.

Camilla came in soon after, congratulating me on my arrival in the name of her young lady. She let me know, that in less than a quarter of an hour she would be ready to receive my visit.

‘ O Sir,’ said the good woman, ‘ miracles! miracles!—We are all joy and hope!’

At going out, she whispered as she passed, (I was then at the window) ‘ My young lady is dressing in colours, to receive you. She will no more appear to you, she says, in black—Now, Sir, will you soon reap the reward of all your goodness; for the general has signified to my lord his entire acquiescence with his sister’s choice, and their determination.’

The bishop came in: ‘ Chevalier,’ said he, ‘ you are welcome, thrice welcome, to Bologna. You have subdued us all. Clementina commands her own destiny. The man whom
‘ she

‘The chuses to call hers, be he who he will, will have a treasure in her, in every sense of the word.’

The marquis, the count, Father Marefcotti, all severally made me the highest compliments. The count particularly taking my hand, said, ‘From *us*, chevalier, nothing will be wanting to make *you* happy: from *you*, there can be but one thing wanting to make *us* so.’

The marchioness entering, saved me any other return, than by bowing to each. Before I could speak to her, ‘Welcome, chevalier,’ said she: ‘but you are not come before you were withed for. You will find, we have kept a more exact account of the days of your absence, than we did before. I hope her joy to see you will not be too much for her. Clementina ever had a grateful heart.’

‘The chevalier’s prudence,’ said Father Marefcotti, ‘may be confided in. He knows how to moderate his own joy on his first address to her, on seeing her so greatly amended: and then Lady Clementina’s natural delicacy will not have an *example* to carry her joy above her reason.’

‘The chevalier, Madam,’ said the bishop, smiling, ‘will at this rate, be too secure. We leave him not room for *professions*. But he cannot be ungenerous.’

‘The Chevalier Grandison,’ said the kind Jeronymo, ‘speaks by *action*; it is his way. His head, his heart, his lips, his hands, are governed by one motion, and directed by one spring. When he leaves no room for doubt, professions would depreciate his service.’

He then ascribed an extraordinary merit to me, on my leaving my native country and friends, to attend them in person.

We may, perhaps, my reverend friend, be allowed to repeat the commendations given us by grateful and benevolent spirits, when we cannot otherwise so well do justice to the generous warmth of their friendship. The noble Jeronymo, I am confident, were he in my place, and I in his, would put a more moderate value on the like services, done by himself. What is friendship, if on the like calls, and blessed with power, it is not ready to exert itself in action?

‘Grandison,’ replied the bishop, ‘were he *one of us*, might expect canonization. In a better religion, we have but few young men of quality and fortune so good as he; though I think none so bad, as many of the pretended Reformed, who travel, as if to copy our vices, and not to imitate our virtues.’

I was overwhelmed with gratitude, on a reception so very generous and unreserved. Camilla came in seasonably with a message from the young lady, inviting my attendance on her in her dressing-room.

The marchioness withdrew just before. I followed Camilla. She told me, as we went, that she thought her not quite so sedate as she had been for some days past; which she supposed owing to her hurrying in dressing, and to her expectation of me.

The mother and daughter were together. They were talking, when I entered—‘Dear fanciful girl!’ I heard the mother say, disposing otherwise some flowers that she had in her bosom.

Clementina, when her mind was sound, used to be all unaffected elegance. I never saw but one woman who equaled her in that respect. Miss Byron seems conscious, ~~that~~ she may trust to her native charms; yet betrays no pride in her consciousness. Who ever spoke of her jewels, that beheld her face? For mingled dignity, and freedom of air and manner, these two ladies excel amongst women.

Clementina appeared exceedingly lovely. But her fancifulness in the disposition of her ornaments, and the unusual lustre of her eyes, which every one was wont to admire for their serene brightness, shewed an imagination more disordered than I hoped to see; and gave me pain at my entrance.

‘The chevalier, my love!’ (said the marchioness, turning round to me) ‘Clementina, receive your friend.’

She stood up, dignity and sweetness in her air. I approached her: she refused not her hand. ~~The~~ general, ‘Madam, and his lady, salute you by me.’

‘They received you, I am sure, as the friend of our family. But tell me, Sir,’ smiling, ‘have you not exceeded your promised time?’

‘Two or three days only.’

'Only, Sir!—Well, I upbraid you not. No wonder that a man, so greatly valued, cannot always keep his time.'

She hesitated, looked at her mother, at me, and on the floor, visibly at a loss. Then, as sensible of her wandering, turned aside her head, and took out her handkerchief.

'Mrs. Beaumont, Madam,' said I, to divert her chagrin, 'sends you her compliments.'

'Were you at Florence?—Mrs. Beaumont, said you!—Were you at Florence!' Then running to her mother, she threw her arms about her neck, hiding her face in her bosom—'O, Madam, conceal me! conceal me from myself. I am not well.'

'Be comforted, my best love,' wrapping her maternal arms about her, and kissing her forehead; 'you will be better presently.'

I made a motion to withdraw. The marchioness, by her head, approving, I went into the next apartment.

She soon enquired for me, and, on notice from Camilla, I returned.

She sat with her head leaning on her mother's shoulder. She raised it—'Excuse me, Sir,' said she. 'I cannot be well, I see—But no matter! I am better, and I am worse, than I was: worse, because I am sensible of my calamity.'

Her eyes had then lost all that lustre which had shewn a too raised imagination: but they were as much in the other extreme, overclouded with mistiness, dimness, vapours; swimming in tears.

I took her hand: 'Be not disheartened, Madam. You will be soon well. These are usual turns of the malady you seem to be so sensible of, when it is changing to perfect health.'

'God grant it!—O chevalier! what trouble have I given my friends!—my mamma here!—You, Sir!—Every body!—O that naughty Laura! But for her!—But tell me—Is she dead?—Poor cruel creature! Is she no more?'

'Would you have her to be no more, my love?' said her mother.

'O no! no! I would have had her to live, and to repent. Was she not the companion of my childhood? She loved me once. I always loved her.—Say, chevalier, is she living?'

I looked at the marchioness, as asking, if I should tell her she was; and receiving her approving nod, 'She is living, Madam,' answered I—'and I hope will repent.'

'Is she, is she indeed, my mamma?' interrupted she.

'She is, my dear.'

'Thank God!' rising from her seat, clasping her hands, and standing more erect than usual; 'then have I a triumph to come!' said the noble creature. 'Excuse my pride! I will shew her that I can forgive her!—But I will talk of her when I am better. You say, Sir, I shall be better! You say that my malady is changing—What comfort you give me!'

Then dropping down against her mother's chair, on her knees, her eyes and hands lifted up, 'Great and good God! Almighty, heal, heal, I beseech thee, my wounded mind, that I may be enabled to restore to the most indulgent of parents, the happiness I have robbed them of.'—Join your prayers with mine, Sir! You are a good man—But you, Madam, are a catholic. The chevalier is not—Do you pray for me. I shall be restored to your prayers: And may I be restored, as I shall never more do any thing, wilfully, to offend or disturb your tender heart.'

'God restore my child,' sobbed the indulgent parent, raising her.

Camilla had not withdrawn. She stood weeping in a corner of the room. 'Camilla,' said the young lady, advancing towards her, 'lend me your arm.—I will return to you again, Sir—Don't go—Excuse me, Madam, for a few moments. I find, putting her hand to her forehead, 'I am not quite well—I will return presently.'

The marchioness and I were extremely affected by her great behaviour: but though we were grieved for the pain her sensibility gave her, yet we could not but console and congratulate ourselves upon it, as affording hopes of her perfect recovery.

She returned soon, attended by Camilla; who having been soothing her, appealed to me, whether I did not think she would soon be quite well.

I answered, that I had no question of it.

'Look you there now, my dear lady.' 'I thought

'I thought you said so, chevalier; but I was not sure. God grant it!—My affliction is great, my mamma. I must have been a wicked creature—Pray for me.'

Her mother comforted her, praised her, and raised her dejected heart. And then Clementina looking down, a blush overspreading her face, and standing motionless, as if considering of something—'What is in my child's thoughts?' said the marchioness, taking her hand. 'What is my love thinking of?'

'Why, Madam,' in a low but audible voice, 'I should be glad to talk with the chevalier alone, methinks. He is a good man. But if you think I ought not, I will not desire it. In every thing I will be governed by you: yet I am ashamed. What can I have to say, that my mother may not hear?—Nothing, nothing. Your Clementina's heart, Madam, is a part of yours.'

'My love shall be indulged in every thing.—You and I, Camilla, will retire.' Clementina was silent; and both withdrew.

She commanded me to sit down by her. I obeyed. It was not, in the situation I was in, for me to speak first. I attended her pleasure in silence.

She seemed at a loss. She looked round her; then at me; then on the floor. I could not then forbear speaking.

'The mind of Lady Clementina,' said I, 'seems to have something upon it, that she wishes to communicate. You have not, Madam, a more sincere, a more faithful friend, than the man before you. Your happiness, and that of my Jeronimo, engross all my cares. Honour me with your confidence.'

'I had something to say: I had many questions to ask—But pity me, Sir! my memory is gone: I have lost it all—But this I know, that we are all under obligations to you, which we never can return; and I am uneasy under the sense of them.'

'What, Madam, have I done, but answered to the call of friendship, which, in the like situation, not any one of your family but would have obeyed?'—

'This generous way of thinking adds to the obligation. Say but, Sir, in what way we can express our

gratitude, in what way I, in particular, can, and I shall be easy. Till we have done it, I never shall.'

'And can you, Madam, think, that I am not highly rewarded, in the prospect of that success which opens to all our wishes?'

'It may be so in your opinion: but this leaves the debt still heavier upon us.'

How could I avoid construing the hint in my favour? And yet I did not think the lady, even had she not had parents in being, had she been absolutely independent, well enough to determine for herself in a situation so delicate. How then could I, in honour, (all her friends expecting that I should be entirely governed by her motions, as they were resolved to be) take direct advantage of the gratitude which at that instant possessed her noble mind?

'If, Madam,' answered I, 'you will suppose yourselves under obligations to me, and will not be easy till you have acknowledged them, the return must be a family act. Let me refer myself to your father, mother, brothers, and to yourself: what you and they determine upon must be right.'

After a short silence—'Well, Sir, I believe you have put the matter upon a right footing: but here is my difficulty—You cannot be rewarded. I cannot reward you. But, Sir, the subject begins to be too much for me. I have high notions—My duty to God, and to my parents; my gratitude to you—But I have begun to write down all that has occurred to me on this important subject. I wish to act greatly! You, Sir, have set me the example. I will continue to write down my thoughts: I cannot trust to my memory—No, nor yet to my heart!—But no more on a subject that is at present too affecting to me. I will talk to my mother upon it first; but not just now; though I will ask for the honour of her presence.'

She then went from me into the next room; and instantly returned, leading in the marchioness. 'Don't, dear Madam, be angry with me. I had many things to say to the chevalier; which I thought I could best say, when I was alone with him; but I forget

‘ what they were. Indeed, I ought not to remember them, if they were such as I could not say before my mother.’

‘ My child cannot do any thing that can make me displeased with her. The chevalier’s generosity, and my Clementina’s goodness of heart, can neither of them be doubted.’

‘ O, Madam! What a deep sense have I of yours and of my father’s indulgence to me! How shall I requite it!—How unworthy should I be of that returning reason, which sometimes seems to enliven my hope, if I were not to resolve, that it shall be wholly employed in my duty to God, and to you both! But even then, my gratitude to that generous man will leave a burden upon my heart, that never can be removed.’

She withdrew with precipitation, leaving the marchioness and me in silence, looking upon each other, and admiring her. Camilla followed her; and instantly returning—‘ My dear young lady—Don’t be frightened, Madam—is not well. She seems to have exhausted her spirits by talking.’

The marchioness hastened in with Camilla. And while I was hesitating, whether to withdraw to Jeronymo, or to quit the palace, Camilla came to me—‘ My young lady asks for you, Sir.’

I followed her to her closet. She was in her mother’s arms, on a couch; just come out of a fit; but not a strong one. She held out her hand to me. I pressed it with my lips. I was affected with her nobleness of mind, and weakness of spirit—‘ O chevalier,’ said she, ‘ how unworthy am I of that tenderness which you express for me? O that I could be grateful!—But God will reward you—He only can.’

She desired her mother and me to leave her to her Camilla. We both withdrew.

‘ What can be done with this dear creature, chevalier? She is going to be bad again!—O, Sir! Her behaviour is now different from what it ever was!’

‘ She seems, Madam, to have some-

thing on her mind, that she has a difficulty to reveal: When she has revealed it, she will be easier. You will prevail upon her, Madam, by your condescending goodness, to communicate it to you. Allow me to withdraw to Signor Jeronymo. Lady Clementina, when she is a little recovered, will acquaint you with what passed between her and me.’

‘ I heard it all,’ replied she; ‘ and you are the most honourable of men. What man would, what man *could*, have acted as you acted, with regard to her, with regard to us; yet not slight the dear creature’s manifest meaning; but refer it to us, and to her, to make it a family act? A family act it must, it *shall* be. Only, Sir, let me be assured, that my child’s malady will not lessen your love for her: and permit her to be a catholic!—These are all the terms, I, for my part, have to make with you. The rest of us still wish that *you* would be so, though but in appearance, for the sake of our alliances. But I will not expect an answer to the last. As to the first, you cannot be ungenerous to one who has suffered so much for love of you.’

The marquis and the bishop entering the room, ‘ I leave it to you, Madam,’ said I, ‘ to acquaint their lordships with what has passed. I will attend Signor Jeronymo for a few moments.’

I went accordingly to his chamber; but being told, that he was disposed to rest, I withdrew with Mr. Lowther into his: and there Camilla coming to me, Mr. Lowther retiring, she told me, that her young lady was pretty well recovered. ‘ It was evident to her,’ she said, ‘ that she never would be well till the marriage was solemnized. They are all,’ said she, ‘ in close conference together, I believe, upon that subject. My young lady is endeavouring to compose herself in her closet. The marchioness hopes you will stay, and dine here.’

I excused myself from dining; and desired her to tell her lady, that I would attend them in the evening.

I am now preparing to do so.

LETTER XVII.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON. IN CONTINUATION.

BOLOGNA, JULY 7-18.

NOW, my dear friend, are matters here drawing to a crisis. I was conducted, as soon as I entered this palace, to the presence of the marquis and marchioness. The marquis arose, and took my hand, with great but solemn kindness, and led me to a chair placed between theirs. The bishop, the count, and Father Marefcotti, entered; and took their places.

‘My dear,’ said the marquis, referring to his lady—

After some little hesitation—‘We have no hope, Sir,’ said she, ‘of our child’s perfect restoration, but from—’ She stooped—

‘Our compliance with every wish of her heart,’ said the bishop.

‘Aye, do you proceed,’ said the marchioness to the prelate.

‘It would be to no purpose, chevalier,’ questioned the bishop, ‘to urge to you the topick so near to all our hearts?’

I bowed my assent to what he said.

‘I am sorry for it,’ replied the bishop.

‘I am very sorry for it,’ said the count.

‘What security can we ask of you, Sir,’ said the marquis, ‘that our child shall not be perverted?—O chevalier! It is a hard, hard trial!’

‘Father Marefcotti,’ answered I, ‘shall prescribe the terms.’

‘I cannot, in conscience,’ said the father, ‘consent to this marriage: yet the merits of the Chevalier Grandison have taken from me the power of opposing it. Permit me to be silent.’

‘Father Marefcotti and I,’ said the bishop, ‘are in one situation, as to scruples of conscience. But I will forget the prelate for the brother. Dear Grandison, will you permit us to say to enquirers, that we look upon you as one of our church; and that prudential reasons, with regard to your country, and friends in it, deter you at present from declaring yourself?’

‘Let not terms be proposed, my good lord, that would lessen your

‘opinion of me, should I comply with them. If I am to be honoured with an admission into this noble family, let me not in my own eyes appear unworthy of the honour. Were I to find myself capable of prevaricating in an article so important as religion, no one could hate me so much as I should hate myself, were even an imperial diadem with your Clementina, the noblest of women, to be the consideration.’

‘You have the example of great princes, chevalier,’ said Father Marefcotti, ‘Henry the Fourth of France, Augustus of Poland—’

‘True, father—But great princes are not always, and in every action of their lives, great men. They might make the less scruple of changing their religion; as they were neither of them strict in the practice of it. They who can allow themselves in some deviations, may in others. I boast not of my own virtue; but it has been my aim to be uniform. I am too well satisfied with my own religion, to doubt: if I were not, it would be impossible, but I must be influenced by the wishes of friends so dear to me; whose motives are the result of their own piety, and of the regard they have for my everlasting welfare.’

‘The chevalier and I,’ rejoined the bishop, ‘have carried this argument to it’s full extent before. My honoured lord’s question recurs; “What security can we have, that my sister shall not be perverted?” The chevalier refers to Father Marefcotti to propose it. The father excuses himself. I, as the brother of Clementina, ask you, chevalier, will you promise never by yourself, or your English divines, to attempt to pervert her?—A confessor you have allowed her. Shall Father Marefcotti be the man?’

‘And will Father Marefcotti—’

‘I will for the sake of preserving to Lady Clementina her faith, that faith by which only she can be saved; and, perhaps, in hope of converting the man who then will be dear to the whole family.’

‘I not only comply with the proposal, but shall think Father Marefcotti will do me a favour, in putting it in my power to shew him the regard

'regard I have for him. One request I have only to make; that Father Marescotti will prescribe his own conditions to me. And I assure you all, that they shall be exceeded, as to the consideration, be they ever so high.'

'You and I, chevalier,' replied the father, 'shall have no difficulty as to the terms.'

'None you can have,' said the marquis, 'as to those. Father Marescotti will be still *our* spiritual director.'

'Only one condition I will beg leave to make with Father Marescotti; that he will confine his pious cares to those only who are already of his own persuasion: and that no disputable points may ever be touched upon to servants, tenants, or neighbours, in a country where a different religion, from that to which he is a credit, is established. I might, perhaps, have safely left this to his own moderation and honour; yet without such a previous engagement, his conscience might have been embarrassed; and had I not insisted on it, I should have behaved towards my country in a manner for which I could not answer to my own heart.'

'Your countrymen, chevalier,' said the count, 'complain loudly of persecution from our church: yet what disqualifications do catholicks lie under in England!'

'A great deal, my lord, may be said on this subject. I think it sufficient to answer for myself, and my own conduct.'

'As to our child's servants,' said the marchioness, 'methinks I should hope, that Father Marescotti might have a small congregation about him, to keep their lady in countenance, in a country where her religion will subject her to inconveniences, perhaps to *more* than inconveniences.'

'Her woman, and those servants,' replied I, 'who will immediately attend her person, shall always be chosen by herself. If they behave well, I will consider them as *my* servants for their benefit. If they misbehave, I must be allowed to consider them also as my servants, as well as their lady's. I must not be subject to the

dominion of servants; the most intolerable of all dominion. Were they to know that they are independent of me, I should be disobeyed, perhaps insulted; and my resentment of their insolence would be thought a persecution on account of their religion.'

This article bore some canvassing. 'If Camilla,' at last, I said, 'were the woman; on her discretion I should have great dependence.'

'—And on Father Marescotti's you also may, chevalier,' said the bishop. 'I should hope, that when my sister and you are in England together, you would not *scruple* to consult *him* on the misbehaviour of any of my sister's catholick servants.'

'Indeed, my lord, I *would*. I will myself be judge in my own house of the conduct and behaviour of all my servants. From the independence of such people upon me, disputes or uneasinesses might arise, that otherwise would never happen between their lady and me. The power of dismissal, on any flagrant misbehaviour, must be in me. My temper is not capricious; my charity is not confined: my consideration for people in a foreign country, and wholly in my power, will, I hope, be even generous. I perhaps may bear with them the more for having them in my power. But my wife's servants, were she a sovereign, must be mine.'

'Unhappy!' said Father Marescotti, 'that you cannot be of one faith! But, Sir, you will allow, I hope, if the case will bear it, of expostulation from me?'

'Yes, father; and should generally, I believe, be determined by your advice and mediation: but I would not *condition* to make the greatest saint, and the wisest man on earth, a judge in my own family over me.'

'There is reason in this,' rejoined the bishop: 'you, perhaps, would not scruple, Sir, to consult the marchioness, before you dismissed such a considerable servant as her woman, if my sister did not agree to it?'

'The marquis and marchioness will be judges of my conduct, when I am in Italy; I should despise myself, were it not to be the same in England as at Bologna. I have in

‘ my travels been attended by catholick servants. They never had reason to complain of want of kindness, even to indulgence, from me. We protestants confine not salvation within the pale of our own church: catholicks do; and have therefore an argument for their zeal, in endeavouring to make proselytes, that we have not. Hence, generally speaking, may a catholick servant live more happily with a protestant master, than a protestant servant with a catholick master. Let my servants but live up to their own professions, and they shall be indulged with all reasonable opportunities of pursuing the dictates of their own consciences. A truly religious servant, of whatever persuasion, cannot be a bad one.’

‘ Well, as to this article, we must leave it,’ acquiesced the bishop, ‘ to occasions as they may arise. Nine months in the year, I think, you propose to reside in Italy.’

‘ That, my lord, was on a supposition that Lady Clementina would not oblige me with her company to my native country any part of the year; in that case, I proposed to pass but three months in every year in England: otherwise I hoped that year and year, in turn, would be allowed me.’

‘ We can have no wish to separate man and wife,’ said the marquis. ‘ Clementina will, no doubt, accompany her husband. We will stipulate only for year and year; but let ours be the first year: and we cannot doubt but the dear child will meet with all reasonable indulgence, for the sake of her tender health.’

‘ Not one request that you, my lord—and you, Madam—shall think reasonable, shall be denied to the dear lady.’

‘ Let me propose one thing, chevalier,’ said the marchioness; ‘ that in the first year, which is to be ours, you endeavour to prevail upon your sisters, amiable women, as we have heard they are, to come over, and be of our acquaintance; your ward also, who may be looked upon as a little Italian. You love your sisters; and I should be glad (so would Clementina, I make no doubt) to be familiarized to the ladies of your

family before she goes to England.’

‘ My sisters, Madam, are the most obliging of women, as their lords are of men. I have no doubt of prevailing upon them, to attend you and Lady Clementina here. And as it will give them time to prepare for the visit, I believe, if it be made in the latter part of the first year, it will be most acceptable to them, and to you; since then they will not only have commenced a friendship with Lady Clementina, and obtained the honour of your good opinion; but will attend the dear lady in her voyage to England.’

They all approved of this. I added, that I hoped, when the second year arrived, I should have the honour of finding in the party some of this noble family, (looking round me) which could not fail of giving delight, as well as assistance, to the tender heart of their beloved Clementina.

‘ My lord and I,’ said the marchioness, ‘ will probably, if well, be of the party. We shall not know how to part with a child so dear to us.—But these seas—’

‘ Well, well,’ said the bishop, ‘ this is a contingency, and must be left to time, and to the chevalier and my sister, when they are one. As his is the strongest mind, it will, in all reasonable matters, yield to the weaker—Now, as to my sister’s fortune—’

‘ It is a large one,’ said the count. ‘ We shall all take pleasure in adding to it.’

‘ Should there be more sons than one by the marriage,’ rejoined the bishop, ‘ as the estate of her two grandfathers will be an ample provision for one of them, and your English estate for another, I hope we may expect that the education of one of them may be left to us.’

Every one said, this was a very reasonable expectation.

‘ I cannot condition for this, my lord. The education of the sons was to be left to me; that of the daughters, to the mother. I will content, that the Italian estate shall be tied up for daughters portions; and that they shall be brought up under your own eyes, Italians. The

‘ sons shall have no benefit by the Italian estate—’

‘ Except they become catholicks, chevalier,’ added the bishop.

‘ No, my lord,’ replied I: ‘ That might be a temptation—Though I would leave posterity as free, as I myself am left, in the article of religion; yet would I not lay any snare for them. I am for having them absolutely secluded from any possibility of enjoying that estate, as they will be Englishmen. Cannot this be done by the laws of your country, and the tenure by which these estates are held?’

‘ If Clementina marry,’ said the marquis, ‘ whether there be issue or not, Laurana’s claim ceases. But, chevalier, can you think it just to deprive children unborn of their natural right?’

‘ I have a very good estate: it is improving. I have considerable expectations besides. That is not mine which I do not possess, and shall have no right to, but by marriage; and which, therefore, must and ought to be subject to marriage-articles. Riches never made men happy. If my descendants will not be so with a competence, they will not with a redundancy. I hope Signor Jeronymo may recover, and marry: let the estate here, from the hour that I shall be honoured with the hand of your dear Clementina, be Jeronymo’s and his posterity’s, for ever. If it shall be thought proper for him, on taking possession, to make his sister any brotherly acknowledgment, it shall be to her sole and separate use, and not subject to any controul of mine. If Signor Jeronymo marry not, or if he do, and die without issue, let the estate in question be the general’s. He and his lady deserve every thing. The estate shall not, by my consent, go out of the name.’

They looked upon each other—‘ Brother,’ said the count, ‘ I see not, but we may leave every thing to the generosity of such a young man as this. He quite overcomes me.’

‘ A disinterested and generous man,’ rejoined the bishop, ‘ is born a ruler; and he is, at the same time, the greatest of politicians, were policy only to be considered.’

‘ The most equitable medium, I

‘ think,’ resumed the marchioness, ‘ is what the chevalier hinted at—and most answerable to the intention of the dear child’s grandfathers: it is, that the estate in question be secured to the daughters of the marriage. Our sons will be greatly provided for; and it will be rewarding, in some measure, the chevalier for his generosity, that the sons of the marriage shall not have their patrimony lessened, by the provision to be made for daughters.’

They all generously applauded the marchioness; and proposing this expedient to me, I bowed my grateful assent—‘ See, chevalier,’ said Father Marefcotti, ‘ what a generous family you are likely to be allied with! O that you could be subdued by a goodness so much like your own, and declare yourself a catholick: his holiness himself (my lord the bishop could engage) would receive you with blessings, at the footstool of his throne. You allow, Sir, that salvation may be obtained in our church: out of it, we think, it cannot. Rejoice us all. Rejoice Lady Clementina—and let us know no bound in our joy.’

‘ What opinion, my dear Father Marefcotti, would you all have of the man who could give up his conscience, though for the highest consideration on earth?—Did you, could you, think the better of the two princes mentioned to me, for the change of their religion? One of them was assassinated in the streets of his metropolis, by an ecclesiastick, who questioned the sincerity of his change. Could the matter be of indifference to me—But, my dear Father Marefcotti, let us leave this to be debated hereafter between you and me, as father and son. Your piety shall command my reverence: but pain not my heart, by putting me on denial of any thing that shall be asked of me, by such respectable and generous persons, as those I am before: and when we are talking on a subject so delicate, and so important.’

‘ Father Marefcotti, we must give up this point,’ said the bishop. ‘ The chevalier and I have discussed it heretofore. He is a determined man. If you hereafter can gain upon him,

'you will make us all happy.—But now, my lord, to the marquis, ' let the chevalier know, what he will have with my sister, besides the bequests of her grandfathers, from *your* bounty—and from *yours*, Madam, to his mother, ' as a daughter of your house.'

' I beg, my lord, one word,' said I to the marquis, ' before you speak. Let not a syllable of this be mentioned to me now. Whatever you shall be pleased to do of this nature, let it be done annually, as my behaviour to your daughter may deserve. Do I not know the generosity of every one of this noble family? Let me be in your power. I have enough for her, and for me, or I do not know the noble Clementina. Whatever you do, for the sake of your own magnificence, that do: but let us leave particulars unmentioned.'

' What would Lady Sforza say, were she present?' rejoined the count. ' Averse as she is to the alliance, she would admire the man.'

' Are you earnest in your request, chevalier,' asked the bishop, ' that particulars shall not be mentioned?'

' I beg they may not. I earnestly beg it.'

' Pray let the chevalier be obliged,' returned the prelate—' Sir,' said he, and snatched my hand, ' brother, friend, what shall I call you?—We *will* oblige you; but not in doubt of your kind treatment of Clementina. She must, the *will*, deserve it; but that we may have it in our power to be revenged of you, Sir, we will take great revenge of you. And now let us rejoice Jeronymo's heart with an account of all that has passed. We might have held this conference before him. All that is farther necessary to be said, may be said in his presence.'

' Who,' said Father Marefcoiti, ' can hold out against the Chevalier Grandison? I will tell every one who shall question me on this alliance, zealous catholicks, with a protestant so determined, what a man he is; and then they will allow of this one particular exception to a general rule.'

' All we have now to do,' said the marquis, ' is to gain his holiness's permission. That has not been re-

' fused in such cases, where either the sons or daughters of the marriage are to be brought up catholicks.'

The count then took the marchioness's hand, and we all entered Jeronymo's chamber together.

I stepped into Mr. Lowther's apartment, while they related to him all that had passed. He was impatient to see me. The bishop led me in to him. He embraced me as his brother. ' Now, my dear Grandison,' said he, ' I am, indeed, happy. This is the point to which I have long directed all my wishes. God grant that our dear Clementina's malady may be no draw-back upon your felicity; and you must both then be happy.'

I was sensible of a little abatement, on the bishop's saying to his mother, not knowing I heard him, ' Ah, Madam! the poor Count of Belvedere—How will he be affected!—But he will go to Madrid; and I hope make himself happy there with some Spanish lady.'—The poor Count of Belvedere! returned the marchioness, with a sigh—' But he will not know how to blame us.'

To-morrow morning I am to drink chocolate with Lady Clementina. We shall be left together, perhaps, or only with her mother or Camilla.

What, my dear Dr. Bartlett, would I give, to be assured, that the most excellent of English women could think herself happy with the Earl of D. the only man of all her admirers, who is, in any manner, worthy of calling so bright a jewel his? Should Miss Byron be unhappy, and through my means, the remembrance of my own caution and self-restraint could not approach the grief of my heart.

But so *prudent* a woman as she is, and as the Countess of D. is—What are these suggestions of tenderness? Are they not suggestions of *vanity* and *presumption*? They are. They must be so. I will banish them from my thoughts, as such.—' Ever and anon,' said Miss Byron! friend of my soul! for—' give me for them!—Oh! if the noble Clementina is to be married, my heart will be greatly gratified, if, before she receive my vows, I could know, that Miss Byron had given her hand, in compliance with the entreaties of all her friends, to the deserving man of D.'

Having an opportunity, I dictated

this, and my two former. In you I include remembrances to all my beloved friends.—Adieu, my dear Dr. Bartlett. ‘In the highest of our pleasures, the sighing heart will remind us of imperfection.’ It is fit it should be so.—Adieu, my dear friend!

CHARLES GRANDISON.

CONTINUATION OF LADY G.’S
LETTER TO LADY L. N° XIV.

Begun p. 646. and dated July 24.

WELL, my dear sister!—And what say you to the contents of the three inclosed letters? I wish I had been with you, and Lord L. at the time you read them, that I might have mingled my tears with yours, for the sweet Harriet! Why would my brother dispatch these letters, without staying till, at least, he could have informed us of the result of the next day’s meeting with Clementina? *What* was the opportunity that he had to send away these letters, which he must be assured would keep us in strange suspense! *Hang* the opportunity that so officiously offered!—But, perhaps, in the tenderness of his nature, he thought that this dispatch was necessary, to prepare us for what was to follow, lest, were he to acquaint us with the event as decided, our emotion would be too great to be supported.—We sisters, to go over to attend Lady CLEMENTINA GRANDISON, at twelve-month hence!—Ah, the poor Harriet! and will she give us leave? But, it surely must not, cannot be!—And yet—‘Hush, hush, hush, Charlotte!—And proceed to facts.’

Dr. Bartlett, when these letters were brought him post from London, was with us at table. We had but just dined. He arose, and retired to his own apartment with them. We were all impatient to know the contents. When I thought he had withdrawn long enough to read dispatches of a mile long, and yet found that he returned not, my impatience was heightened; and the dear Harriet said, ‘Bad news, I fear! I hope Sir Charles is well! I hope Lady Clementina is not relapsed! The good Jeronimo! I fear for him.’

I then steep up to the doctor’s room.

He was sitting with his back towards the door, in a pensive mood; and when, hearing somebody enter, he turned about, I saw he had been deeply affected—

‘My dear Dr. Bartlett!—For God’s sake!—How is my brother?’

‘Don’t be affrighted, Madam! All are well in Italy—In a way to be well.—But, alas!’ (Tears started afresh) ‘I am grieved for Miss Byron!’

‘How, how, doctor! is my brother married?—It cannot, it shall not be!—Is my brother married?’

‘O no, not married, by these letters! But all is concluded upon! Sweet, sweet Miss Byron! Now, indeed, will her magnanimity be put to the test!—Yet Lady Clementina is a most excellent woman!—*You*, Madam, may read these letters: Miss Byron, I believe, must not. You will see, by the concluding part of the last, how greatly embarrassed my patron must be between his honour to one lady, and his tenderness for the other: which-soever shall be his, how much will the other be to be pitied!’

I ran over, with a weeping eye, as the paragraphs struck me, the passages most affecting ‘O Dr. Bartlett,’ said I, when I had done, ‘how shall we break this news to Mrs. Selby, to Mrs. Shirley, to my Harriet!—A trial, indeed, of her magnanimity!—Yet, to have received letters from my brother, and to delay going down, will be as alarming as to tell it.—Let us go down.’

‘Do you, Madam, take the letters. You have tenderness: your prudence cannot be doubted.—I will attend you bye and bye.’ His eyes were ready to run over.

I went down. I met my lord at the stairs-foot. ‘How, how, Madam, does Sir Charles!’—‘O, my lord, we are all undone! My brother, by this time, is the husband of Lady Clementina.’

He was struck, as with a thunder-bolt: ‘God forbid!’ were all the words he could speak; and turned as pale as death.

I love him, for his sincere love to my Harriet. I wrung his hand.—‘The letters do not say it: but every body is consenting; and, if it be not already so, it soon will.—Step, my lord,

* lord, to Mrs. Selby, and tell her, 'that I wish to see her in the flower-garden.'

'Miss Byron and Nancy,' said he, 'are gone to walk in the garden. She was so apprehensive, on your staying above, and the doctor not coming down, that she was forced to walk into the air. I left Mr. Selby, his lady, Emily, and Lucy, in the dining-parlour, to find you, and let you know, how every body was affected.' Tears dropt on his cheeks.

I gave him my hand in love. I was pleased with him. I called him 'My dear lord!'

I think our sweet friend once said, that fear made us loving. Ill-news will oblige us to look around us for consolation.

I found the persons named just rising from their seats to walk into the garden—'O, my dear Mrs. Selby,' said I, 'every thing is agreed upon in Italy.'

They were all dumb but Emily. Her sorrow was audible: she wrung her hands; she was ready to faint; her Anne was called to take care of her; and she retired.

I then told Mr. and Mrs. Selby what were the contents of the last letter of the three. Mr. Selby broke out into a passionate grief—'I know not what the honour is,' said he, 'that could oblige Sir Charles, treated as he had been by the proud Italians, to go over at the first invitation. One might have guessed that it would have come to this.—Oh! the poor Harriet! flower of the world! She deserved not to be made a second woman, to the stateliest minx in Italy; but this is my comfort, she is superior to them both. Upon my soul, Madam, she is. The man, were he a king, that could prefer another woman to our Harriet, does not deserve her.'

He then arose from his seat, and walked up and down the room in anger; and afterwards sitting down, 'My dear Mrs. Selby,' said he, 'we shall now see what the so often pleaded for dignity of your sex, in the noblest-minded, will enable you to do. But, O the dear soul! she will find a difference between theory and practice.'

Lucy wept. Her grief was silent.

Mrs. Selby dried her tears several times. 'My dear Lady G.' said she, at last, 'how shall we break this to Harriet? You must do it; and she will apply to me for comfort.—Pray, Mr. Selby, be patient. You must not reflect upon Sir Charles Grandison.'

'Indeed you should not, Sir,' said I. 'He is to be pitied. I will read you the concluding part of his last letter.'

I did.

But Mr. Selby would not be pacified. He tried to blame my brother.

After all, my dear, these lords of the creation are more violent, more unreasonable, and of consequence more silly and perverse, more babies, if you please, than we women, when they are disappointed in any thing they set their hearts upon. But in every case, I believe, one extreme borders on another. What a fool has Otway made of Castlio, raving against the whole sex, by a common-place invective, on a mere temporary disappointment; when the fault, and all the dreadful consequences that attended it, were owing to his own baseness of heart, in being ashamed to acquaint his brother, that he meant honourable love to the unhappy orphan, who was intitled to inviolable protection! Whenever I saw this play, I pitied the impetuous Polydore more than I did the blubbering great boy Castlio; though I thought both brothers deserved to be hanged.

As we were meditating how to break this matter to our lovely friend, Mrs. Shirley came to Selby House in her chariot. We immediately acquainted her with it. No surprises affected her steady soul. 'This can't be helped,' said she. 'Our dear girl herself expects it. May I read the letter that contains the affecting tidings?'

She took it. She ran it over slightly, to enable herself to speak to the contents—'Excellent man!—How happy should we have been, blessed with the enjoyment of our wishes!—But you, Mrs. Selby, and I, have always pitied Lady Clementina. His generous regard for our child is too apparent for his own tranquillity. God comfort him, and our Harriet! O the dear creature! Her fading cheeks have shown the struggles of her heart, in such an expectation.—Where is my child?'

I was running out to see for her; and met her just ascending the steps that lead from the garden into the house. 'Your grandmamma, my love,' said I—

'I hear she is come,' answered she. 'I am hastening to pay my duty to her.'

'But how do you, Harriet?'

'A little better for the air! I sent up to Dr. Bartlett, and he has let me know, that Sir Charles is well, and every body better: and I am easy.'

She hurried in to her grandmother, rejoicing, as she always does, to see her. She kneeled; received her tender blessing. 'And what brings my grandmamma to her girl?'

'The day is fine; the air, and the sight of my Harriet, I thought, would do me good.—You have letters, I find, from Italy, my love?'

'I, Madam, have not: Dr. Bartlett has: but I am not to know the contents, I suppose. Something, I doubt not, that will be thought unwelcome to me, by their not being communicated. But as long as every body there is well, I *can* have patience. Time will reveal all things.'

Dr. Bartlett, who admires the old lady, and is as much admired by her, came down, and paid his respects to her. Mrs. Shirley had returned me the letters. I slid them into the doctor's hand, unperceived by Miss Byron.

'I am told,' said she, 'that my Emily is not well; I will just ask how she does.'—And was going from us—'No, don't, my love,' said her aunt, taking her hand; 'Emily shall come down to us.'

'I see,' said she, 'by the compassionate looks of every one, that something is the matter. If it be any thing that most concerns me to know, don't, through a mistaken tenderness, let me be the last to whom it is communicated. But I *guess*—' with a forced smile.

'What does my Harriet guess,' said her aunt.

'Dr. Bartlett,' replied she, 'has acquainted me, that Sir Charles Grandison is well; and that his friends are on the recovery: is it not then easy to guess, by every one's silence on the contents of the letters brought to Dr. Bartlett, that Sir Charles is either married, or near

'being so?—What say you, my good Dr. Bartlett?'

He was silent, but tears were in his eyes. She turned round, and saw us with our handkerchiefs at ours. Her uncle, rising from his seat, stood, with his back to us, at one of the windows.

'Well, my dear friends, you are all *grieved* for me. It is kind, and I can thank you for your concern for me, because the man is Sir Charles Grandison.—And so, doctor,' laying her hands upon his, 'he is actually married? God Almighty,' piously bending one knee, 'make him and his Clementina happy!—Well, my dearest dear friends, and what is there in this, more than I expected?'

Her aunt embraced her.

Her uncle ran to her, and clasped his arms about her; 'Now, now,' said he, 'have you overcome me, my niece: for the future I never will dispute with you on some of the arguments I have heretofore held against your sex. Were all women like you—'

Her grandmother, as she sat, held out her open arms: 'My own Harriet! child of my heart! let me fold you to it!—She ran to her, and clasped her knees, as the old lady threw her arms about her neck—'Pray for me, however, my grandmamma—that I may act up to my judgment, and as your child, and my aunt Selby's!—It is a trial—I own it—But permit me to withdraw for a few moments.'

She arose, and was hastening out of the room; but her aunt took her hand; 'My dearest love,' said she, 'Sir Charles Grandison is not married—But—'

'Why, why,' interrupted she, 'if it *must* be so, is it *not* so?'

At that moment came in Emily. She had been trying to suppress her concern; and fancied, it seems, that she had recovered her presence of mind: but the moment she saw her beloved Miss Byron, her fortitude forsook her. She gushed into tears, and, sobbing, would have quitted the room; but Miss Byron, stepping after her, caught her arm; 'My Emily! my love! my friend! my sister! fly me not: let me give you an example, my dear!—I am not ashamed to own myself affected: but I have fortitude, I hope!—Sir Charles Grandison, when he could

'could not be happy from his own affairs, made himself a partaker in the happiness of others; and shall not you and I, after so great an example, rejoice in *his*?'

'I am, I am—grieved,' replied the sobbing girl, 'for my Miss Byron. I don't love Italian ladies!—Were you, Madam,' turning to her, 'Lady Grandison, I should be the happiest creature in the world.'

'But, Dr. Bartlett,' said I, 'may we not, now, that Miss Byron knows the worst, communicate to her the contents of these letters?'

'I hope you will, Sir,' said Mrs. Shirley. 'You see that my Harriet is a noble girl.'

'I rely upon your judgments, ladies,' answered the doctor; and put the letters into Mrs. Shirley's hands.

'I have read them,' said I. 'We will leave Mrs. Shirley, Mrs. Selby, and Miss Byron, together. We, Lucy, Nancy, Emily, will take a walk in the garden.—Shall we have your company, Dr. Bartlett?' I saw he was *desirous* to withdraw. Lucy *desired* to stay behind. Harriet looked, as if she wished Lucy to stay; and I led the other two into the garden, Dr. Bartlett leaving us at the entrance into it; and I told them the contents of the letters as we walked.

They were greatly affected, as I thought they would be; which made me lead them out. Lord G. joined us in our walk, as well as in our concern; so that the dear Harriet had none but comforters left about her, who enabled her to support her spirits; for Mrs. Shirley and Mrs. Selby had always applauded the preference their beloved child was so ready to give to Clementina, because of her malady; though, it is evident, against their wishes. There were never three nobler women related to each other than Mrs. Shirley, Mrs. Selby, and Miss Byron. But Mr. Selby is by no means satisfied, that my brother, loving Harriet, as he *evidently* does, should be so ready to leave her, and go to Italy. His censure arises from his love to my brother and to his niece: but I need not tell you, that, though a *man*, he has not a soul half so capacious as that of either of the three ladies I have named.

At our return from our little walk, it was lovely to see Harriet take her

Emily aside to comfort her, and to plead with her in favour of my brother's obligations; as afterwards she did against her uncle. How the generous creature shone in my eyes, and in those of every one present!

When she and I were alone, she took grateful notice of the concluding part of the third letter; where she is mentioned with so much tenderness, and in a manner so truly worthy of the character of the politest of men, as well respecting herself as her sex, charging himself with vanity and presumption, but to suppose to himself, that Miss Byron wanted his compassion, or had the tender regard for *him*, that he avows for *her*. She pleased herself, that he had not *seen* the very great esteem she had for him, as you and I had done: 'And how *could* he,' you know," said she; 'for he and I were not often together; and I was under obligation enough to him to make him attribute my regard to gratitude: but it is plain,' proceeded she, 'that he *loves* the poor Harriet—Don't you think for and perhaps would have given her a preference to all other women, had he not been circumstanced as he was. Well, God bless him!' added she; 'he was my first love; and I never will have any other.—Don't blame me for this declaration, my dear Lady G. My grandmamma, as well as you, once chid me for saying so, and called me *romancer*.—But is not the man Sir Charles Grandison?'

But, alas! with all these appearances, it is easy to see, that this amiable creature's solitary hours are heavy ones. She has got a habit of sighing. She rises with fixell eyes: sleep forsakes her; her appetite fails; and she is very sensible of all this, as she shews by the pains she takes to conceal the alteration.

And must Harriet Byron, blessed with beauty so unequalled; health so blooming; a temper so even; passions so governable; generous and grateful, even to heroism; superior to every woman in frankness of heart, in true delicacy; and in an understanding and judgment beyond her years—Must *she* be offered up, as a victim on the altar of hopeless love!—I deprecate such a fate—I cannot allow the other sex such a triumph, though the man be my brother.

brother. It is, however, none; on the contrary, it is apparently a grief to his noble and truly manly heart, that so excellent a creature cannot be the sole mistress of it.

Mr. Deane came hither this morning. He is a valuable man. He opened his heart to me about an hour ago. He always, he says, designed Miss Byron for the heiress of the principal part of his possessions; and he let me know his circumstances, which are great. It is, I am convinced, true policy to be good. Young and old, rich and poor, doat upon Miss Byron. You remember what her uncle says in his ludicrous letter to her, covertly praising her, by pretending to find fault with her, that he is more noted for being the uncle of Miss Byron, than she is for being his niece, though of so long standing in the county: and I assure you, he is much respected too. But such beauty, such affability, a character so benevolent, so frank, so pious, yet so chearful and unaffected, as hers is, must command the veneration and love of every one.

Mr. Deane is extremely apprehensive of her declining health. He believes her in a consumption; and has brought a physician of his intimate acquaintance to visit her: but she and we all are convinced, that medicine will not reach her case; and she affected to be startled at his supposing she was in so bad a way, on purpose, as she owned, to avoid his kind importunity to take advice in a malady that nothing but time and patience can cure.

A charming correspondence is carried on between Harriet and the Countess of D. Harriet is all frankness in it; so is Lady D. One day I hope to procure you a sight of their letters. I am allowed to inclose a copy of the countess's last. You will see the force of the reasoning on Harriet's declaration, that she will never think of a second lover. Her grandmother is entirely with the countess. So am I—though the first was Sir Charles Grandison.

What will become of Lady Olivia, if the alliance between my brother and the Bologna family take effect?—She has her castles, who I suppose will soon apprize her of it. How will she flame out! I suppose you, who conc-

spend with her, will soon be troubled with her invectives on this subject.

All here wish for you and Lord L. For my part I long to see you both, and to be seen by you. You never could see me more to my advantage than now. We have nothing between us but—'What your lordship pleases!'—'My dearest life, you have no choice!'—'You prevent me, my lord, in all my wishes!'

I have told him, in love, of some of his foibles: and he thanks me for my instruction; and is resolved to be all I wish him to be.

I have made discoveries in his favour—More wit, more humour, more good sense, more learning, than I had ever till now, that I was willing to enquire after those qualities in him, imagined he had. He allows me to have a vast share of good understanding; and so he ought, when I have made such discoveries to his advantage.

In short, we so monstrously improve upon each other, that if we go on thus, we shall hardly know ourselves to be the same man and woman that made such awkward figures in the eyes of all beholders a few months ago at St. George's church; and must be married over again, to be sure of each other; for you must believe, that we would not be the same odd souls we then were, on any account.

What raises him with me, is the good opinion every body here has of him. They also have found him out to be a man of sense, a good-natured man; nay, (would you believe it?) a handsome man; and all these people having deservedly the reputation of good sense, penetration, and so forth, I cannot contradict them with credit to myself. When we married folks have made a silly choice, we should in policy, you know, for the credit of our judgment, try to make the best of it. I could name you half a score people, who are continually praising, the man his wife, the woman her husband, who, were they at liberty to chuse again, would be hanged before they would renew their bargain.

Let me tell you, that Emily will make an excellent wife, and mistress of a family. Miss Byron is one of the best economists, and yet one of the finest ladies in the county.

As soon as she came down, she resumed the family direction, in case of her aunt; which was her province before she came to London. I thought myself a tolerable manager: but she has for ever stopt my mouth on this subject. Such a *succession* of orderliness, if I may so call it! One right thing is an introduction to another; and all is in such a method, that it seems impossible for the meanest servants to mistake their duty. Such harmony, such observance, yet such pleasure in every countenance!—But she is mistress of so much ease, so much dignity, and so much condescension, that she is worshipped by all the servants; and it is observable, hardly ever was heard to direct twice the same thing to be done, or remembered.

The servants have generally time for themselves, an hour or two in a day. Her orders are given over night; and as the family live in a genteel manner, they are never surprized, or put out of course, by company. The poor only have the less of the remnants, if visitors or guests come in unexpectedly; and in such case, she says, they shall fare better another day. Emily is taking minutes of all her management: she is resolved to imitate her in every thing. Hence it is, that I say, the girl will make one of the best wives in England: yet, how the dear Harriet manages it, I cannot tell; for we hardly ever miss her. But early hours, and method, and ease, without hurry, will do every thing.

POSTSCRIPT.

LORD bless me, my dear Lady L. I have been frightened out of my wits. This Lord G.—What do we do by marriage, but double our cares?—He was taken very ill two hours ago; a kind of fit. The first reflection that crossed me, when he was at worst, was this—‘What a wretch was I, to vex this poor man as I have done!—Happy, happy is the wife, in the depth of her affliction, on the loss of a worthy husband; happy the husband, if he *must* be separated from a good wife; who has no material cause for self-reproach to embitter reflection, as to his or her conduct to the departed.’ Ah, Caroline, how little do we know of ourselves, till the

hour of trial comes; I find, I have more love for Lord G. than I thought I had, or could have, for any man!

* *

How have I *exposed* myself!—But they none of them upbraid me with my apprehensions for the honest man. He did fright me!—A wretch!—In his childhood he was troubled with these oddities; it seems!—He is so well, that I had a good mind to quarrel with him for terrifying me as he did. ‘For better and for worse!’—A cheat!—He should have told me that he had been subject to such an infirmity—And then, from his apprehended fits, though involuntary, I should have claimed allowance for my real, though wilful ones. In which, however, I cheated not *him*. He saw me in them many and many a good time, before marriage.

I have this moment yours. I thought what would be the case with Olivia. She has certainly heard of the happy turn at Bologna, as they there must think it; or she would not resolve to leave England so soon, when she had determined to stay here till my brother's return. Unhappy woman! Harriet pities her!—But she has pity for every one that wants it.

Repeatedly all here are earnest to get you and your lord with us. Do, come if you can—Were it but one week; and perhaps we will go up together. If you don't come soon, your people will not suffer you to come one while. After all, my dear, these men are, as aunt Nell would say, odious creatures. You are a good forgiving soul; but that am not I. In a few months time I shall be as grave as a cat, I suppose: but the sorry fellow knows nothing of the matter yet. *Adieu, Lady L.*

LETTER XVIII.

FROM THE COUNTESS OF D. TO MISS BYRON.

[INCLOSED IN THE PRECEDING.]

JULY I.

MY dear Harriet has allowed me to write to her with the affectionate freedom of a mother: as such, I may go on to urge a subject disagreeable to her; when not only the welfare

of

of *both* my children is concerned in it, but when her own honour, her own delicacy of sentiment, is peculiarly interested.

Pure and noble as your heart is, it is misleading you, my love: Oh, my Harriet, into what a labyrinth!—Have you kept a copy, my dear, of your last letter to me! It is all amiable, all yourself—But it is Harriet Byron again, in need of a rescuer—Shall I, my child, save you from being run away with by these tyrannous over-refinements? Yes, you will say, could I do it *disinterestedly*. Well, I will, *if I can*, imagine myself quite disinterested; suppose my son out of the case. And since I have told you, more than once, that I cannot allow the sacredness young people are apt to imagine in a first love; I must, you know, take it for granted, that even *his* to *you* is not absolutely unconquerable.

Let us then consider a little the bright fairy-schemes, for so I must call them, which you have formed in the letter that lies before me*. Do not your excellent grandmamma and aunt see them in the samelight? I dare say they do: but to one I love so dearly, how can I omit to offer my hand to extricate her out of a maze of bewildering fancy, in which she may else tread many a weary step, that ought to be advancing forward in the paths of happiness and duty?

Think but, my dear child, what fortitude of soul, what strength even of constitution, you answer for, when you talk of living happy in a friendship with two persons, when they are united by indissoluble ties, the very thought of whose union makes your cheek fade, and your health languish. Ah, my beloved Harriet! is not this a fairy-scheme?

Mistake me not, my love; I suspect not that your sentiments would want any thing of the purity, the generosity, the true heroism required in the idea of a friendship like that you talk of. I suspect not in the *noble pair*, [Does that phrase hurt you, my Miss Byron? Think, then, how your heart would suffer in the lasting conflict that must accompany the situation which you have proposed to yourself.] I suspect not, in either of them, sentiments or beha-

viour unsuitable to your excellence; yet let me ask you one thing; would not the example of such an attachment subsisting between persons known to have once had different views, and tenderer affections, mislead less delicate and less guarded minds into allowances dangerous to them; and subject souls, less great than Clementina, to jealousies, whether warrantable or not, of friendships that should plead yours for a precedent?

Do not be impatient, my dear; I have a great deal more to say. This *friendship*, what is it to be? Not *more* than friendship, disguised under the name of it: for how can that consist with your peace of mind, your submission to the dictates of reason, your resignation to the will of Providence? If then it be *only* friendship, how is it inconsistent with your forming an attachment of a *nearer kind* with a person of merit, who approves of, and will join in it? What think you, my dear, is that love which we vow at the altar? Surely, not adoration: not a preference of that object *absolutely*, as in excellence superior to every other imaginable being. No more, surely, in most cases, than such a *preferable choice* (all circumstances considered) as shall make us with satisfaction of mind, and with an affectionate and faithful heart, unite ourselves for life with a man whom we esteem; who we think is no disagreeable companion, but deserves our grateful regard: that his interest from henceforth should be our own, and his happiness our study. And is not this very consistent, my dear, with admiring and loving the excellence of angels; and even with seeing and pitying, in this partner of our lives, such imperfections as make him evidently their inferior? Inferior even to such human angels, as you and I have in our heads at this moment.

Observe, my dear, I say only that such friendship is very consistent with being more nearly united to one who *knows* and *approves* it: for concealment of any thought, that much affects the heart, is, I think, in such a case, (with very few exceptions from very particular circumstances) utterly unallowable, and blameably indelicate.

You are, my dear, I will not offend

* This letter appears not.

you, by saying to what *degree*, a reasonable and prudent young woman; pious, dutiful, and benevolent. Consider, then, how much better you would account for the talents committed to you; how much more joy you would give to the best of friends; how much more good you would do to your fellow-creatures, by permitting yourself to be called out into active life, with all its variety of relations, than you can while you continue obstinately in a single state, on purpose to indulge a remediless sorrow. The domestic connections would engage you in a thousand, not unpleasing, new cares and attentions, that must inevitably wear out, in time, impressions which you would feel it unfit to indulge. All that is generous, grateful, reasonable, in your very just attachment, would remain; every thing that passion and imagination have added, every unreasonable, every painful emotion, would be banished; and the friendship between the two families become a source of lasting happiness to both.

Adieu, my Harriet! I am afraid of being tedious on an unpleasing subject. If I have omitted any thing material in this argument, the excellent parents you are with, can abundantly supply it from their own reason and experience of the world. Assure them of my unfeigned regard; and believe me, my dear child, with a degree of esteem, that no young creature ever merited half so well, *your truly affectionate*

M. D.

PINNED ON BY LADY G.

'DON'T you think, Lady L. that the contents of this letter ought to have the more weight with Harriet, as, were she to be Lady Grandison, they would suit her own case and Emily's, were Emily to make the same pretensions to a perpetual single life, on the improbability of marrying her first love? I shall freely speak my mind upon this subject, when Harriet can better bear the argument.'

LETTER XIX.

FROM THE EARL OF G. TO LADY G.

TUESDAY, AUG. 1.

MY DEAR DAUGHTER,

LET me be excused for asking you a question by pen and ink: when do you think of returning from Nor-

thamptonshire? Lady Gertrude and I are out of all patience with you; not with Lord G. We know, that wherever you are, there will he wish to be: his treasure and his heart *must* be together. But to me, who always loved my son; to Lady Gertrude, who always loved her nephew; and who equally rejoiced in the happy event that gave *me* a daughter, and *her* a niece; what can you say in excuse for robbing us of both? It is true, Miss Byron is a lady that ought to be half the world to you: but must the other half have no manner of regard paid to it? I have enquired of Lord and Lady L. but they say you are so very far from setting your time for return, that you are pressing them to go down to you. What can my daughter mean by this? Have you taken a house in Northamptonshire? Have you forgot that you have taken one in Grosvenor Square? Every thing is done there, that you had ordered to be done: and all at a stand for farther directions. Let me tell you, Lady G. that my sister and I love you *both* too well, to bear to be thus slighted. Love us but half as well, and you will tell us the day of your return. You don't consider that we are both in years; and that, in all probability, you may often rejoice in the company you are with, when you cannot have ours. Excuse this serious conclusion. I *am* serious upon the subject—And why? Because I love you with a tenderness truly paternal. Pray make mine and my sister's compliments acceptable to the loveliest woman in England, and to every one whom she loves, who are now in Northamptonshire. I am, my dearest daughter, *your ever affectionate*

G.

LETTER XX.

LADY G. TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE EARL OF G.

SELBY HOUSE, AUG. 4.

O My dear lord! what do you mean? Are you and Lady Gertrude really angry with me? I cannot bear the serious conclusion of your letter. May you both live long, and be happy! If my affectionate duty to you both will contribute to your felicity, it shall not be wanting. I was so happy

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here,

here, that I know not when I should have returned to town, had you not, so kindly as to your intention, yet so severely in your expressions, admonished me. I will soon throw myself at your feet; and by the next post will fix the day on which I hope to be forgiven by you both. Let Lord G. answer for himself. Upon my word he is as much to be blamed as I am; nay, more; for he doats upon Miss Byron.

Duty I avow; pardon I beg: never more, my dear and honoured lord, shall you have like reason to chide *your ever dutiful daughter*, nor you, my dear Lady Gertrude, *your most obedient king's woman*,

CHARLOTTE G.

LETTER XXI.

LADY G. TO MISS BYRON.

LONDON, SAT. AUG. 5.

THANK you, my reverend and dear Mrs. Shirley, Mrs. Selby, and Harriet the lovely and beloved. Thank you, my dear Lucy and Nancy Selby, and Kitty and Patty Holles; and good Miss Orme; and you, my dear disputatious uncle Selby, and honest cousin James, and all the rest of you; for your particular graces, favours, civilities, and goodness superabundant, to my bustling lord, and his lively dame. Let the good doctor and Emily thank you for themselves.

And who do you think met us at St. Alban's—Why, Beauchamp, Sir Harry and my lady, and Mr. and Mrs. Reeves!

Poor Sir Harry! He is in a very bad way; and Lady Beauchamp and his son, (who peradventure had a reason he gave not) prevailed upon him to make this little excursion, in hopes it would divert him. They had not for some weeks past, seen him so cheerful as we made him.

Aunt Nell met us, at Barnet, with Cicely Badger, her still older woman, whom she keeps about her to make herself look young, on comparison—But a piece of bad news, Harriet: our aunt Nell has lost two more of her upper teeth. A vile bit of bone, (O how she execrates it!) which lurked in a friar's, did the irreparable mischief:

and the good old soul is teaching her upper-lip, when she speaks, to resign all motion to the under one, that it may as little as possible make the defect visible. What poor wretches are we, Harriet, men as *well* as women! We pray for long life; and what is the issue of our prayers, but leave to outlive our teeth and our friends; to stand in the way of our elbowing relations; and to change our swan-skins for skins of buff; which nevertheless will keep out neither cold nor intimacy? But I shall be serious bye and bye. And what is the design of my *pen-prattle*, but to make my sweet Harriet smile?

The Earl and Lady Gertrude made up differences with me at first sight. The lady is a little upon the *fatal*; a little aunt *Nellish*; but I protest I love her, and reverence her *brother*.

Beauchamp is certainly in love with Emily. When he first addressed her at St. Alban's, his hands trembled, his cheeks glowed, his tongue faltered—So young a gypsey to make a conquest of such importance! We women are powerful creatures, Harriet. As they say of horses, if we knew our own strength, and could have a little more patience than we generally have, we might do what we would with the powerless lords of the creation. In my conscience, Harriet, look all my acquaintance through, of both sexes, I think there are three silly fellows to one silly woman: don't you think so in *your*?—Are your Grevilles, your Fenwicks, your Fowlers, your Pollensons, your Bagshadis, and half a score more I could name, to be put in competition with Mrs. Shirley, Mrs. Selby, Lady D. our Lucy, Nancy, Miss Orme, the two Miss Holles's?—Let uncle Selby and cousin James determine on the question.

I am half in hopes, that the little rogue Emily will draw herself in. Beauchamp is modest, yet not sheepish; he is prudent, manly, lively; has addressed: he will certainly draw her in, before she knows where she is; and how? Why, by praising sincerely, and loving cordially, the man at *present* most dear to her. When he first addressed her at St. Alban's, 'O Mr. Beauchamp,' said she, with an innocent freedom, not regarding his trembling, his glow, and his falterings. 'I am glad to see you: I long to have you

‘you entertain me with stories of my guardian. But, ah! Sir,’ speaking lower, and with a fallen countenance, tears ready to start, ‘whose is he by this time? Yet, if you *know* it, don’t tell me: it must not, must not be.’

The praises given to those we really love, I believe, are more grateful to us than those conferred on ourselves. I will tell you how I account for this, in general cases, my brother out of the question.—We doubt not our *own* merits; but may be afraid, that the favoured object will not be considered by others as we are willing to consider him; but if he is, we take the praise given him as a compliment to our own judgment. Self-love, self-love, at the bottom of all we say and do: I am convinced it is, notwithstanding all you have urged to the contrary. *Generally*, you know, I said. Do you think I will allow you to judge of the generality of the world by what you find in one of the best hearts in it?

An instance, in point—I remember a Miss Hurste; a sweet pretty creature, and very sensible: she had from her chamber-window been shot through the heart by the blind archer, who took his stand on the feather of a military man, marching at the head of his company through the market-town in which she lived. Yet was her susceptibility her *only* inducement; for the man was neither handsome in his person, nor genteel in his appearance: nor could she be in love with the *sense* of a man, had he been a Solomon, whose mouth she had then never seen opened, and to whose character she was as much a stranger, as *he* was to *hers*, or her person, till she contrived to have him made acquainted with his good fortune. Constant, however, to her first foolish impression, she, in opposition to all advice, and the expostulations of a tender and indulgent mother, married him. A Solomon he was *not*. And when he at any time, by virtue of his relation to her, was introduced into her family, how would she blush, whenever he opened his mouth! And how did her eyes sparkle with gratitude upon any one who took the least respectful notice of him! Compliments to herself were unheeded; but she seemed ready to throw herself at the feet of those who smiled upon,

and directed themselves to, her captain. Poor girl! she wanted to give credit to the *motive* by which she had been acted.

Now, Harriet, I charge you, that you think not that this man’s name was Anderson. Somebody met with an escape! Yet now and then I blush for Somebody. Yet between this Somebody and Miss Hurste’s cases, there was this difference—A father’s apprehended—*Tyranny*—(shall I call it?) impressing the one; a tindery fit the other. In the one a timely recovery; in the other, the first folly deliberately confirmed.

Dear, dear Harriet! let me make you smile!—I protest, if you won’t, I will talk of Lord D. and then I know you will frown.

The excellent lady of that name has already been to welcome us to town. She absolutely deats upon you; so, she says, does the young earl. She prays day and night, she tells me, that my brother may soon come to England, his Italian bride in his hand. She expects every post to hear from Sir Arthur Brandon; who has carried a letter from her, and another from the Earl of N. recommending that promising young gentleman to my brother’s favour, on his visiting Italy. She hopes my brother will not take amiss her freedom, at so short an acquaintance. If Sir Arthur sends her such news as *she* wishes, and *we* dread, to hear, away drives she to Northamptonshire—And should she, I don’t know who will scruple to wish her success; for her young man rises every day in his character. My dear creature, you must, you shall, be in our row; and Lady D.’s last letter to you is unanswerable. Forgive me for touching upon this subject; but we have no hopes. You have nothing to fear; since you *expect* what the next mails will bring. And *who* of us, after all, have our first love! Aunt Nell would not have descended *scila* into her greys, nor Cicely Badger neither, if they might have obtained the men of their choice—Poor aunt Nell! she has been telling me (her taken-off spectacles in her fingers) of a disappointment of this kind in her youth, with such woeful earnestness, that it made me ready to cry for her. She lays it to the door of her brother, my poor father; and

now will you wonder, that, to this hour, she cannot speak of him with patience?—Poor aunt Nell!

Well, but how do you, my love? For Heaven's sake, be well. Could I make you speak out, could I make you complain, I should have some hope of you: but so sorrowful when alone, as we plainly see, yet aiming to be so cheerful in company—O my dear! you must be gluttonous of grief in your solitary hours. But what though the man be Sir Charles Grandison; is not the woman Harriet Byron?

Lady L. tells me, that Olivia behaved like a distracted woman, when she took leave of her on her setting out to return to Italy. She sometimes wept, sometimes raved and threatened. Wretched woman! Surely she will not attempt the life of the man she so ungovernably loves! *Our* case, Harriet, is not so hard as hers: but she will sooner get over her talkative, than you will your silent love. When a person can rave, the passion is not dangerous. If the head be safe, pride and supposed slight will in time harden the heart of such a one; and her love will be swallowed up by resentment.

You complimented me on my *civility* to my good man, all the time we were with you. Indeed I was *very* civil to him. It is now become a habit, and I verily think that it looks well in man and wife to behave prettily to each other before company. I now and then, however, sit down with a full design to make him look about him; but he is so obliging, that I am constrained, against my intention, to let the fit go off, without making him *very* serious.

Am I conceited, Harriet? Which of the two silly folks, do you think, has most (not wit—Wit is a foolish thing, but) understanding? I think the woman has it, all to nothing.—Now don't mortify me. If you pretend to *doubt*, I will be *sure*. Upon my word, my dear, I am an excellent creature, *so* thinking, *so* assured, to behave so obligingly as I do to Lord G. Never, unless a woman has as much prudence as your Charlotte, let her wed a man who has less understanding than herself. But women marry not so much

now-a-days for love, or fitness of tempers, as for the liberty of gadding abroad with less censure, and less controul—And yet, now I think of it, we need only take a survey of the flocks of single women which croud to Ranelagh and Vauxhall markets, dressed out to be *cheapened*, not *purchased*, to be convinced that the maids are as much above either shame or controul, as the wives. But were not *fathers* desirous to get the *drugs* off their hands, (to express myself in young Danby's saucy style) these freedoms would not be permitted. As for *mothers*, many of them are for escorting their daughters to publick places, because they themselves like racketting.

But how, Charlotte, methinks you ask, 'do these reflections on your own sex square with what you said above of the preference of women to men?'—How! I'll tell you. The men who frequent those places are still more silly than we. Is it their interest to join in this almost universal dissipation? And would the women croud to market if there were not men?

We are entered into our new house. It is furnished in taste. Lord G. has wanted but very little of my correction, I do assure you, in the disposition of every thing; he begins to want employment. Have you, Harriet, any thing to busy him in?—I am not willing to teach him to knot. Poor man! He has *already* knit one that he cannot untie.

God bless the honest soul! He came to me, just now, so prim and so pleased.—A parrot and parroquet—The parrot is the *finest* talker! He had great difficulty, he said, in getting them. He had observed, that I was much taken with Lady Finlay's parrot. Lady Finlay had a marmoset too. I wonder the poor man did not bring me a monkey. O! but you'll say, that was needless—You are very smart, Harriet, upon my man. I won't allow any body but myself to abuse him.

'Intolerable levity, Charlotte!'—And so it is. But to whom? Only to you. I love the man better every day than the former. When I write of him thus saucily, it is in the gaiety of my heart: but if, instead of a smile, I have drawn upon myself your contempt,

tempt, what a mortification, how-ever deserved, will that be to *your*

CHARLOTTE G.!

LETTER XXII.

MISS BYRON, TO LADY G.

SELBY HOUSE, AUG. 8.

YOU write, my dear Lady G. with intent to make me smile. I thank you for your intention: it is not wholly lost. My friends and I are one; and my uncle and *cousin James* laughed out at several places in your lively letter. Lucy smiled: but shall I tell you what my grandmamma and aunt said?

I will not. Now will your curiosity be excited.

To say the truth, they spoke not; they only shook their heads. I saw, my dear, greatly as they love and admire you, that if they had smiled, it would have been *at*, not *with*, the poor Charlotte; (let me pity you, my dear!) who, in some places of her letter, could sport with the infirmities of age, to which we are all advancing, and even wish to arrive at; and in others treat lightly a man, to whom she owes respect, and has vowed duty; and who almost adores her.

You ask, my dear, which of a certain pair has most understanding? And you bid me not mortify you with giving it on the man's side. I will not. Lord G. is far from being wanting in understanding; but Lady G. has undoubtedly more than thousands, even of *sensible* women: but in her treatment of certain subjects, she by no means shews it. There's for you, my dear? I hope you will be displeased with your Harriet. You ought to take one of us to task. Methinks I would not have you be angry with yourself.

But, my dear, I am not well: this, therefore, may make me the less capable of relishing your raillery. These men vex me. Greville's obstinate perseverance, and so near a neighbour, that I cannot avoid seeing him often; poor Mr. Orme's ill health: those things afflict me.—Lady D. urging me, with such strength of reason, (I am afraid I

must say) and with an affection so truly maternal, that I know not how to answer her: and just now I have received a letter, unknown to that good lady, from the Earl of D.—laying in a claim, on a certain supposition, that—O my dear! how cruel is all this to your Harriet! My grandmamma by her eyes, I see, wishes me to think of marriage, and with Lord D.—as all thoughts—I need not say of what—are over—My aunt Selby's eyes are ready to second my grandmamma's—My uncle speaks out on the same side of the question; so do you: so does Lucy. Nancy is silent: she sees my disturbance when I am looked at, and talked to, on this subject—So ought Lucy, I think.—My soul, my dear, is fretted. I have begged leave to pass a fortnight or three weeks with my good Mr. Deane, who rejoiced at the motion; but my grandmother heard my request with tears: she could not spare her Harriet, she told me. My aunt also dried *her* eyes—How, my Charlotte, could I think of leaving them?—Yet could they have parted with me, I should surely have been more composed with Mr. Deane than at present I can be any where else. He is more delicate (shall I be excused to say?) than my uncle.

Were but the news come that the solemnity is over—I am greatly mistaken in myself, if I should not be more easy than I am at present—But then I should be more teased, more importuned than before. You tell me, the Countess of D. would come down: the very thought of that visit hurts me.

I have no doubt but by this time the knot is tied. God Almighty shower on the heads of both, the choicest of his blessings! I should be quite out of humour with myself, if I were not able to offer up this prayer as often as I pray for myself.

I beg of you, my dear, to speed to me the next letters from Italy, be the contents what they will. You know I am armed. Shall the event I wish to be over, either surprize or grieve me?—I hope not.

I will not pity Lady Olivia, because she threatened and raved. True love rages not: threatens not. Yet a disappointment in love is a dreadful thing;

thing; and may operate, in different minds, different ways; as I have read somewhere.

I shall write to all my friends in town, and at Colnbrook: I trouble you not therefore, with particular compliments to them.

How could you mention the names of Mr. and Mrs. Reeves, and say no more of them? I thought you loved them both. They are deserving of your love, and love you.

Never, I believe, did any young creature suffer in her mind by suspense as I have done for some months past. In the present situation of things I know not what farther to write. What *can* I, my Charlotte?—Conjectural topics are reserved for my closet and pillow.

Adieu, and adieu, my beloved friend, my dear Lady G. Be good, and be happy! What a blessing, that *both* are in your power! May they ever be so! And may you make a good use of that power, *prays your*

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XXIII.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, TO
DR. BARTLETT.

BELGONA, JULY 8-19.

MY heart is continually sad. How imperfect is that happiness which we cannot enjoy without giving pain to another!

The Count of Belvedere has been made acquainted with the hopeful turn in the mind of Clementina; and that, in all probability, she will be given as a reward to the man to whose friendly cares for her, and her brother, the whole family attribute the happy alteration; and late last night he gave me notice of his arrival in this city, and of his intention to pay me an early visit this morning.

I have just now had a message from Clementina by Camilla, with a request, that I will suspend my intended visit till the afternoon.

I asked Camilla, if she knew the reason of this, and of her being so early dispatched with it? She said, it was her young lady's own order, without consulting anybody. The mar-

chioness, she said, told her yesterday in the afternoon, that every thing was now absolutely determined upon between them and me; and she would be mistress of her own wishes; and that I should be allowed to attend her in the morning at breakfast, to know what those were. Her young lady, on this happy communication, (so Camilla called it) threw herself at her mother's feet, and in a very graceful manner acknowledged her father's and her indulgence to her: and from that hour her temper took a turn different from what it had been before. 'For, ever since,' said Camilla, 'she has been silent, solemn, and reserved; yet busy at her pen, transcribing fair from her pocket-book what she had written in it.'—'To-morrow, Camilla!—To-morrow!' said she, breaking once her solemn silence, her complexion varying. 'will be a day indeed! O that it were come! and yet I dread it. How shall I, face to face, converse with this exalted man! What shall I do to appear as great as he? His goodness fires me with emulation!—O that to-morrow were come, and gone!'

This was over-night. 'I believe,' proceeded Camilla, 'that the dear lady is drawing up some conditions of her own for you to sign: but, Sir, I dare say, by the hint she has thrown out, they will be generous ones, and what will have more of fancy than hardship in them.'

'I had much ado to prevail upon her,' continued her faithful woman, 'to go to rest at midnight: yet at four in the morning she arose, and went to her pen and ink; and about six commanded me to call Laura to attend her, while I went to you with the message I have brought. I expostulated with her, and begged she would delay it till the marchioness arose; but she began to be impatient: "I have reason in my request, Camilla," said she. "I must not be contradicted, or expostulated with; my head will not bear opposition, at this time. Is it a slight thing for such a poor creature as I have been, and am, to be put out of her course? Am I not to have a meeting with the Chevalier Grandison, on the most important act of my life? My mamma tells me, that

"I am

‘ I am to be now mistress of my own will; don’t *you*, Camilla, seek to controul me. I shall not be prepared enough for the subject he will possibly talk to me upon, till the afternoon; and if I know he is in the house with an expectation of seeing me, I shall want the presence of mind I am struggling to obtain.’

‘ So, Sir,’ concluded Camilla, ‘ I have performed my duty. The dear lady, I see, will be in too much confusion, if the important subject be not begun with precaution: but who shall instruct you in such delicate points as these? One thing, however, permit me, Sir, to observe: I have often known young ladies go on courageously with a lover, while the end in view has been distant, or there have been difficulties to encounter with; but when these difficulties are overcome, and they have ascended the hill they toiled up, they have turned round, and looked about them, with fear as strong as their hope.’

What the conditions may be—

But the Count of Belvedere is come.

TEN O’CLOCK.

THE count accosted me, in return for the kindest reception I could give him, with an air of coldness and displeasure. I was surprized at a behaviour so different from his usual politeness, and the kindness he had ever shewn me. I took notice to him of it. He asked me, if I would tell him faithfully what my present situation was with Lady Clementina.

‘ I will, my lord, if I tell you any thing of it: but the temper of mind you seem to be in, may not, perhaps, for your own sake, any more than mine, make it prudent for me to comply with your expectations.’

‘ You need not give me any other answer,’ replied he. ‘ You seem to be sure of the lady: but she must not, *shall* not, be yours, while I am living.’

‘ It is not for me, my lord, who have met with many amazing turns and incidents which I have not either invited or provoked, to be surprized at *any* thing: but if your lordship has any expectations, any demands, to make on this subject, it must be

‘ from the family of the Marchese della Porretta, and not from me.’

‘ Do you think, Sir, that I feel not the sting of this reference? And yet all the family, but one, are in my interest in their hearts; every consideration is on my side; not one, but the plausibility of your generosity, and the speciousness of your person and manners, on yours.’

‘ A man, my lord, should not be reproached for qualities, upon which, whether he has them or not, he values not himself. But, let me ask you, were my pretensions out of the question, has your lordship any hope of an interest in the affections of Lady Clementina?’

‘ While she is unmarried, I *may* hope. Had you not come over to us, I make no doubt but I might, in time, have called her mine. You cannot but know, that her absence of mind was no obstacle with me.’

‘ I am wholly satisfied in my own conduct,’ replied I: ‘ that, my lord, is a great point with me; I am not accountable for it to any man on earth. Yet, if you have any doubts about it, propose them. I have a high opinion of the Count of Belvedere, and wish to have him think well of me.’

‘ Tell me, chevalier, what your present situation is with Lady Clementina? What is concluded upon between the family and you? And whether Clementina herself has declared for you?’

‘ She has not yet declared herself to me. I repeat, that I have a value for the Count of Belvedere, and will therefore acquaint him with more than he has reason to expect from the humour which seems to have governed him in this visit.—I am to attend her this afternoon, by appointment: her family and I understand one another. I have been willing to consider the natural impulses of a spirit so pure, though disturbed, as the finger of Providence. I have hitherto been absolutely passive: in honour I cannot now be so. This afternoon, my lord—’

‘ This afternoon!’ trembling:—‘ What! this afternoon?’—

‘ Will my destiny, as to Lady Clementina, be determined.’

‘ I am

' I am distracted! If her friends are determined in your favour, it is from necessity, rather than choice. But if the lady is left to *her own* determination, I am a lost man.'

' You have given a reason, my lord, for your acquiescence, *should* Lady Clementina determine in my favour. But it cannot be a happy circumstance for me, if, as you hint, I am to enter into the family of Porretta as an unwelcome relation to any of them; and still less, if my good fortune shall make a man, justly valued by all who know him, unhappy.'

' And are you, this afternoon, chevalier, to see Clementina for the purpose you intimate? This *very* afternoon?—And are you then to change your passive conduct towards her? And will you court; will you urge her to consent to be yours? Religion, country—Let me tell you, Sir—I must take resolutions. With infinite regret I tell you, that I must. You will not refuse to meet me. The consent is not *yet* given: you shall not rob Italy of such a prize. Favour me, Sir, this moment, without the city gates.'

' Unhappy man! How much I pity you! You know my principles. It is hard, acting as I have done, to be thus invited. Acquaint yourself with my whole conduct in this affair, from the bishop, from Father Marescotti, from the general himself, so much *always* your friend, and *once* so little mine. What has influenced them (so much as you seem to think against their inclinations) cannot want it's influence upon a mind so noble as that of the Count of Belvedere. But whatever be your resolutions upon the enquiries I wish you to make, I tell you before-hand, that I never will meet you but as my friend.'

He turned from me with emotion: he walked about the room as a man irresolute; and at last, with a wildness in his air, approached me—' I will go this instant,' said he, ' to the family: I will see Father Marescotti, and the bishop; and I will let them know my despair. And if I cannot have hope given me—O chevalier! once more I say, that Lady Clementina shall not be yours, while I live!'

He looked round him, as if he would

not have any body hear what he was going to say, but me, though no one was near; and whispering, ' It is better,' said he, ' to die by your hand, than—' He stooped; and in disorder hurried from me; and was out of sight when I got down to the door.

The count, when he came up to me, left his valet below; who told Saunders, that Lady Sforza had made his lord a *visit* at Parma; and by something she related to him, had stimulated him to make *this* to me. He added, that he was very apprehensive of the humour he came in, and which he had held ever since he saw Lady Sforza.

How, my dear Dr. Bartlett, do the *rash* escape as they do; when I, who endeavour to *avoid* embarrassments, and am not ready either to give or take offence, am hardly able to extricate myself from one difficulty, but I find myself involved in another? What cannot a woman do, when she resolves to make mischief among friends? Lady Sforza is a high-spirited and contriving woman. It is not for her interest that Clementina should marry at all: but yet, as the Count of Belvedere is a cool, a dispassionate man, and knows the views of that lady, I cannot but wonder what those arts must be, by which she has been able to excite, in so calm a breast, a flame so vehement.

I am now hastening to the palace of Porretta; my heart not a little affected with the apprehensions given me by Camilla's account of her young lady's solemn, yet active turn, on the expected visit. For does it not indicate an imagination too much raised for the occasion, (important as that is;) and that her disorder is far from subsiding?

LETTER XXIV.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, TO
DR. BARTLETT.

BOLOGNA, SAT. EVENING.

I Sit down now, my dear and reverend friend, to write to you particulars which will surprize you. Clementina is the noblest woman on earth. What at last—But I find I must have a quieter heart, and fingers too, before I can proceed.

I THINK I am a little less agitated than

than I was. The above few lines shall go; for they will express to you the emotions of my mind, when I attempted to write an account of what had then so newly passed.

As soon as I entered the palace, Camilla met me, and conducted me to the marchioness. The marquis and the bishop were with her. 'O chevalier!' said she, 'we have been greatly disturbed by a visit from the Count of Belvedere. Poor man!—He says he waited on you at your lodgings.'

'He did.' I then, at the bishop's request, told them all that had passed between us, except his last words, which implied, that it was better to die by the hand of another man, than by his own.

They expressed their concern for him, and their apprehensions for me; but I found that his unexpected visit had not altered their purpose in my favour. They were convinced, they told him, that the restoration of their daughter's tranquillity of mind depended upon giving her entirely her own way; and not one word more of opposition or contradiction should she meet with from them.

'I have been hindered,' said the marchioness, 'by this unhappy man's visit, and his vehemence, which moved me to pity him, (for I am afraid that he will be in our daughter's unhappy way) from watching in person the humour of my child; which, two hours ago, Camilla told me, was very particular. I was going to her, when you came; but I will send for Camilla.'—She did.

'As soon as she saw me in the morning,' continued the marchioness, 'she apologized to me for sending Camilla to you, to suspend your visit till the afternoon. She was not, she said, prepared to see you.—I asked her,' continued she, 'what preparation was wanted to see a man esteemed by us all, and who had given such instances of his regard to her?

"Madam," answered she, and seemed as if gasping for breath, "Am I not now to see him in a light, in which hitherto I never beheld him? I have a thousand things to say to him, none of which, perhaps, I shall be able to say, except he draws them from me. He hinted once, very lately, that he could only be reward-

ed by a *family act*. We cannot reward him; that is my grief; I must see him with a heart overwhelmed with obligation. He will appear as a prince to me: I must to myself as his vassal. I have been putting down, in writing, what I should say to him; but I cannot please myself. O Madam! he is great in my eyes, because I am unable to reward him as he deserves." I told her, that her fortune, her quality, the sacrifice she would make of her country, (though never, I hoped, of her religion) ought to give her a higher opinion of herself; though all these were far from cancelling the obligation we all were under to him, on our Jeronymo's account, as well as on hers.

"Well, Madam," replied she, "Heaven only knows how I shall be able to behave to him, now you have left every thing to myself; and now he will talk to me, by permission, on a subject so new, yet so very interesting. O that this day were over!"

'I asked her,' proceeded the marchioness, 'if she would yet take farther time?—A week, or more?

"O no!" said she; "that must not be. I shall be prepared to see him, I hope, by the afternoon. Pray, let him come then. I am very clear now," putting her hand to her forehead; "I may not be so a week, nor a day hence."

Camilla then entered the room. 'Camilla,' said the marchioness, 'in what way is the dear creature now?' 'Ever since your ladyship left her, she has been more reserved, and thoughtful; yet her spirits are high: her mind seems full of the chevalier's next visit; and twice, within this half-hour, she asked, if he were come? She reads over and over something she has written; lays it down, takes it up: walks about the room; sometimes with an air of dignity, at others hanging down her head. I don't like her frequent startings. Within this hour she has several times shed tears. She sighs often. She was not to be pleased with her dress. Once she would be in black; then in colours; then her white and silver was taken out: but that, she said, would give her a

'bridal appearance: she at last chose her plain white tatin. She looks like an angel. But O that her eyes, and her motions, shewed greater composure!'

'You have a task before you, chevalier,' said the bishop. 'What tokens are these of a disordered, yet a raised mind! We may see from these extraordinary agitations, on the expectation of a conversation that is to end in her consent to crown our wishes, how much her heart has been in that event: may it be happy to you both!'

'I fear nothing,' said the marchioness, 'as to the happiness of my child, that lies within the power of the chevalier: I am sure of his tenderness to her.'

'I think,' said the marquis, 'we will allow the chevalier to carry his bride over to England for the *first* six months, and return with her to us in the *second*: it may give a new turn to the course of her ideas. The same places, the same persons, always in view, may sadden her reflecting heart. And, besides, the mind of the poor Count of Belvedere may be strengthened by this absence.'

The bishop applauded this thought. The marchioness said, '*Reason* may approve the motion; but can the mother so soon part with her child? —Yet for her happiness, I must submit.'

'Let us,' said the marquis, 'leave this to her choice, as the rest.—Camilla, let my daughter know, that the chevalier attends her pleasure. —You would have it so, chevalier?'

I bowed my assent.

Camilla returned not presently: when she did; 'I could not come sooner,' said she. 'My young lady is strangely fluttered. I have been reasoning with her.—Madam,' turning to the marchioness, 'will you be pleased to walk up to her?'

'Had this been the *first* interview,' said the bishop, 'I should not have wondered at her discomposure.—But this disorder shews itself in a strange variety of shapes.'

The marchioness, attended by Camilla, went up. I was soon sent for. The marchioness met me at the entrance of the young lady's dressing-room—and retiring—whispered, 'I

'believe she had rather be alone with you. Dear creature! I do not know what to make of her. She has, I fancy, something to propose to you. —Camilla, come with me.—We will be but in the next room, chevalier.'

When I entered the room, the young lady was sitting in a pensive mood, at her toilette; her hand supporting her head. A fine glow overspread her cheeks, as soon as she saw me: she arose, and, curtsying low, advanced a few steps towards me; but trembled, and looked now down, now aside, and now consciously glancing towards me.

I approached her, and, with profound respect, took her hand with both mine, and pressed it with my lips. 'I address not myself now to Lady Clementina as my pupil: I have leave given me to look upon her in a nearer light; and she will have the goodness to pardon the freedom of this address.'

'Ah, chevalier!' said she, turning her face from me, but not withdrawing her hand—And hesitating, as if not knowing how to speak her mind, sighed, and was silent.

I led her to her chair. She sat down, still trembling. 'God be praised, said I, bowing my face on both her hands, as I held them in mine, 'for the amended health of the lady so dear to all who have the happiness of knowing her! May her recovery, and that of our dear Jeronymo, be perfected!'

'Happy man,' said she, 'happy in the power given you to oblige as you have done!—But how, how shall I—O, Sir! you know not the conflict that has rent my heart in pieces, ever since—I forget when—O chevalier! I have not power—' She stopt, wept, and remained silent.

'It is in your power, Madam, to make happy the man to whom you own obligations which are already overpaid.'

I took my seat by her, at her silent motion to a chair.

'Speak on, Sir: my soul is labouring with great purposes. Tell me, tell me, all you have to say to me. My heart is too big for its prison,' putting her hand to it: 'it wants room, methinks; yet utterance is denied me—Speak, and let me be silent—'

'Your

‘Your father, mother, brothers, uncle, are all of one mind. I am permitted to open my heart to their Clementina; and I promise myself a gracious audience. Father Marefcotti befriends me.—The terms, Madam, are thofe I offered when I was laft in Italy.’

She hung down her head, in listening f Silence.

‘Every other year I am to be happy with my Clementina in England—’

‘Your Clementina, Sir!—Ah, chevalier!—She blufhed, and turned away her face—‘Your Clementina, Sir,’ repeated fhe—and looked pleafed; yet a tear ftole down on her glowing cheek.

‘Yes, Madam, I am encouraged to hope you will be mine.—You are to have your confeflor, Madam. Father Marefcotti will do me the honour of attending you in that function. His piety, his zeal; my own charity for all thofe who differ from me in opinion; my honour fo folemnly engaged to the family who condefcend to entruft me with their deareft pledge, will be your fecurity.’

‘Ah, Sir!’ interrupted fhe, ‘and are not you then to be a catholick?’

‘You confented, Madam, when I was laft in Italy, that I fhould purfue the dictates of my confcience.’

‘Did I?’ faid fhe, and fighed!—

‘Well, Sir—’
‘Your father or mother, Madam, will acquaint you with every other particular in which you fhall want to be fatisfied.’

Tears flood in her eyes; fhe feemed in great perplexity. She would twice or thrice have fpoken; but fpeech was denied her: at laft, fhe gave me her hand, and directed her fteps, trembling, to her clofet. She entered it. ‘Leave me, leave me,’ faid fhe; and putting a paper in my hand, and fhutting to the door, infantly, as I faw, fell on her knees; and I, to avoid hearing fobs which pierced my heart, went into the next apartment, where were her mother and Camilla, who had heard part of what had paffed between us. The marchioneſs went to her; but prefently returning, ‘The dear creature,’ faid fhe, ‘is quite fenfible, thank God, though in grief. She befought me

‘to leave her to her own ftruggles. If fhe could but be affured that you, chevalier, would forgive her, fhe fhould be better. She had given you a paper. “Let him read it,” faid fhe; “and let me ftay here till he fends for me, if he can bear in his fight, after he has read it, a creature unworthy his goodnefs.”—What,’ faid the marchioneſs, ‘can be the meaning of all this?’

I was as much furprized as fhe. I had not opened the paper, and offered to read it in her prefence; but fhe defired to hear it read in her lord’s, if it were proper; and precipitately withdrew, leaving me in the young lady’s dreffing-room, Camilla attending in the next apartment, to wait her commands. I was aftonifhed at the contents. Theſe are they*.

‘O Thou whom my heart beft loveth, forgive me!—Forgive me, faid I, for what?—For aſting, if I am enabled to aſt, greatly? The example is from thee, who, in my eyes, art the greateſt of human creatures. My duty calls upon me one way; my heart refiſts my duty, and tempts me not to perform it: do thou, O God, fupport me in the arduous ftruggle! Let it not, as once before, overthrow my reaſon; my but juſt returning reaſon!—O God! do thou fupport me, and ftrengthen my reaſon. My effort is great! It is worthy of the creature, which thou, Clementina, didſt always aſpire to be.

‘My tutor, my brother, my friend! O moſt beloved and beſt of men! fpeak me not in marriage! I am unworthy of thee. Thy SOUL was ever moſt dear to Clementina: whenever I meditated the gracefuleſs of thy perfon, I refrained my eye, I checked my fancy: and how? Why, by meditating the fuperior graces of thy mind. “And is not that SOUL,” thought I, “to be faved?” Dear obſtinate, and perverſe! And ſhall I bind my foul to a foul allied to perdition? That fo dearly loves that foul, as hardly to wiſh to be ſeparated from it in it’s future lot.—O thou moſt amiable of men! How can I be fure, that, were I thine, thou

‘ wouldst not draw me after thee,
 ‘ by love, by sweetness of manners,
 ‘ by condescending goodness? I, who
 ‘ once thought a heretick the worst of
 ‘ beings, have been already led, by the
 ‘ amiableness of thy piety, by the uni-
 ‘ formity of thy charity to all thy fel-
 ‘ low-creatures, to think more favour-
 ‘ ably of all hereticks, for thy sake?
 ‘ Of what force would be the admo-
 ‘ nitions of the most pious confessor,
 ‘ were thy condescending goodness,
 ‘ and sweet persuasion, to be exerted
 ‘ to melt a heart wholly thine? I know
 ‘ that I should not forbear arguing
 ‘ with thee, in hopes to convince thee:
 ‘ yet, sensible of thy superior powers,
 ‘ and of my duty, might I not be en-
 ‘ tangled? My confessor would, in
 ‘ that case, grow uneasy with me. Wo-
 ‘ men love not to be suspected. Op-
 ‘ position arises from suspicion and
 ‘ contradiction; thy love, thy gentle-
 ‘ ness, thrown in the other scale, should
 ‘ I not be lost?

‘ And what have my father, my
 ‘ mother, my brothers done, that I
 ‘ should shew myself willing to leave
 ‘ them, and a beloved country, for a
 ‘ country but lately hated too, as well
 ‘ as the religion? But now, that that
 ‘ hatred is gone off, and so soon, gives
 ‘ another instance of my weakness,
 ‘ and thy strength. O most amiable of
 ‘ men!—O thou whom my soul loveth,
 ‘ seek not to entangle me by thy love!
 ‘ Were I to be thine, my duty to thee
 ‘ would mislead me from that I owe to
 ‘ my God, and make me more than
 ‘ temporarily unhappy: since wert thou
 ‘ to convince me at the *time*, my
 ‘ doubts would return; and whenever
 ‘ thou wert absent, I should be doubly
 ‘ miserable. For canst thou, can I,
 ‘ be indifferent in these high matters?
 ‘ Hast thou not shewn me, that *thou*
 ‘ canst not? And shall I not be benefited
 ‘ by thy example? Shall a wrong re-
 ‘ ligion have a force, an efficacy, upon
 ‘ *thee*, which a right one cannot have
 ‘ upon *me*?—O thou most amiable of
 ‘ men! seek not to entangle me by thy
 ‘ love!

‘ But dost thou *indeed* love me? Or
 ‘ is it owing to thy generosity, thy
 ‘ compassion, thy nobleness, for a crea-
 ‘ ture, who, aiming to be great like
 ‘ thee, could not sustain the effort?
 ‘ I call upon thee, Blessed Virgin, to
 ‘ witness, how I *formerly* struggled

‘ with myself! How much I endea-
 ‘ voured to subdue that affection which
 ‘ I ever must bear to him!—*Permit*
 ‘ me, most generous of men, to sub-
 ‘ due it! It is in thy power to hold me
 ‘ fast, or to set me free. I know thou
 ‘ lovest Clementina: it is her pride to
 ‘ think that thou dost. But she is not
 ‘ worthy of thee. Yet let thy heart
 ‘ own, that thou lovest her soul, her
 ‘ immortal soul, and her future peace.
 ‘ In *that* wilt thou shew thy love, as
 ‘ she has endeavoured to shew hers.
 ‘ *Thou* art all magnanimity: *thou* canst
 ‘ sustain the effort which *she* was un-
 ‘ equal to. Make some other woman
 ‘ happy!—But I cannot bear that it
 ‘ shall be an Italian. If it *must* be
 ‘ an Italian, not Florence, but Bo-
 ‘ logna, shall give an Italian to thee!

‘ But can I shew thee this paper,
 ‘ which has cost me so many tears, so
 ‘ much study, so much blotting out
 ‘ and revising and transcribing, and
 ‘ which yet I drew up with an *intent*
 ‘ to shew thee? I verily think I can-
 ‘ not: nor *will* I, till I can see, by
 ‘ conversing with thee face to face,
 ‘ what I shall be enabled to do, in
 ‘ answer to prayers to Heaven, that it
 ‘ would enable me!—O how faint, at
 ‘ times, have been those prayers!

‘ You, my father, my mother, my
 ‘ brothers, and you, my spiritual fa-
 ‘ ther, pious and good man! have
 ‘ helped to subdue me, by your gene-
 ‘ rous goodness. You have all yield-
 ‘ ed up your own judgments to mine.
 ‘ You have told me, that if the choice
 ‘ of my heart can make me happy,
 ‘ happy I shall be. But do I not know,
 ‘ that you have complied with me, for
 ‘ *my* sake only?—Shall I not, if it
 ‘ please God to restore my memory,
 ‘ be continually recollecting the argu-
 ‘ ments which you, Father Marescotti,
 ‘ in particular, formerly urged against
 ‘ an alliance with this noblest of men,
 ‘ because he was of a religion so con-
 ‘ trary to my own, and so pertinacious
 ‘ in it? And will those *recollections*
 ‘ make me happy? O permit, permit
 ‘ me, my dearest friends, still to be
 ‘ God’s child, the spouse of my Re-
 ‘ deemer only! Let me, let me yet
 ‘ take the veil!—And let me, in a
 ‘ place consecrated to his glory, pass
 ‘ the remainder of my life (it may not
 ‘ be a long one) in prayers for you all,
 ‘ and in prayers for the conversion and
 ‘ happiness

‘happiness of the man, whose soul my soul loveth, and ever must love. What is the portion of this world, which my grandfathers have bequeathed to me, weighed against this motive, and my soul’s everlasting welfare? Let me take a great revenge of my cruel cousin Laurana. Let hers be the estate so truly despised, and so voluntarily forfeited, by the happier Clementina!—Are we not all of us rich and noble? Shall I not have a great revenge, if I can be enabled to take it in this way?’

‘O thou whom my soul loveth, let me try the greatness of thy love, and the greatness of thy soul, by thy endeavours to strengthen, and not impair, a resolution, which, after all, it will be in thy power to make me break or keep: for God only knoweth what this struggle from the first hath cost me; and what it will still farther cost me! But, my brain wounded, my health impaired, can I expect a long life? And shall I not endeavour to make the *close* of it happy? Let me be great, my chevalier! how fondly can I nevertheless call thee *my* chevalier! Thou canst make the unhappy Clementina what thou pleasest.

‘But, O my friends, what can we do for this great and good man, in return for the obligations he hath heaped upon us all? In return for his goodness to two of your children? These obligations lie heavy upon my heart. Yet who knows not his magnanimity? Who, that knows him, knows not that he can enjoy the reward in the action? Divine, almost divine philanthropist, canst thou forgive me?—But I know thou canst. Thou hast the same notions that I have of the brevity and vanity of this world’s glory, and of the duration of that to come! And can I have the presumption to imagine, that the giving thee in marriage so wounded a frame, would be making thee happy? Once more, if I have the courage, the resolution, to shew thee this paper, do thou enable me, by thy great example, to compleat the conquest of myself; and do not put me upon taking advantage of my honoured friend’s generosity; but do God and thou enable me to say, not my will, but his and theirs, be

‘done!—Yet, after all, it must be, let me own, in thy choice (for I cannot bear to be thought ungrateful to such exalted merit) to add what name thou pleasest, to that of

‘CLEMENTINA ———’

Never was man more astonished, perplexed, confounded. For a few moments, I forgot that the angel was in her closet, expecting the issue of my contemplations; and walking out of her dressing-room, I threw myself on a sofa, in the next room, not heeding Camilla, who sat in the window; my mind tortured; how greatly tortured! Yet filled with admiration of the angelick qualities of Clementina; I tried to look again into the paper; but the contents were all in my mind, and filled it.

She rang. Camilla hastened to her. I started as she passed me. I arose; yet trembled; and for a moment sat down to re-assure my feet. But Camilla coming to me, roused me out of the stupidity that had seized me. Never was I so little present to myself, as on this occasion—A woman so superior to all her own sex, and to all that I had read of, of ours.—‘O, Sir,’ said Camilla, ‘my lady dreads your anger. She dreads to see you: yet hopes it. —Hasten, hasten, and save her from fainting—O how she loves you! How she fears your displeasure!—Hers indeed is *true* love!’

She said this as she conducted me in, as I now recollect; for then all my faculties were too much engaged, to attend to her.

I hastened in. The admirable lady met me half-way; and throwing herself at my feet—‘Forgive me, forgive the creature, who must be miserable, if you are offended with her.’

I would have raised her; but she would not be raised, she said, till I had forgiven her.

I kneeled to her, as she kneeled; and clasping her in my arms, ‘Forgive you, Madam! Inimitable woman! More than woman!—Can you forgive me for having presumed, and for still presuming, to hope to call such an angel mine?’

She was ready to faint; and cast her arms about me to support herself. Camilla held to her her salts;—I myself, for

for the first time, was sensible of benefit from them, as my cheek was joined to hers, and bathed with her tears.

'Am I, am I, forgiven?—Say that I am!'

'Forgiven! Madam! You have done nothing that requires forgiveness. I adore your greatness of mind!—What you wish, bid me be, and that I *will* be. Rife, most excellent of human creatures!'

I raised her; and leading her to a chair, involuntarily kneeled on one knee to her; holding both her hands in mine as she sat, and looking up to her with eyes that spoke not my heart, if they were not full of love and reverence.

Camilla had run down to the marchioness—'O Madam!' it seems, she said—'*Such a scene! Hasten, hasten up. They will faint in each other's arms. Virtuous love! how great is thy glory!*'

The marchioness hastened after Camilla, and found me in this kneeling posture, her daughter's hands both in mine—'Dear chevalier,' said she, 'restrain your *grateful rapture!* For the sake of the sweet child's head, grateful as I see by her eyes it must be to her—restrain it.'

'O Madam,' quitting Clementina's hands, and rising, and taking one of hers—'Glory in your daughter: you always loved and admired her; but you will now *glory* in her. She is an angel!—Give me leave, Madam,' (to Clementina) 'to present this paper to the marchioness.'

I gave it to her—'Read it, Madam—Let your lord, let the bishop, let Father Marescotti read it—But read it with compassion for me: and then direct me what to say, what to do! I resign myself wholly to your direction, and theirs—and to yours, my dear Lady Clementina.'

'You say, you forgive me, chevalier:—now shall I forgive myself. God's goodness and yours will, I hope, perfectly restore me. This is my direction, chevalier—Love my MIND, as *yours* ever was the principal object of my love!'

'What, my dear, can be in this paper?' said the marchioness, holding it in her hand, trembling, and afraid to open it.

'Pardon me, Madam,' answered Clementina—'I could not shew it to you first. I could not reveal my purpose to Camilla neither. How could I, when I knew not whether I could or could not maintain it; or even mention it—But now, best of men,' and rising, laid her hand on my arm, 'leave me for a few moments. My heart is disturbed.—Be so good as to excuse me, Madam.'

She again retired to her closet. We heard her sob: and Camilla hastening to her—'O these hysterical disorders!' said she—'They tear her tender constitution in pieces.'

The marchioness left her to Camilla; and offered me her hand.

'Surprizing!' said she, as we went. 'Where will all this end? What can be in this paper?'

I was unable to answer. And coming to the passage that led to her drawing-room, where she had left the gentlemen, I bowed on her hand; and, the same passage leading to the back stairs, took that way into the garden, in order to try to recover and compose my spirits.

Who, my dear friend, could have expected such a turn as this?

I had not walked long, before Mr. Lowther came to me—'Signor Jeronymo, Sir,' said he, 'is greatly disturbed on reading a paper that has been put into his hands. He begs to see you instantly.'

Mr. Lowther left me at Jeronymo's chamber-door.

He was on his couch. 'O my Grandison,' said he, as I approached him with a thoughtful air, 'how much am I concerned for you! I cannot bear, that such a spirit as yours should be subjected to the petulance of a brain-sick girl!'

'Hush, my Jeronymo! Let not the friend forget the brother. Clementina is the noblest of women. It is true, I was not prepared for this blow: but I reverence her for her greatness of mind—You have read her paper?'

'I have; and am astonished at its contents.'

The marquis, the count, the bishop, and Father Marescotti, entered. The bishop embraced me. He disclaimed, in the name of every one, the knowledge of her intentions; he expected, he

he said, 'that she would have received my address with raptures of joy. But she *must*, she *will*, be yours, chevalier; we are all engaged in honour to you. This is only a start of female delicacy, operating on a raised imagination. She leaves it to you, after all, to call her by what name you please.'

'May it be so! But ah, my lords! you see not the force of her arguments. With a lady so zealous in her religion, and so justly fond of her relations and country, they *must* have weight—Instruct me, tell me, however, my lords—Be pleased, Madam,' [The marchioness joined us just before] 'to advise me, what to do?—I am yours.—I will withdraw. Consult together; and let me know what I am to be.'

I withdrew, and walked again into the garden.

Camilla came to me. 'O chevalier! What strange things are these? My lady has taken a resolution she never will be able to support. She commanded me to find you out, and to watch your looks, your behaviour, your temper. She cannot live, she says, if you are displeased with her—I see that your mind is greatly disturbed. Must I report it so?'

'Tell her, Camilla, that I am all resignation to her will: disturbed as she has been, tell her, that her peace of mind is dear to me as my own life: that I can have no anger, no resentment; and that I admire her more than I can express.'

Camilla left me. Father Marefcotti came to me presently after, with a request, that I would attend the family in Jeronymo's chamber.

We went up together. All that the good father said, as we walked in, was, that God knew what was best for us: for *his* part, he could only wonder and adore in silence.

When we were all seated, the bishop said, 'My dear chevalier, you have intitled yourself to our utmost gratitude. It is confirmed, that Clementina shall be yours. Jeronymo will have it so: we are all of his mind. His mother will enter into conversation with her in your favour.'

'I am equally obliged and honoured

by this goodness. But should she persist, what can I say, when she calls upon me in the most solemn manner, to support her in her resolution; and not to put her upon taking advantage of the generosity of her friends.'

'She will be easily persuaded, no doubt, chevalier,' answered the bishop. 'She loves you. Does she not say in this very paper, that it is in your power to make her break or keep her resolution? and to add what name you please to her Christian name?'

'Nor can I,' said the marquis, 'bear that flight, in Laurana's favour. If her mind were sound, her duty would not permit her to think of it.'

'It is our unanimous opinion,' resumed the bishop, 'that she will not be able to support her resolution. You see she is obliged to court your assistance, to enable her to keep it.'

'Father Marefcotti, it is true, has laid a stress upon some passages, in which she shews a doubt of her own strength, and dreads yours in a certain article nearest our hearts: but she must be cautioned to leave all arguments of that kind to her confessor and you; and to content herself to be an auditor, not an arguer; and we doubt not your honour. The marriage-articles will bind you, as they shall us—And now allow me to be before-hand with your Jeronymo, and ours, in saluting you our brother.'

He took my hand; and, embracing me as such, 'You deal nobly with me, my lord,' said I. 'I resign myself to your direction.'

Jeronymo affectionately held out his arms, and joyfully saluted me as his brother. The marquis, the count, each took my hand: and, the marchioness offering hers, I pressed it with my lips; and, withdrawing, hastened to my lodgings; with a heart, O Dr. Bartlett, how penetrated by a suspense so strange and unexpected!

But when they attribute to flight, and unsoundness of mind, that glorious passage, in which she proposes to take a revenge so noble on the cruel Laurana, they seem unable to comprehend, as I can easily do, the greatness of mind of this admirable woman,

LETTER XXV.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON. IN
CONTINUATION.

BOLOGNA, MONDAY, JULY 10-21.

I Had no call for rest last night. I only reposed myself in a chair for about an hour. I sent early in the morning a note, to enquire, with the tenderest solicitude, after all their healths; and particularly Clementina's and Jeronymo's. A written answer was returned by Jeronymo, that his sister had rested so very ill, that it was thought advisable to keep her quiet all day; unless she should be particularly earnest to see me; and, in that case, they would send me word.

I was myself very much indisposed, yet could scarce deny myself, though uninvited, to attend them at dinner. My own disorder, however, determined me not to go, unless sent for. It would, I thought, be too visible to them all; and might raise a suspicion that I wanted to move compassion: a meaness of which I am not capable. Yet, indisposed as I was still more in the afternoon, I hoped to have an invitation for half an hour. But not being sent for, I repeated my enquiries in another billet. No invitation followed. On the contrary, Jeronymo wrote one line, wishing to see me in the morning.

I had as little rest last night, as the night before. My impatience carried me to the palace of Porretta sooner than usual this morning.

Signor Jeronymo rejoiced to see me. He hoped I did not take it amiss, that they invited me not the day before. 'To say the truth,' said he, 'the day's rest was judged entirely necessary for you both; for my sister particularly: and she was so uneasy and displeased at your going away on Saturday, without taking leave of her, that she was the more easily persuaded not to see you yesterday. But already this morning, I understand, she asks after you with impatience. You are angry at her, she supposes, and will never see her more. You had, but just left us, on Saturday night, when Camilla came down, with her request to see you. For my part,

proceeded he, 'my thoughts are so much carried out of myself, by the extraordinary turn she has taken, that, at times, I forget I am any thing.'

He then asked, if I could forgive his sister; and reflected on the sex, on her account, as never knowing their own minds, but when they meet with obstacles to their wills. 'But she must, she will, be yours, my Grandison,' said he; 'and, if it please God to restore her, she will make you rich amends.'

The bishop and Father Marefotti came in, to make their morning compliments to Jeronymo: the marquiss and count entered soon after, to salute me.

The marchioness followed them. 'Clementina was so uneasy on Saturday night,' said she to me, 'on finding you gone without taking leave of her, and so much discomposed all day yesterday, that I chose not to say any thing to her on the great article. I am glad you are come.'

Somebody just then tapping at the door, 'Come in, Camilla,' said the marchioness.

'It is not Camilla; it is I,' said Lady Clementina entering. 'I am told the chevalier—O there he is—Favour me, Sir, with a few words—' walking to a window at the other end of the room.

I followed her: tears were in her eyes. She looked earnestly at me: when turning her face from me—'Why, Madam,' said I, taking her hand, 'why this emotion? I have not, I hope, offended you.'

'O chevalier, I cannot bear to be slighted, and least of all by you; though, I must own, that I deserve it most from you. A slight from you is a charge of ingratitude upon me, that my heart cannot bear.'

'Slight you, Madam!—I revere you, as the most excellent of women. You have, indeed, filled my heart with anguish: but I admire you more for the cause of that anguish, than it is possible for me to express.'

'Don't, don't say so. You will ruin me by your generosity. I think you *must* be angry with me. I think you *must* treat me ill, or how shall I keep my purpose!'

'Your

* Your purpose, dearest Madam!—
 * Your purpose!
 * My purpose! Yes, Sir! Will it
 * afflict you, if I do?
 * Is it possible, Madam, but it must?
 * What would you think—
 * Hush, hush, my good chevalier.
 * I am afraid it will: but don't tell
 * me it will. I cannot bear to afflict
 * you.
 * When I had the honour of every
 * one's consent, Madam—
 * That was in compassion to me,
 * Sir.
 * My dearest love,' said the mar-
 * quis, coming to us, 'that was at first
 * our motive: but now an alliance with
 * the Chevalier Grandison, in justice
 * to his merits, is become our choice.'
 I bowed to the generous nobleman.
 She knelt.—'Till and most indul-
 gent of fathers!' taking his hand,
 and kissing it; 'let me thank you for
 bearing with me as you have done.
 What trouble have I given you!—
 All the business of my future life
 shall be to show my gratitude, and
 my obedience to your will.'
 The marchioness then tenderly rais-
 ing her, took her to the farther end of
 the room. They talked low; but we
 heard all they said. 'You were so
 very indifferent all day yesterday,
 and last night,' said the marchioness,
 'that I would not disturb you, love;
 for fear of breaking your rest; else
 I would have told you, how desirous
 now we all are of an alliance with
 the Chevalier Grandison. No other
 way can he be rewarded for his good-
 ness to us all.'
 'Permit me, Madam,' answered
 Clementina, 'to give you the motives
 of my present conduct; of my *self-*
denial; such is my value for the
 chevalier, I will call it so: If I
 thought I could make the generous
 man happy; if I thought I should
 not rather punish than reward him;
 if I thought I should be happy in
 myself, and my soul would not be
 endangered; if I thought I could
 make you and my papa happy, by
 giving my hand to him; God knows
 that my heart would not make the
 least scruple. But, Madam, the Al-
 mighty has laid his hand upon me.
 My head is not yet as it should be;
 and, before I took my resolution, I

considered every thing, as much as
 my poor shattered reason would per-
 mit me to consider it. This was the
 way I took—I proved that God would
 direct me. I put myself in the situ-
 ation of another person, who, cir-
 cumstanced as I was, I supposed,
 came to me for advice. I saw plain-
 ly, that I could not deserve the che-
 valier, because I could not think as
 he thought, in the most important
 of all articles; and there was no
 likelihood of his thinking as I
 thought. I prayed for fortitude.
 I doubted myself. I changed and
 altered what I had written: but still
 all my alterations ran one way. It
 was *against my own selfishness*. So this
 I took for an answer to my prayers.
 I transcribed it fair; but still I
 doubted myself. I would not con-
 sult you, Madam: you had declared
 for the chevalier. This would not
 have been to do justice to the question
 before me, and to the divine impulse
 by which I was determined to be go-
 verned, if my prayers for it should
 be answered. I let not Camilla know
 my struggles. I besought the assis-
 tance of the Blessed Virgin to favour
 an unhappy maid, whose heart was
 in her duty, but whose head was
 disturbed. It was suggested to me
 what to do: yet I would not send to
 the chevalier what I had written.
 I still doubted my heart, and thought
 I never should be able to give him
 the paper. At last I resolved. But
 when he came, my heart recoiled.
 He could not but see the distress I
 was in. I am sure I met with his
 pity. "Could I but give him the
 paper," thought I, "my difficulty
 would be over; for then I am sure,
 almost sure, that, seeing my scruples,
 and the rectitude of my purpose, he
 will himself generously support me
 in my resolution." At last I gave the
 paper to him. And now let me say,
 that I verily think I shall be easier on
 my mind, if I can be allowed to
 adhere to the contents, yet not be
 thought ungrateful.—Dear, blessed
 Grandison, turning to me, 'read
 once more that paper: and then if
 you will not, if you cannot, set me
 free, I will obey my friends, and
 make you as happy as I can.'
 She turned from every one, and clasped

ing her hands, 'Great God, I thank thee,' said she, 'for this serene moment!'

Serene as the noble enthusiast thought her mind, I saw it was too high set. From the turn of her eyes I feared a relapse. It was owing to her greatness of mind, her reason and her love combating with each other, that she *ever* was disordered. I approached her—'Admirable lady,' said I, 'be *you* free! Whatever be my destiny, be *you*, for me, what you wish to be. If *you* are well and happy, I will, if possible, make *myself* so.'

'Dear Grandison,' said the bishop, coming up to me, and taking my hand, 'how do I admire you! But *can* you be thus great?'

'Shall I not emulate, my lord, such an example set by a woman?—I came over without any interested views. I considered myself, indeed, as *bound* by the conditions to which I had formerly yielded; but Lady Clementina and your family as *free*. When I was encouraged to hope, I *did* hope. I will now, though with deep regret, go back to my former situation. If Lady Clementina persists in her present resolution, I will endeavour to acquiesce with it. If she should change her mind, I will hold myself in readiness to receive her hand, as the greatest blessing that can be conferred upon me. Only let me add, that in the first case, the difficulty upon me will be greatly increased, by the exalted contents of the paper she put into my hands on Saturday.'

The marchioness taking her daughter's hand and mine—'O why,' said she, 'should minds thus paired be Sundered!—And will you, chevalier, wait with patience the result of my sweet child's—caprice—shall I call it?'

'Detain not my hand, my dear mamma;' withdrawing it a little wildly—'Let me go up, and pray, that my fortitude of mind, after the pain it has cost me to obtain it, may not forsake me.—Adieu! adieu! chevalier! I will pray for you as well as for myself. Never, never, in my devotions, will we be separated.'

Away flew the angel.

She met Camilla in the passage—'Dear Camilla! I have had an escape, as far as I know. My hand and the chevalier's hand, each in one of my

'mamma's!—My resolution was in danger. My mamma might have joined them, you know; and then I must have been his.'

Jeronymo, in silence, but tears in his eyes, attended to the scene between his sister and me. He embraced me—'Dearest of men, let me repeat my mother's question: Can you with patience wait the result of this dear girl's caprice?'

'I can; I will.'

'But I will talk to her myself,' said he.

'So,' said the marquis, 'will we all.'

'It will be right to do so,' added the count, 'lest she should repent when it is too late.'

'But I believe,' said Father Marescotti, 'the chevalier himself would not wish, that Lady Clementina should be *too* vehemently urged. She pleads her soul: a strong plea; a plea that should not be over-ruled. I myself doubt very much, whether she will be able to adhere to her resolution: if she be, she will merit beatification. But let her not be over-persuaded. Once more I should be glad to read the paper, the contents of which have so much prized us all.'

I had it in my pocket; and he asked permission to read it aloud. Jeronymo opposed his motion: but the bishop approving it, he read it. He laid great emphasis upon *particular* words, and repeated several of the passages in it: you will easily guess *which*, my dear friend; and all were as much affected, they owned, as when they heard it first read; yet they joined in one doubt, notwithstanding what she had so lately said of the deliberation she had given her purpose, that she would not be able to adhere to her resolution; and made me many compliments on the occasion.

But, my dear friend, if she can continue to interest her glory in the adherence, and they are not *very* urgent with her in my favour, I am inclined to believe, that she has greatness of mind sufficient to enable her to carry her resolution into effect. Where piety, my dear friend, engages the heart to give it's first fervours to it's superior duties, is it not probable that all temporal impulses should receive abatement, and become but *secondary* ones? And now will not Father Marescotti

once more try to revive his influences over her mind?—Is it not his *duty* to do so, zealous catholic as he is?—Can the bishop refuse, good man as he is, and as steady in his principles, to second the father?

But what trials are these, my dear Dr. Bartlett, to an expecting heart!—Will they not serve to convince us of the vanity of all human reliance for happiness? I am in a very serious humour. But what can I say to you on such subjects, that you knew not much better before than I? ‘Let us,’ I remember you once said, ‘when we are called upon to act a great or manly part, preach by action. Words then will be needless.’ God only knows, whether the ardent heart would be punished, or rewarded, by the completion of it’s wishes: but this I know, that were Clementina to give me both her hand and her heart, and could not, by reason of her religious doubts, be happy with me, I should myself be extremely miserable; especially if I had been earnest to prevail upon her to favour me against her judgment.

LETTER XXVI.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON. IN CONTINUATION.

I Was obliged to lay down my pen. My mind was too much disturbed to write on.

We had a great deal of discourse, before we quitted Jeronymo’s chamber, on this extraordinary subject. They all, as I told you, expressed their doubts, whether the lady would be able to persist in her new resolution. The marquis and marchioness gave their opinion, that she should be left entirely to the workings of her own will: and the count proposed, by way of enforcing their opinions, that neither the bishop and Father Marefcotti on one hand, (though religion was in the question) nor Jeronymo and myself on the other, should endeavour to prevail upon her either to *alter*, or *persevere* in, her way of thinking. Jeronymo said, he desired only one conversation with his sister alone, before he complied with this proposal.

They put it to me. I said, that several passages in her paper were of too

solemn a nature for me to refuse my consent to their proposal: but, however, if I should observe, in future conversations between her and me, that she was inclined to alter her mind, and *seemed* to wish to be encouraged to declare the alteration, they must allow me, for the sake of my own honour, as a *man*, and of her delicacy, as a *woman*, to shew the ardour of my attachment to her, by my *preventing* declaration, and even entreaty.

The marchioness bowed to me, with a grateful smile of approbation.

Father Marefcotti hesitated, as if he had something of an objection to make; but he was silenced by the marquis’s saying, ‘On *your* honour, on *your* delicacy, I am sure, chevalier, we may rely.’

‘I am absolutely of opinion that we may,’ said the count. ‘The chevalier can put himself in every one’s situation, and can forget his own interest, when a right and just measure is to be taken.’

‘This is true,’ said Jeronymo—‘But let it be *our* part to shew the chevalier, that he is not the *only* man in the world who can do so.’

‘You must remember, my dear Jeronymo,’ said the bishop, ‘that religion is a consideration superior to all others. Shall our sister, who follows the example set her by the chevalier, be discouraged in an effort so noble? But I am willing to subscribe to the proposal, as an equal one.’

‘Father Marefcotti,’ said I, ‘you must return me the paper. I must often have recourse to it, to strengthen my own mind, in order to enable myself to answer your expectations.’

The father desired leave to take a copy of it in short hand, and retired for that purpose.

I have no doubt but he will make great use of it with the family, and perhaps with the lady, should there be occasion hereafter. For my own part, if the noble enthusiast, when the heat of her imagination is gone off, shall persist in believing that she has a divine impulse in favour of her resolution, and that given in answer to her prayers, I will endeavour to shew her, that her call upon me to support her in it, though against myself, shall be answered, whatever it cost me.

They prevailed on me to stay dinner.

She excused herself from being present, but desired to see me, when it was over.

Cassily then led me to her. I found her in tears. She was afraid, she said, that I would not forgive her: yet I *must* be sure, if I knew the conflicts with which her soul laboured.

I soothed her disturbed mind. I told her, that I desired her direction, and was resolved to pursue it. Her paper should be one of my constant lessons; and *her* conscience the rule of my conduct, with regard to my expectations of her favour.

'O Sir!' said she, 'how good you are! It is from your generosity, next to the Divine assistance, that I expect support in my resolution. I but imperfectly remember what I would have done, and what I consented to, when you were last amongst us.— But when I *did* know myself, I was more inclined to support my parents and brothers in their expectations, with regard to the two great articles of religion and residence, than to comply with yours. My fortune, my rank, merited your consideration; and my pride was sometimes piqued. But it was in regard I had to the welfare of your immortal soul, that I weighed *well* with me. O Sir! could you have been a catholicick!'—

She then wrung her clasped hands, and tears trickled down her cheeks— 'God! how highly I *love* you, chevalier!— But you *must* leave me. I am beginning to be again unhappy!— Leave me, Sir. But let me see you to-morrow. I will pray for a composure of mind, in the mean time. Do you pray for me too. And pray for yourself, chevalier! The welfare of your soul, your immortal soul, was *ever* my principal concern.'

She began to ramble. Her looks were a little wild. I took leave of her; and going hastily from her, in order to hide my own emotion, I happened to her Marscott, who, as it was at that night evident to me, from the confusion I found him in, and the account he hastily gave me to excuse himself, had been listening to what passed between the lady and me. Pity! that a well-intended zeal should make a good man do mean things!

'No apologies, my dear father,' said I. 'If you doubted my honour, I

'can think myself, in some measure, obliged to your *condescension*, for taking this method to prove me. Allow me, my dear Sir, to say, (it is to Father Marscott) that the man, who, in the greater actions of his life, thinks himself under the All-seeing Eye, will not be afraid of a fellow-creature's ear.'

'I beg a thousand pardons,' said he, hesitating, and in confusion. 'But I will confess the truth; I believed it was next to impossible, that a young man, whose love to one of the most excellent women is not to be questioned, should be able to keep the conditions prescribed to him, and forbear to make use of the power he acknowledges he has over her affections.—But forgive me, chevalier.'

'Forgive *yourself*, my dear father; I do most heartily forgive you.'

I led him down to Jeronymo's chamber, begging of him not to say a syllable more of this matter; and not let me suffer in his esteem by this accident.

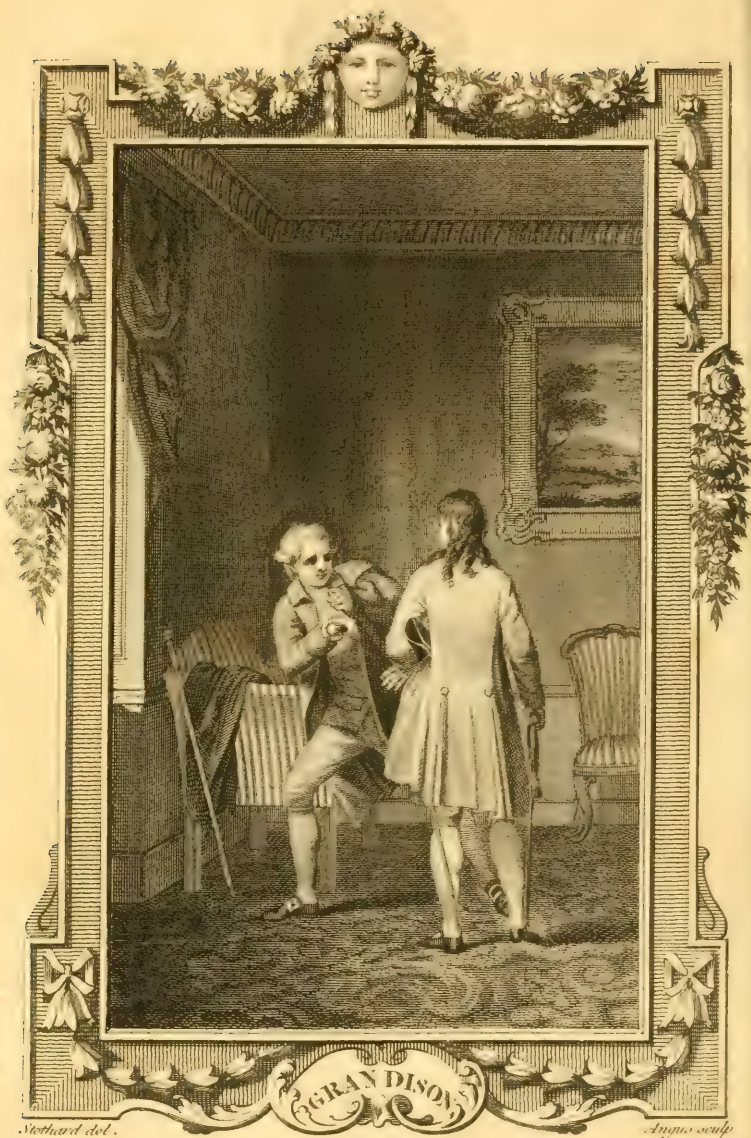
I have more than once, Dr. Bartlett, experienced the irreconcilable enmity of a man, whom I have forgiven for a meanness; and who was less able to forgive me my forgiveness, than I was him his fault. But Father Marscott cannot be such a man. He is capable of generous shame. He could hardly hold up his head all the time I staid.

I related to the family, in the presence of the father, the substance of what passed between the lady and me. They received surprise at her steadfastness. The bishop told me, that he had dispatched a messenger post to the general, with a letter, in which he had written a faithful account of their present situation. He would shew me a copy of it, if I pleased. I was sure, I said, I could depend upon his generosity and honour; and should be glad to know the sentiments of the general and his lady upon it, when they returned an answer.

I promised to attend them in the morning: and going to my lodgings, found there, waiting for me, the Count of Belvedere. Saunders and his gentleman were both together below stairs, waiting for, yet dreading, as they said, my return. Saunders had told the count, it was uncertain: but he declared that he would wait for me, were it ever so late. They both besought me







me to take care of my own safety. His gentleman told me, that his master had been very much disturbed in his mind ever since he was with me last; declaring often, that his life was a burden to him. He believed, he said, he had a brace of pistols with him; and then again expressed his care for my safety, as well as his lord's. 'Fear not,' said I; 'the count is a man of honour: I would not, for the world, hurt *him*; and I dare say he will not hurt *me*.'

I hastened up. 'Why, my lord,' said I, (taking his unwilling hands, each in mine, for a double reason) 'did you not let me know you intended me this honour? Or why did not your lordship send for me, as soon as you came?'

'Send for you!' with a melancholy air; 'What, from your Clementina? No!—But tell me what is concluded upon? My soul is impatient to know. Answer me like a man: answer me like a man of honour.'

'Nothing, my lord, is concluded upon: nothing can be concluded upon till Lady Clementina's mind be fully known.'

'If *that* be all the obstacle—' 'Not a slight one. I assure you, that Clementina knows her own worth. She will put a just value upon herself. In her unhappy delirium, she always preserved a high sense of that delicacy, which distinguishes the woman of true honour. It shines forth now in all her words and actions with redoubled lustre. She will make the more difficulties, as her friends make less. Nothing can be done *from*; and if it will make your lordship easier, (for I see you are disturbed) I will acquaint you when any thing is likely to be carried into effect.'

'And *is* nothing yet concluded on? And *will* you give me such notice?'

'I will, my lord.' 'Upon your honour?' 'Upon my honour!'

'Well, then, I have some days longer to crawl upon this earth.' 'What means my lord?'

'This I mean,' withdrawing his hands from mine, and taking out of his pockets two pistols: 'I came resolved that you should take one of these, at your choice, had the affair

'been concluded upon, as I dreaded it would. I am no assassin, Sir, nor ever employed one; nor would I have deprived Clementina of her elected husband. All I intended was, that the hand to which she is to give hers, should have first taken my life. I will not, I cannot live, to see her the wife of any man on earth, though she has refused to be mine—You should have *found* I would not.'

'What a rashness!—But I see your mind is disturbed. The Count of Belvedere could not otherwise talk in this manner.'

It is not *impossible*, surely, my dear Dr. Bartlett, (however *improbable*, as I begin to apprehend) that Clementina may change her mind. I could not, therefore, acquaint the count with our present situation; because the hope he would have conceived from it, would, in case of a change, have added strength to his despair. I contented myself, therefore, to reason with him on his rash intention. And having renewed my assurances, as above, he took leave of me so much recovered, as to thank me for the advice I had given him: and to promise, that he would make it the foundation of his prayers to Heaven for a calmer mind than he had known for some days past.

Saunders and his valet seemed overjoyed at seeing us come down together in an amicable manner; and in the high civility each paid the other.

I should have mentioned, that the count, of his own accord, in passing through my anti-chamber to the stairs, laid in one of the windows the two pistols. 'My dear Grandison,' said he, 'let these remain in your keeping.' 'They are pieces of curious workmanship. Whither might one of them, by this time, have sent me!—And in what difficulties might you the survivor, a foreigner, have been involved; which then I considered not; for all my malice was levelled against my unhappy self! I will not trust myself with them.'

Here I conclude for this night. I will not dispatch these last written letters, till I see what to-morrow will produce. My dear friend! how grievous is suspense!—Perhaps I should have then or myself more obliged to bear it, had I been thus entangled, fastened, suspended, by my own fault.

LETTER XXVII.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON. IN CONTINUATION.

I Went, according to promise, in the morning, to the palace of Porretta. I found all the family, the marchioness and Lady Clementina excepted, in Jeronymo's chamber. My entrance, I suppose, was solemn; for Jeronymo, as I approached him, snatching my hand, said, 'This girl, this capricious, this uncommon girl! How can I forgive her for vexing the heart of my Grandison?'

Father Marefcotti looked so conscious that I pitied him. I took his hand, and, with an air of kindness, asked him—'Are there any hopes, my good father, that I shall have the honour of calling you one of my dearest household friends in England?'

I gave him no time to answer, lest he should not be assured enough; and addressing myself to the bishop, 'My lord, I ask you the like question: is there a likelihood, that I shall have an interest in Father Marefcotti's more intimate friendship? We already, I answer for myself, and from my vanity, love each other.'

'Dear Grandison!' said the marquis; and, taking my hand, he called me by the kindest name—Saying, that it was not *son*! Jeronymo dried his eyes. The count saluted me in a tender accent. The bishop was silent.

'I see,' thought I, 'that the admirable Clementina perseveres!—Religion, that can do so much for her, will not, I hope, leave me unbenefted by it's all-cheering influence. If I cannot be so happy as I wish, I am in the hands of Providence; and will not give myself up to unmanly despair—Yet the greatness of this woman's mind!' thought I. 'Why did they not fall upon indulgent methods with her before? Then, probably, had there not been a supposed reason for an invitation to me to quit my native country, to which I had been so long a stranger, and to come over to Italy!—Then had she, in all likelihood, recovered her reason, and I had not known how great she could be; and her father would

'have disengaged me equally from all obligation of honour, and expectations of favour!'

The marchioness came in soon after. Her address to me confirmed me in my apprehensions—'Dear Grandison,' said she, condescendingly laying her hand on mine, 'how do you! See our dear Jeronymo—How much better he is—What return can we make to you for your goodness to him? I went up to the dear girl last night, after you were gone. She was then indeed a little hysterical. But the disorder went off in prayers for you and for herself. I am just come from her. She has had a quiet night. She is calm, and, I may say, serene. All her cares are in what manner to shew her gratitude to you.'

'It is impossible, Madam, but I must have joy in your joy. Lady Clementina, I apprehend, perseveres in her resolution!—'

'I have talked to her, chevalier, in your favour. If you love her, she says, as we all think you do, she will yet be yours.'

'Dear Madam,' (overjoyed) 'tell me—'

'Let me interrupt you, chevalier: I must not mislead you, nor keep you in suspense—She will, she says, beg your acceptance of her vows—if—'

'If what, Madam—'

'Hear me with patience, chevalier—'

'If you will comply with the conditions, on which we would have permitted her to be yours, when you were last in Italy—This is her *own* proposal—Made at her *own* motion—She is afraid it will be to no purpose, (she says, 'afraid,' Sir:) but as you have not denied her to herself, she begs I will put the question to you in her name, for the sake (if you should refuse her) of her own future tranquillity of mind. The Chevalier Grandison is generous; he is just; he is polite: he cannot but receive this motion of my child by her mother as the greatest condescension from both.'

I bowed. I was going to speak; but they all severally broke in upon me.

'On my knees, chevalier,' said Father Marefcotti, 'I will entreat you!'

'O cheva-

‘O chevalier,’ said the bishop, ‘how happy is it in your power to make us all!’

‘Surely you *can*, you *will*, you *must*, chevalier!’ said the count, ‘if you love the dear creature, as we all suppose you do.’

‘You will not, I hope, dear Grandison,’ said the marquis, ‘*refuse* my daughter. Ask *any* conditions of us—She shall be with you in England in a month’s time. We will accompany her thither; and stay till you shall chuse to return with us.’

Jeronymo, with sobs, caught my hand as I sat next him—‘For *God’s* sake, for *my* sake, for *all* our sakes, for your *soul’s* sake, my Grandison, be ours! Let your Jeronymo call you brother.’

‘If my tears, if my prayers have weight,’ said the marchioness, ‘let me call down my child, and she shall give you her hand in our presence. She thinks, besides the regard she has for your soul, that she ought to insist upon the terms on which we would have *consented* to make her yours, in gratitude for our compliance with her wishes.’

‘Dearest Grandison,’ rejoined the bishop, ‘*refuse not* my sister: *refuse not* the daughter of the Marchese and Marchesa della Porretta; *refuse not* the assenting Clementina.’

They were all silent; their eyes were upon me. ‘It is,’ answered I, ‘too condescendingly generous to put this talk upon me: but, *refuse* Lady Clementina, said you! How you wound my soul by the supposition! I feel your compassion for me, in the light you cannot but *mean* I should. Lady Clementina’s generous, and condescendingly-meant proposal, when I am willing to allow terms to *her*, that she will not to *me*, shews me how important she thinks the difference between the two religions—need I repeat, my lord,’ (to the bishop) ‘what my own thoughts are upon this subject? Would to Heaven the terms were no other than those *before agreed to*; or were such as I *could* comply with! I have only to console myself, that the power of *refusal* lies where it ought to lie. Clementina is an angel. I am not worthy of her. Yet let me add, this company, (bowing round me) ‘cannot think me too

solemn—Were I to live always here; were I convinced there is no life after this; your commands and *Clementina’s* would be laws to me. But has she not the goodness to say, in her paper, that I have the same notion she has of the brevity and vanity of this world’s glory, and of the duration of that to come?’

They looked upon one another. ‘It is hard, very hard,’ said the bishop, ‘for a man, convinced of the truth of his religion, to allow to another of a different persuasion, what he expects should be allowed for himself. —*You*, chevalier, however, can allow it; and have greatness of mind enough to judge favourably of those who cannot. I do love you; but vain would I love you more.’

The marchioness wept. ‘My dear love,’ said the marquis, taking her hand with the tenderness of a lover, but speaking a little too severely of me for his usual generosity—‘How many tears has this affair cost you! My heart bleeds to see you weep. Comfort yourself. Let us comfort each other. The Chevalier Grandison is indeed unworthy of our child; unworthy of the terms we offered to him; unworthy of our joint entreaties—He is an invincible man!’

I was greatly affected. After a little hesitation, ‘I ask leave, my lords,’ said I, ‘to retire for one moment. I will return as soon as I have recovered myself from the concern given me by the—*my* apprehension (shall I call it?) of the best of men, whom from my heart I reverence.’

I arose as I spoke, withdrew, and took two or three turns in the saloon.

I staid not till I was sent for: but assuming as cheerful an air as I could, returned; and found them earned in talk. They all rose at my return, seemingly pleased with it; and the marquis coming to me, ‘Chevalier,’ said he, ‘I am sorry—’

‘Not one word of apology, my lord,’ interrupted I. ‘I withdrew not from dislike, or in resentment; but purely from concern, that, in *your* opinion, I deserve not the honour done me, by one so dear to you. Think me unhappy, my lord, and pity me. I dislike, not persecute, influences me; it does every one pro-

‘sent;

‘ sent ; it does the dear lady above ;
 ‘ and shall we not allow for one ano-
 ‘ ther, when we are all actuated by the
 ‘ same motive ?’

‘ O that I could embrace my fourth
 ‘ son !’ said the marchioness. The
 bishop threw his arms about me. ‘ Ge-
 ‘ nous expansion of heart !’ were the
 words that fell from his lips. Jeremy-
 mo shewed his friendly love in what he
 said : ‘ And *must* not,’ said the count,
 ‘ this young man be one of us ?’

After *disenchant*, the marchioness
 withdrew to the window, making a
 motion to me to attend her. I hasten-
 ed to her. She complimented me,
 speaking low, as a fit person to be
 consulted in a case where female deli-
 cacy was concerned ; and then asked
 me, what I would have her say to Cle-
 mentina, who had *asked* her hand in
 me on condition, with which she had
 hopes I would comply ? ‘ Must I tell
 ‘ the dear child, she is *rejected* ?’

‘ *Lady Clementina rejected !*—Dear
 ‘ Madam, how can I bear that sac-
 ‘ should but suppose it !—Be pleased
 ‘ to tell her, that I have been again
 ‘ founded on the subject of a change
 ‘ of religion, *if* her favour for me
 ‘ could be procured ; but that I was
 ‘ so steady in my faith, that there were
 ‘ no hopes of my *conversion*, as you
 ‘ will call it ; and be so good as to re-
 ‘ mind her, (it may look like a breach
 ‘ of conditions if *I* do) that I require
 ‘ not a change in *her* ; and that there-
 ‘ fore the terms proposed are unequal.’

‘ Fain, very fain, chevalier, would
 ‘ I—’ She kept there—‘ But no more
 ‘ on this subject,’ resumed she. ‘ I
 ‘ will see in what way the dear crea-
 ‘ ture is now.’

She left me, and went to her daugh-
 ter. The subject was changed.

In about half an hour she returned.
 She told me that she had followed my
 advice ; but that Clementina seemed
 distressed and perplexed ; and, as she
 had not *asked* to see me, advised me to
 suspend my attendance on her till the
 afternoon, as she would by that means
 have more time to compose her spirits ;
 and herself farther opportunities of talk-
 ing with her.

Declining their invitation to dinner,
 I went to my lodgings ; and to amuse
 myself, had recourse to my pen.

Having written thus far, I lay it
 down till my return from them.

LETTER XXVIII.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON. IN CON-
 TINUATION.

AFTER my entrance into the palace of
 A. Ferrara, I was desired to walk
 into the garden to the bishop. I found
 with him Father Marefcotti.

‘ Dear Grandison,’ said the bishop,
 meeting me, and taking my hand,
 ‘ you must decide a point between the
 ‘ father and me, that we are afraid
 ‘ has made us a little accountable to
 ‘ you.’

I was silent. He proceeded.

‘ Clementina is very sedate.’ She
 ‘ sent for me and the father soon after
 ‘ you left us. She asked us several
 ‘ questions in relation to you ; and in-
 ‘ quired on our advice, as religious men,
 ‘ and as we would answer for it to our
 ‘ own consciences. Her first was, whe-
 ‘ ther we thought there were any hopes
 ‘ of your conversion ?—I answered ne-
 ‘ gatively.

“ I don’t expect,” said she, “ that he
 “ would be inclined to change his re-
 “ ligion for a wife, nor even for a
 “ crown, were he not contented of the
 “ fullness of his own, and the truth
 “ of ours : I beg again I ask, cannot you
 “ and Father Marefcotti convince his
 “ judgment ? I should think it would
 “ not be so hard a task, learned and
 “ good men, as you both are : good
 “ man, and modest, and patient, and
 “ unpretending as he is ; who has been
 “ so long among catholics ; who came
 “ from England so young ; has been
 “ left it much to his own direction ;
 “ and who must see the difference of
 “ the two religions to the advantage of
 “ ours, were he but to judge by the
 “ efficacy of each on the lives and man-
 “ ners of the people professing each ;
 “ for, surely, the men of name and
 “ family, who are sent among us by
 “ their parents from the heretic coun-
 “ tries, in order to observe our man-
 “ ners, and to improve their own, are
 “ not the worst of the people of those
 “ countries.”

‘ I told her,’ proceeded the bishop,
 ‘ that, to be impartial, there were bad
 ‘ and good of all nations ; that she
 ‘ was not likely to be approached by
 ‘ any of her *own* but who were good ;
 ‘ that you, chevalier, and Mrs. Beau-

‘ mont,

‘mont might convince us that there were good people among the protestants; and that now and then a young man of that profession did *actually* appear among us, who was *not* a discredit to his country. But,’ continued he, ‘I have heretofore debated the subject with the Chevalier Grandison. You know I was in a manner called upon to do it: and have found him a protestant upon principle; and that he has a great deal to say for himself.—You, father, would not allow me this; but you never entered into close argument with him on the subject, as I have done.’

‘My sister then asked,’ proceeded the bishop, ‘if I thought that her own religious principles would be endangered, if she became yours, and went with you to England?’

‘We both referred her to certain passages in the paper she gave you.’

“My heart,” said she, “could never be proof against a generous and kind treatment. The condescending compliances with my weakness, which my father, mother, brothers, and uncle, have made, have effected what opposition and cruelty, as you see, could not. So compassionate, so humane a man, as I think the Chevalier Grandison, and so steady as he is in his principles, so much, you own, as he has to say for himself, joined with the sense I always had, from my *mother's* example, of the duties of a good wife, will too probably stagger me in my faith; and if so, I shall be unhappy: I shall make my confessor so. I am *determined*,” added she, “(as you, brother, have seen) in my own mind: but I ask your opinion—and yours, Father Marefcotti.—The chevalier, now, is a favourite with you both. Religion only can now be the question—Is it not too probable that I shall be staggered in my own faith, were I to be his?”

‘We gave her,’ continued the bishop, ‘our opinions freely, as religious men. Could we, chevalier, do otherwise? And yet we are both ready to accuse ourselves of infringing conditions with you. Tell us, if in your opinion we have?’

‘I cannot, my lord, judge from this general account. If you did *more* than answer her questions; if you

‘expatiated *argumentatively* on the subject; I must think you *have*: and your own doubts help to convince me, that you have; though I cannot but respect you greatly for the frankness of your application to me on this subject.’

‘We *were* earnest, chevalier; we *were* warm in what we said.’

‘Well, my lord, called upon as you both were, it would not have become your characters to be cool.—For my own part, I have been recollecting the behaviour of your admirable sister throughout every stage of her delirium, respecting myself: and I have not been able to call to mind one instance in it of an attachment *merely* personal.—I need not tell you, father—nor you, my lord—what a zealous catholic she is. She *early* wished me to be one: and had I not thought myself obliged in honour, because of the confidence placed in me by the whole family, to decline the subject, our particular conversation, when she favoured me with the name of tutor, would have generally taken that turn. Her unhappy illness was owing to her zeal for religion, and to her concealing her struggles on that account. She never hinted at marriage in her reveries. She was still solicitous for the *SOUL* of the man she wished to proselyte; and declared herself ready to lay down her life, could she have effected that favourite wish of her heart. At other times, she supposed my marriage with some other woman; and was only generously solicitous, that it should not be with one who might discredit the regard she herself professed for me. At another time she wished to be acquainted with my sisters, and hoped they would come to Italy: she proposed to perfect them in the Italian tongue, as they should her in the English; but, as to me, only bespoke a visit from me now and then, when they came. I have the vanity to think, that I stand high in her favour: but religion, it is evident, as it ought, stands higher. From all these recollections and observations, I have endeavoured to account for the noble behaviour of your sister; and am the less surprized at it, now she is come to her memory. It is all great; all uniform;

'and most probably we should have been in a very different situation than what we have been long in, had she had her way given her at the time she was so earnest—For what? *Only* to be allowed a *second* interview, a farewell visit, when she had shewn a little before, on a *first*, that marriage seemed not to be in her thoughts.'

'And had she not been intrusted to the management of the cruel Laura—' said the bishop.

'From which, thank God!' said the father, 'I was the instrument of freeing her.'

'By all this,' proceeded I, 'I mean not recrimination; but only to observe the consistency of the noble lady's mind when she was *able* to reflect. And what now remains for me to do, but to reconcile myself, if possible, to a conduct that I must for ever admire, however I may, in its consequences, as to my own particular, regret it?—Your lordship, I am afraid, thinks that she adheres to the contents of the paper she put into my hands?'

'Unless you, chevalier—'

'That, my lord, is out of the question. Let it, however, be remembered, that I have not prescribed to her that hard condition, which is made an indispensable one to me. Yet is Lady Clementina the only woman on earth that I would have *wished* to call mine, on the terms on which I should have been proud to receive her hand: for it is easy to foresee, that, generally, great inconveniences must attend a marriage between persons of a different religion, one of them zealous, the other not indifferent.'

'But, chevalier, you acquit Father Marescotti and me?'

'I do, my lord. Be you your own judges: The *condition* was not proposed by me. I consented to it, for the sake of those who prescribed it, and for your sister's sake. I could not wish to prosecute my humble suit, notwithstanding her declared favour for me, against the pleas of conscience which she so earnestly urged. How could I, while religion, and the generosity of her friends to her, required, as she thought, that she should get above all regards for me? I was therefore will-

'ing to comply with the proposal, and to wait the issue of her spontaneous determination, and to be governed by it. But now that your lordship and Father Marescotti have dispensed with the condition, I presume that I am not bound by it.'

'What means my Grandison?'

'Only this: I could not be thought to bear a love so fervent to the admirable Clementina, as the man ought to bear who aspires to the honour of calling her his, if I made not *one* effort to convince her, that she may be happy with me as to the article she is so solicitous about—From *female delicacy*, she may, perhaps, expect to be argued with, and to be persuaded. Allow me to give her assurances of my inviolable honour in that point. It becomes me, as a man, and as her admirer, to remove her scruples, if I *can*, before I yield up my love to the force of them.'

'Would you *argue* with her on the merits of the two persuasions?'

'I would not. I never did. I would only assure her of my firm resolution never to attempt to bring her over to mine, nor to traverse the endeavours of her confessor, to keep her steady in hers. But were we to consider only her future ease of mind, [You see, my lord, that she herself has a view to that, in the proposal made me, as from herself.] in which the happiness of all your family is included, it is right to see if she builds on a foundation that cannot be shaken; that she may not hereafter regret the steps she has taken, which might possibly—'

'I understand you, chevalier—It is prudently, it is kindly put, as well for her sake, as ours.'

'I shall be glad, my lord, that you should be within hearing of every word that shall pass between us on this occasion. *One* effort I *ought* to make. If she is determined, I will not urge her farther. For all the world, and the dear Clementina in it, I would not have her act against her conscience: nor will I take advantage of the declaration she has repeatedly made, that it is in my power to hold her fast, or to set her free. I will not so much as urge it to her, lest, if she should alter her purpose,

‘ purpose, it should be from the conscience of a kind of promise implied in that declaration, and not from her heart. No, my lord, she shall be *wholly* free. I will not, excellent as she is, accept of her hand against her conscience: neither my conscience, nor, let me say, my pride, will permit me to do so. But the world, as well as my own heart, would blame me, if I made not one effort. If it fail, I shall be easier in my own mind; and so will she in hers. Be you, my lord, within hearing of our next conversation.’

I would not, Dr. Bartlett, propose to Father Marescotti, that *he* should, for fear of making him uneasy, on his listening to what passed between the lady and me.

‘ I can absolutely depend upon your honour, chevalier,’ replied the bishop. ‘ We have brought ourselves to be *sincere* favourers of this alliance with you. But I own to you, that both Father Marescotti and myself, on the unexpected turn my sister has voluntarily taken, are of opinion that you will *both* be happier, if it take not place. The difference in religion; her malady—’

‘ No more, my lord, of this subject. If I cannot succeed, I must endeavour to draw consolation to myself from reason and reflection. Mean time, all I ask is, that you will both acquit me of any supposed breach of condition, as well in your own minds, as to the rest of the family, if I make *this one* effort; after which, if it succeed not, I will, whatever I suffer, divest myself of self, and join with you, and Father Marescotti, to secure the ground gained in the restoration of the noblest of female minds.’

They looked upon each other, as if they were afraid of the event. The father whispered the bishop. I believe, by a word or two that I could not but hear, it was to induce him to place himself so as to hear (as I had proposed) the conversation that was next to pass between the lady and me.

Turning round on their whispering, ‘ Don’t I see Camilla, my lord,’ said I, ‘ at distance, watching our motions, as if she wanted an opportunity to speak to one of us?’

‘ She has been walking for some time within sight,’ said Father Marescotti.

The bishop made signs to her to advance. She did: and told me, that her young lady was desirous to see me.

I followed her. Clementina was alone. Camilla introduced me to her, and withdrew.

She was in great confusion on my approach. Her complexion frequently varied. She looked at me often, and as often turned away her eyes; and sighed. Two or three times she hemm’d, as if she would have cleared her voice; but could not find words to express her labouring mind. It was easy to see, that her perplexity was not favourable to me. I thought it would be cruel not to break the way for her to speak.

‘ Let not my dear Clementina forbear to say all that is in her heart, to the man who greatly prefers her peace of mind to his own.’

‘ I had, I had,’ said she, ‘ a great deal to say before I *saw* you: but now you are *present*—’ She stopt.

‘ Take time to recollect yourself, Madam—I have been talking in the garden to my lord the bishop, and to Father Marescotti. I greatly revere them both. You have consulted them on the contents of the paper you were pleased to put into my hands. I have hopes from *thence*, that you may be made easy in your mind. I will never, dearest Madam, urge you on the article of religion. You shall be absolute mistresses of your own will. You shall prescribe to me what conditions you please, with regard to your way of life, your pleasures, your gratuities to your servants, and others. Father Marescotti and your Camilla with you, you will be as safe from innovation, as you can be in your father’s house.’

‘ Ah, chevalier!’

‘ We may, perhaps, prevail upon your father and mother to honour us with their company, in your first journey to England. They have not been of late so well as it were to be wished: we have baths there of sovereign efficacy, in many disorders. By using them, and change of climate, they will very probably re-

‘ceive benefit in their healths. Jeronymo—’

‘Ah, chevalier!’—She arose from her seat, and re-seated herself, several times, with great emotion. I proceeded.

‘Jeronymo, our dear Jeronymo, I hope will accompany us, and his skilful Lowther. Those baths are restorative.’

‘O chevalier! what a man you are!’—

She stopt, with an air of attention, as if she wished me to proceed.

‘—And when your honoured and beloved friends shall see their Clementina happy, as I am determined she shall be, if all the tenderness of affection I am able to shew, can make her so, how happy will they *all* be!—Your chapel, Madam! Your confessor! Your own servants!’—

‘Ah, Sir! Sir!—Ought I to listen to such temptations, after what I have given you, upon deliberation, in writing?—Good Heaven, and the whole heavenly host, direct me!’

She had recourse to her beads; and her lips, as a word now and then half pronounced informed me, moved to a pater-noster. Again she assumed an attentive air.

‘My sisters, Madam, will revere you. You will have pleasure in calling them *yours*. Their lords are men of the first figure in their country. I ask not for fortune. I ask only for *you*, and you I ask of yourself. My estate is considerable, and improving. The pride I take in being independent, and in the power of obliging, suffers me not to be imprudent with regard to oeconomy. My capital mansion, (I value it for not being a house of yesterday) though not so magnificent as your palace in Bologna, is genteel, spacious, convenient. The paper you gave me, shews me that the grandeur of your soul is equal to that of your birth. I revere you for the pious and noble sentiments contained in it. What obligations will you lay me under to your goodness, if you can prevail upon yourself to rely upon my assurances, that I will *never* seek to make you unhappy on a religious account; and if you can be satisfied with the enjoyment of your own religion, and leave to me the exercise

of mine! Dear Madam, *why may* not this be? *Why* will you not leave me as free as I am ready to leave you? Justice, generosity, are my pleas to a lady, who surely cannot *but* be just and generous. Think, Madam; dear Lady Clementina, think; if you cannot, by making me happy, be yourself so.’

I took her unresisting hand, and kissed it. She sighed. She wept. She was silent.

‘With what pleasure,’ proceeded I, ‘will you every other year visit and revisit England, and your native country! How dear will you be to your old friends, and to your new, in time! Never revisiting England without some of your relations to accompany you; now one, now another; and who will be of our family. Your Grandison, Madam, *allow* me to say *your* Grandison, has not, he presumes to aver, a *narrow* heart. You see how well he can live with the most zealous of your religion, yet not be an hypocrite; but, when called upon, fears not to avow his own—My dearest Clementina! [Again I pressed her hand with my lips.] ‘say, you think you *can* be happy, and yet bless me with your love.’

‘O Sir! God is my witness—But leave me, leave me, for a few moments. I dare not trust myself *with* myself.’

‘Command me not to leave you, Madam, till you resolve in my favour—Say, cannot you be happy in the free exercise of your own religion—Father Marescotti, Camilla with you—In England but one year at a time—In Italy, under the reassuring eye of your father, mother, brothers, the next.’

‘Ah, Sir! you must retire—*Indeed* you must. You leave me not at liberty—You must let me consider—On this crisis of time, as far as I know, depends an eternity of happiness or misery.’

‘Command me not from you: bid me not leave you. Obey the tender impulse that, I flatter myself, I discover in my favour. I seek *your* happiness, in pursuing *my* own. Your eternal welfare *cannot* be endangered. My conscience will oblige me to strengthen *yours*, when I see it

'is yours.—Bid me not leave you—
'Excellent Clementina, bid me not
'leave you!'

'You must, you must!—How can
'I trust myself against a voice, that
'is the voice of love; and claims my
'kindness, my justice, my generosity.
'—Was I ever ungenerous, unjust,
'unkind?—And if thus itagtered
'now, what, were I to be yours,
'would the superadded sense of my
'duty do!—O leave me, Sir, a few mo-
'ments, leave me.'

'Be propitious, Madam, be pro-
'pitious, to my humble hope! that is
'all I will at present say; and now I
'obey you.' Profoundly bowing, I
withdrew into the next apartment: she
to her closet.

I went out slowly; and heard the
hasty motion of somebody going out of
the apartment, as I entered it. It was,
it seems, the bishop, who had placed
himself within hearing of what passed
between his sister and me, as I had
desired he would.

It was a full quarter of an hour be-
fore I heard her move; and then it
was to seek for me.

I was sitting in a pensive mood, re-
volving the embarrassments I had met
with from some of the best of women;
and, as you, my dear Dr. Bartlett,
know, in different countries; and par-
ticularly the unexpected turn which
this excellent creature had taken. She
approached me with an air of majesty,
yet mixed with tendernefs. I met her,
and with a bent knee, taking her
hand—'My fate hangs upon those
'lips,' said I; and was proceeding;
when interrupting me—'O, Sir! I
'hear not, it is not *safe* for me to hear
'that voice, accompanying *this* man-
'ner—Let me bend to you: I have
'been craving the Divine direction.
'An irresistible impulse (surely it is
'that direction) bids me say—Yet
'what can I say?—If I attempt to
'argue, I am lost!—Does not this
'shew me, that were I to be yours, I
'must be all you wish me to be? And
'then my everlasting peace, my ever-
'lasting happiness—O Sir! I doubt
'not *your* justice, *your* generosity—But
'I fear *myself*!—Seek not, let me re-
'peat,' looking a little wildly, 'seek
'not, kindest of men, to entangle me
'with your love.'

She bent her knee, and I was afraid

would have fainted. I clasped my
supporting arms about her.

'Let me, let me cut short all I in-
'tended to say,' said she, 'by referring
'to my paper. The contents of that
'*are not, cannot* be, answered to my
'satisfaction. Be my advocate to
'yourself, to your own heart, and
'seek not to entangle me with your
'love.'

'Whatever it cost me,' (taking
both her hands in mine, and bowing
upon them) 'I will yield to your
'pleasure. I never will urge you
'again on this subject, unless your
'brother the bishop give me hope of
'your welcome change of mind.'

'Best of men!' said she, withdraw-
ing her hands, and clasping them to-
gether—'But this is not enough—
'You must promise me your future
'friendship. You must let me call
'you *brother*: you must be my *tutor*,
'I your *pupil*, once more—Happy
'days were those; the happiest of my
'life! And encourage and confirm in
'me the resolution I have taken, or I
'shall not be happy!'

'Look upon me, Madam, as your
'brother, as your friend: but this
'latter task requires more magnani-
'mity than I am master of. To your
'brother the bishop, and to Father
'Marescotti, I must leave that task.
'They will be in earnest in it. I
'cannot; because I am convinced, in
'my own mind, that we might have
'been happy—Could you—But I for-
'bear, though with difficulty—I have
'promised not to urge you farther.'

'Indeed I have consulted them both,'
resumed she; 'but not before I had
'given you my written determination:
'had they given their opinions *dis-*
'ferent from what they did, I never
'could have got over the apprehen-
'sions I have of your strength, and
'my own weakness. I only consulted
'them, in hopes they would (as they
'could, or they had not been good
'catholicks) confirm and strengthen
'my mind. And why, why, should
'I punish the man, I must for ever
'esteem as my best friend, with a
'wife, that her unhappy malady has
'made unworthy of him?—Dear che-
'valier, I find myself at times not
'recovered. I may never be quite
'well. *You* and *yours* deserve not to
'be punished, but rewarded, Believe
'me,

‘me, Sir, this has been a *second* consideration with me. God enable me to adhere to my resolution! for his sake, for your sake, and for the sake of my own peace of mind!’

Must it not be difficult, my dear Dr. Bartlett, more difficult than when I came over to Bologna, to give up all hopes of so exalted a woman?

‘But say, chevalier, you are not angry with me. Say, that you do not, that you will not, think me ungrateful. To obviate such a charge as that of ingratitude, to a man who has laid us all under such obligations—What is it that I would not do?’

‘I cannot be displeased with you, Madam. You cannot be ungrateful. I must not speak: yet hardly know how to be silent. I will take a walk in the garden. I have a new lesson to learn.’

With profound reverence I withdrew. She rang. Camilla came in.

I hastened into the garden, greatly dissatisfied with myself, yet hardly knowing why. I thought I wanted somebody to accuse, somebody to blame—Yet how could it be Clementina? But the words, ‘*Narrow zeal!—Sweet enthusiast!*’—as if I would find fault with her religion, involuntarily slipped from me to myself.

It is difficult, my dear Dr. Bartlett, at the instant in which the heart finds itself disappointed of some darling hope, to avoid reflections that, however, can only be justified by self-partiality. What must I be, if, led as I have been, by all her friends to hope, I had not been *earnest* in my hope!

The bishop joined me in the garden—‘Excuse me, Grandison,’ said he, ‘for breaking in upon your contemplations: but I was desirous to apologize to you, for taking the liberty, though you allowed it to me, of attending to what passed between you and my sister.’

‘I should, my lord, have said every thing I did say to your sister, the occasion the same, before your whole assembled family. Your lordship has therefore no apologies to make to me. Heard you all that passed?’

‘I believe I did. Those apartments were always the women’s. Camilla placed me in a closet that I knew not

of, where I heard every word you both said of the last part of your conversation. I must ask you, chevalier—Is not Clementina—’

‘Clementina, my lord, is all that is great and good in woman. You will imagine, that it would have been much more easy for me to support myself under the resolution she has taken, had I not had such testimonies of her magnanimity. Permit me, my lord, to say, that I have one good quality: I can admire goodness or greatness wherever I meet with it; and that whether it makes for me, or against me. Clementina has all my reverence.’

He made me compliments, and withdrew.

The marquis, the count, and the marchioness, afterwards joined me in the garden. The bishop and Father Marescotti not coming with them, or presently after them, I doubted not but they went to Clementina, in order to applaud her for, and confirm her in, a resolution, which must be agreeable to them.

I was right in my conjecture.

The marquis and count each took my hand, and first expressed their surprize at the young lady’s adherence to her resolution; and next their high value of me. The marchioness observed, that her daughter, with all her excellences, was ever difficult of persuasion, when she had deliberately resolved upon any point.

It was easy, I said, to see, that they all now were of one opinion; which was, that Lady Clementina was not to be moved from her present purpose.

They owned they were: but said, that if it were not *mine*, they thought themselves bound in honour to consent, that I should try, by generous means, (and they were sure I would not think of any other) to prevail upon her in my favour.

‘I presume,’ said I, ‘that the bishop has already acquainted you with the substance of what passed just now, between Lady Clementina and me?’

They were silent.

‘Has not your ladyship seen Lady Clementina since?’

‘I have: and she is extremely uneasy. She wishes you could be of our religion. Could it have been so, I, for my part, should rather have called
‘the

‘ the Chevalier Grandison my son, than any man in the world. Clementina told me,’ added she, (‘ I cannot but say with more composure than I could have expected, though not without tears) that you promised to urge her no more on this subject. She owns, that more than once, as you talked to her, she could hardly forbear giving you her hand, on your own terms. But she says, that you were the most generous of men, when you saw she made a point of conscience of her adherence to her newly-taken resolution. And now, chevalier, having made my lord and the count acquainted with all these things, we are come to advise with you what is to be done.’

‘ Dear Grandison,’ said the marquis, advise us. We want an opportunity to shew you, in more than words, our gratitude for all your goodness to us: we want to appease our Jeronymo; who is ready to suspect, that his brother and Father Marefcotti have contributed to this turn of our daughter’s mind: and we want you to declare freely your own sentiments, with regard to Clementina; and whether you would advise us, as well for her own sake, as for yours, to endeavour to prevail on her to change her mind. Dear creature! a relapse would now be fatal to her, and to her mother and me.’

‘ I have no difficulty, my lord, to answer to these points. As to the first, I am greatly rewarded by the pleasure I have, in the more than could be hoped for happy effects of Mr. Lowther’s skill; and in the prospects that open to us of Lady Clementina’s restored health of mind. On this subject I have but one request to make: it is, that you will not mortify me so much, as to *suppose*, that I am not sufficiently rewarded.

‘ As to appeasing the generous mind of Signor Jeronymo, let that task be Lady Clementina’s. She can plead conscience with more force for herself, than any second person can do for her; and if she does, it will be a demonstration to us all, of her being likely to be happy in her perseverance!—More happy than I shall be! The admirable lady who has silenced, on this head, a man so deeply interested to contest this point with her,

‘ will certainly be able to appease a brother by the same pleas; and the sooner, as, being of the same religion with the lovely pleader, her arguments will have greater force with *him*, than they could be supposed to have on *me*. For, let me say, my lord, that I could not so much as *seem* to give way to them, had I not been accustomed, when I was to judge of another’s actions, to suppose myself that very person: hence have I often thought myself obliged to give judgment against my own wishes; though, on resuming MYSELF, I have not found reason to disapprove my first expectation.

‘ As to the third point, what can I say?—And yet, as your lordship has put it, does it not call upon me, as I may say, to give a *proof* of the disinterestedness I have mentioned? I answer then, as supposing myself in *your* situation—I cannot expect that you will urge an interest, which I, by having put myself into that of Lady Clementina, have promised *not* to urge, unless she change her mind. What plea can a parent make use of, but that of *filial duty*? And where the child can plead *conscience* in answer, ought it to be insisted on?

‘ And now,’ resuming MYSELF, let me presume to advise you to give the dear lady full time to consider and *re-consider* the case. Her imagination may be heated: in other words, her malady may have a share in the heroism she has so nobly exerted; and yet I am afraid she will persevere.—Permit me, my lords, to say, *afraid*: I cannot wholly divest myself of self, in this very affecting case. We will not, therefore, take her at her word: I will absent myself for some time from Bologna; but (as she has the goodness to acknowledge an esteem for me) with *her* leave. I will return at my time. I will *repeat* my absences, if we have the least shadow of doubt. But if she hold her purpose, and shall not be visibly worse in her health or mind, we may conclude her resolution unalterable. In this case, I shall have one or two requests to lay before you; and, if granted, will endeavour to make myself as happy as a man in such a situation can be.’

They applauded my advice. They declared themselves unwilling to think

of giving up the pleasure they had brought themselves to have, in considering me as one of their family; and assured me, that it would have been impossible, that any the least difficulty should have arisen from them, after they had brought themselves to dispense with the most material one.

They were earnest with me to pass the evening with them. But I excused myself. I wanted to be at my own lodgings, in order to revolve all that had passed. But having not taken leave of Lady Clementina, I imagined she might think I went away in ill humour, if I forbore it. My whole study, I told them, should be to make Lady Clementina easy: and if the marchioness would be so good as to permit me to take leave of her for the evening, in her presence, I would depart; only making my compliments to Signor Jeronymo, by Mr. Lowther; knowing that he would be grieved for my disappointment; and my mind not being at present easy enough, to contend with his concern for me.

The marchioness said, she would see in what way her Clementina then was; and acquaint me, by Camilla, with her wishes. She withdrew, leaving the marquis, the count, and me, together.

Before we could renew our discourse, the bishop and Father Marecotti joined us; both in high spirits. They were excessively complaisant to me. It was easy to guess at the occasion of their good humour. I could not be greatly delighted with it. But when the count told them what had passed, before they joined us, the bishop embraced me; the father unawares snatched my hand, and kissed it.

I was glad to be relieved from their compliments, by the expected message from the marchioness and Clementina.

The young lady met me, as I entered, at the door of her apartment. She held out her hand to me. I respectfully took it. I saw she had been in tears: but she looked with a serenity, that I was glad to see, though I doubted not but it was partly owing to the conversation she had had, since I left her, with her brother and her confessor, as well as to what might have passed between her mother and her.

She led me to a chair between them both. She withdrew not her hand; and aimed at a more cheerful countenance

than I had a heart. I congratulated her on her serenity. 'It is in your power,' Sir, said she, 'to make me still more serene—Can you, of a truth, and from your heart, approve of my present way of thinking? Can you, chevalier?'

'I can admire you for it, Madam. You have exalted yourself, in my opinion. But I *must* regret it—Because—But I have promised not to urge you. Your conscience, Madam, is concerned—To endeavour but to *persuade* against conscience, if you have no doubt of your motive, is not warranted, even in a parent.'

'I am, I *think* I am,' returned she, 'absolutely sure of my motive.—But, my dear mamma, be pleased to put the questions I wished you to put to the chevalier.'

She still suffered me to withhold her hand; and with the other took out her handkerchief; not to wipe away her tears, but to hide her blushes. She wept not: her bosom heaved with the grandeur of her sentiments.

'The question, my dear Grandison,' said the marchioness, 'is this—We have all of us told my Clementina, that you are invincible on the article of religion. She believes us; she doubts it not from your *behaviour* and *words*; but as she would not omit any means to convince you of her high regard for you, she is desirous to hear from your own lips, that you are *not* to be convinced: she is not afraid, the article so important, to hear you declare, that you will not be a catholic. It will make her more easy, upon reflection, to be told by you *yourself*, that you *cannot* comply, even were she to consent to be yours, at a very short day, if you *could*—'

The exalted lady stood up, still not withdrawing her hand—'False shame, I despise thee!' said she: yet, covered with blushes, she turned her face from me—'That hand, as *this* heart,' putting her other hand to her throbbing bosom, 'is yours, on that one condition—I am convinced of your affection for me—But fear not to tell me (it is for my own future peace of mind that I ask it) that you cannot accept it on the terms.'

She then withdrew her hand, and would have gone from me: but again I snatched it with both of mine.

‘Do you, most excellent of human beings, let me ask you, do you consider the inequality of the case between us, as you are pleased to put it? I presume not to require a change of principles in you. You are only afraid of your perseverance, though you are to be left to your freedom; and your confessor to strengthen and confirm you. Of me, is not an actual change required against conviction?—Dearest Lady Clementina! Can you, can you (your mind great and generous in every other case) insist upon a condition so unequal?—Be great throughout;’ and I kneeled to her—‘Be uniformly noble—Withdraw not your hand.’

She struggled it, however, from me; and, hastening to her closet—‘Once more, chevalier,’ said she, ‘read my paper.’

I left her, and approaching the marchioness, who was in tears, ‘Judge me, Madam,’ said I, ‘as I, in your opinion, deserve—What shall I say?—I can urge my hopes no farther; my promise is against me; Clementina is despotick—Forgive me!—But indeed Clementina is *not* impartial—’

‘Dear chevalier,’ said the marchioness, giving me her hand, ‘what can I say?—I admire you! I glory in my child! I could not, myself in her place, have withstood your plea. When her imagination is cool, I still question if *she* will hold her purpose.—Propose to her, if you can engage her to descend from these heights, your intended absence—*You* must calm her. *You only* can. Her soul is wrought up to too high a pitch.’

‘O Madam! But I must first try to quiet my own.’

I withdrew into the room adjoining; and in a few minutes returning, found the lovely daughter encircled by the arms of the indulgent mother, both in tears. Clementina was speaking. These were the words I heard her say.

‘Indeed, my dearest mamma, I am *not* angry with the chevalier. Why should I? But he can allow for me. I cannot be so great as he. Don’t I say, that I should be undone by his goodness?’

She turned her head, and seeing me, disengaged herself from her mother’s

arms, and met me. ‘Allow for me, Sir, I beseech you,’ said she. ‘I may be partial. I believe I *am*; but you can forgive me; I will *hope* you can. —*Read my paper,*” said I, and went from you: but it was not in anger. *Read it,* I again say. I can give no other answer. I never can be happy with a man whom I think a heretick; and the moment I should, in tenderness, in duty, think him *not* one, I shall cease myself to be a catholic. A husband, Sir, allied to perdition, what wife can bear the reflection.’

‘The chevalier, my dear, urges you not. He adheres to his promise. You were willing to put a question to him yourself. I consented that he should answer it in your presence, for the sake of your future peace of mind. He has spoken to it like himself: he has shewn you, how much he admires you, at the same time that he signifies his inviolable adherence to his own religion. My dearest love, he has conceded to terms in our favour that we have not conceded to in his. Glorious and unexceptionable in his adherence, were it to a *right* religion. He *believes* it is. He might urge much to his own advantage from your adherence to yours: but he has only hinted at that to *us*, not to *you*. He is willing to wait the event of your will. He will leave us, as he did more than once before, and return; and if you persevere, he will endeavour to make himself easy.’

‘And leave us; and return to England, I suppose?’

‘No doubt of it, my dear.’

‘While the Florentine is there?’—

‘I never, Madam, can be any thing but a well-wisher to the Florentine.’

‘God give you, Sir, and me too, ease of mind. But I find my head overstrained. It is bound round as with a cord, I think,’ putting her hands to each side of it, for a moment—‘You must leave me, Sir. But if you will see me to-morrow morning, and tell me whither you intend to go, and what you intend to do, I shall be obliged to you. Cannot we talk together, Sir, as brother and sister? or as tutor and pupil?—Those were happy days! Let us try to recover them.’

She put her hand to her forehead, as apprehensive of disorder; and looked

discomposed. I bowed to both ladies, in silence; retired; and without endeavouring to see any body else, went to my lodgings.

LETTER XXIX.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON. IN CONTINUATION.

BOLOGNA, THURSDAY, JULY 13-24.

I Had a visit early this morning from the Count of Belvedere. He found me very much indisposed. He had heard that I met with some difficulties, and attributed my indisposition to them.

I owned that it might be so. 'My life, my lord,' said I, 'has not been so happy as might have been hoped for, by a man who has made it his study to avoid giving offence, either to man or woman; and has endeavoured to restrain passions, that otherwise might have been as unruly as those of other young men, in my circumstances. But, I bless God, I have resolution. I may bend beneath a weight, when it is *first* laid upon me; but if I find I cannot shake it off, I will endeavour to collect my strength, and make myself easy under it. Pardon me, my lord: I do not often allow my mind to break out thus into words; but I hold the Count of Belvedere for my friend.'

'You do me honour,' said he: 'and I came with a heart disposed to cultivate your friendship. I thank you for your last goodness to me. Your advice and gentle behaviour, when I was not fit to be trusted with myself, have saved me, as far as I know, from final destruction. To the last day of my life, I shall confess obligation to you. But, dear chevalier, if some account of the difficulties you meet with, will not be a renewal of grief, now you are not very well—'

'It will not be so, my lord,' interrupted I, 'since at present I can think of nothing else. Yet putting myself in the place of every one of the family of Porretta, I have nobody to blame; but the contrary. And I must admire Lady Clementina as one of the noblest of women.'

He was all impatience for farther particulars.

'What may yet be the event, I cannot tell,' proceeded I; 'therefore will only say, that difference in religion is the difficulty with the lady. I am willing to allow her the full and free exercise of hers. She insists upon a change of mine. For the rest, you, my lord, want not friends among the principals of the family; let *them* give you what account they think fit. I would not scruple to gratify your curiosity, could I give you a conclusive one.'

'I am curious, chevalier,' said he. 'I loved Clementina above all women, *before* her illness. I loved her not the less *for* her illness; for then my pity joined with my love, and added a tenderness to it, of which I had not, in equal degree, been before sensible. The treatment she met with, and the self-interested cruelty of Lady Laurana, heightened her illness, and that (I did not think it possible) my love. In order to free her from that treatment; and in hopes that a different one (my hopes you see were not ill founded) would restore her reason; and that the happy result might be the defeating of the cruel Laurana's expectations; I tendered myself in marriage to her, notwithstanding her illness. But I must say, that I never knew how much I loved her, till I was apprehensive that, not only I, but Italy, and her religion, were likely to lose her for ever. And will you not allow of my curiosity now? God give you, chevalier, health and happiness here and hereafter! But may you never be the husband of Clementina, but of some woman of your own country, if there be one in it that can deserve you!'

The count left me with this wish, pronounced with earnestness; and I suppose will visit the bishop and Father Marefcott, in order to gratify his curiosity.

My indisposition requiring indulgence, I sent a billet to the marchioness, excusing my attendance till the afternoon, on the score of an unexpected engagement. I was loth to mention that I was not very well, lest it should be thought a lover-like artifice, to move compassion. I will not owe my success, even with a Clementina, to mean

mean contrivances. You know I have pride, my dear friend—Pride which your example has not been able to subdue, though it has sometimes made me ashamed of it.

ONE O'CLOCK.

CAMILLA, by direction of her two ladies, made me a visit about two hours ago. They were alarmed at my postponing my attendance on Lady Clementina till the afternoon; suspecting that the Count of Belvedere had unwelcomely engaged me; and therefore sent the worthy woman to know the true cause. Camilla observing that I looked ill, I desired her to take no notice of it to any body: but she could not help acquainting the marchioness with it; who, ordering her to forbear mentioning it to Clementina and Jeronymo, was so good, attended by Father Marefcotti, to make me a visit in person.

Never was mother more tender to her own son, than she was to me. The father expressed a paternal affection for me. I made light of the illness, being resolved, if possible, to attend them in the afternoon. My mind, my dear friend, is disturbed. I want to be at a certainty: yet, from what the marchioness hinted, I believe I have no reason to doubt. The father and the bishop have spared no pains, I dare say, to strengthen the lady's scruples. Their whole study (the marchioness intimated) is now, in what manner to acknowledge their obligations to me.

They owe me none.

'My dear chevalier,' said she, at parting, 'take care of your health.' She put her hand on mine—'Your precious health. Don't think of coming out. We will in turn attend you here.'

* *

NOTWITHSTANDING the advice of the marchioness, I went to the palace of Porretta as soon as I thought their dinner-time was over. Signor Jeronymo desired to be alone with me for a few minutes; and when he was, began upon the subject of the unexpected turn which his sister had taken. I found, that he had been acquainted with the truth of every thing: not a single circumstance was omitted, that might enable him to judge fairly of the whole.

'And will you, Grandison, *can* you, my dear friend,' said he, 'have the goodness to attend with patience the event of this dear girl's heroism, or what shall I call it?'

I assured him that the restoration of his sister's health of mind was the dearest to me of all considerations; and that I came over at first with no other hopes than *his* recovery and *hers*; resolved to leave to Providence all the rest.

The marchioness came in soon after, and taking me aside, chid me with tenderness even maternal for coming abroad. The rest of the family soon joined us; and then they all, as with one voice, offered to use their interest with Clementina in my favour, if either my peace of mind, or my health, were likely to be affected by her present resolution.

While there was *conscience* in it, I answered, I would not for the world, that she should be urged to change it. Nothing now, as I believed, remained to be done, but to try the firmness of her resolution, by first short, and then longer absences: and those I would propose to herself, if they thought fit, when I was next admitted to her presence.

Jeronymo, and all the family, I saw were of one mind. Tell me, *say*, my dear Dr. Bartlett, is it excusable in a man, who has been so long favoured by your conversation, and *should* have been benefited by your example, who have behaved so greatly in disappointments, and even persecutions, to find in himself a pride that, at the instant, had almost carried him into petulance, when he saw every one of this family appear to be more pleased than displeased, that he was not likely to be allied to them?—Who yet, when he coolly considers, and puts himself in the case of each individual of it, must acknowledge, that they might well be allowed to rejoice (the great article religion *out* of the question) in hope of keeping her among them in her native country; and the more, because of the unhappy disorder of her mind; and out of a distant one, obnoxious to them all, as England is? Would not my own father and mother, would not I myself, have equally rejoiced in such a turn in the affections of a sister of my own; especially if we had complied

with her principally from motives of compassion, and contrary to the interests of our family?

The marchioness conducted me to the young lady. She received me with a blush, as a person would do another whom she was sensible she had causelessly disappointed. She took notice, after the first emotion, that I seemed not to be well, and cast an eye of compassion on me. A slight indisposition, I said, that might, perhaps, be owing to my late inactivity and want of exercise. I had thoughts of once more making the tour of Italy, in order to visit the many kind friends at different courts, who had honoured me with their notice during my former abode there.

'How long do you propose to be absent, Sir?'

'Perhaps a month, Madam.'

'A month, Sir!'—She sighed, and looked down.

'Signor Jeronymo, I hope,' said I, 'will correspond with me.'

'I could almost wish,' said she—'Pardon me, Madam!' to her mother—and looked bashfully down.

'What would my child wish?'

'That I might correspond with the chevalier in his absence—As his sister, as his pupil, I think I might.'

'You will do me, Madam, the highest honour—Dear Madam,' to the marchioness, 'may I not have your interest with Lady Clementina, to engage her to pursue her kind hint?'

'By all means.—My dearest love, it will not misbecome you in any character, whether as pupil, as sister, or friend, to write to such a man as the Chevalier Grandison.'

'Perhaps then I may,' said she. 'You, Madam, shall see all that passes in this correspondence.'

'That shall be as you please, my love. I can absolutely depend upon the chevalier's generosity and your prudence.'

'I should chuse, Madam,' said I, 'that you should see all that passes. As amusement is principally my view in this tour, I can be punctual to place and time.'

'But shall you be gone a month, Sir?'

'As much less, Madam, as you shall command.'

'Nay, as things are circumstanced,

'it is not for me—' She stooped, sighed, and looked down.

'You, Madam, are above unnecessary reserve. I never yet abused a confidence. I am proud of your good opinion. I never will do any thing to forfeit it. Whatever shall be your pleasure, *that* signify to me in the letters you will favour me with. I will be all grateful obedience.'

'Whither, Sir, do you intend to go first?'

'To Florence, Madam—'

'To Florence, Sir?—But Lady Olivia, I think, is *not* there—To Mrs. Beaumont, I suppose?'

'I will send you, Madam, from Florence, the beginning letter of the hoped-for correspondence. I will be careful to be within distance of receiving your favour in a very short space, by means of a servant, whom I will leave at Florence, to attend to our correspondence.'

'And when, Sir, do you leave Bologna?'

'I will now take leave of my new correspondent, and my dear friends here; and dispose myself for my little route.'

She looked at her mother; then at me—again sighed, blushed, and looked down—'Well, Sir,' was all she said.

'Will you not drink chocolate with us to-morrow?' said the marchioness.

I excused myself. As I was not well, I thought I *might* be obliged to keep my chamber for two or three days; and that therefore it was better to take leave of her then, that I might not give them anxiety, for their own sakes, on a supposal, that I owed my indisposition to my disappointment. And yet, Dr. Bartlett—But you know my heart, and all its imperfections: and will you not, on this extraordinary occasion, allow me to give way to my native pride, for my own sake? Who but must admire the exalted mind of this young lady? What man would not wish her to be his?—But to covet a relation to a family, however illustrious, however worthy, every one of which wishes, and with *reason* on his side, that it may not take place—I must, if possible—But a few weeks will now determine my fate—I will

not leave *them* or *myself*, if I can help it, any cause of regret.

I took a solemn leave of Clementina. She wept at parting; and dropping down on one knee, prayed for a blessing to attend me wherever I went.

Had *not* my indisposition lowered my spirits, I should have been affected at the solemnity and grace of her manner. The marchioness was.

I went from her to Jeronymo. I left it to his mother to tell him all that had passed; and took almost as ardent a leave of him. I desired a visit from Mr. Lowther; and left my compliments for all the rest of a family that I ever must highly respect.

THURSDAY, JULY 13-24.

I TOOK, by advice, a medicine over night, that composed me. I had wanted rest. I am much better, and preparing for my journey to Florence. I have returned answer that I *am*, to enquiries made after my health by the whole family. The bishop excused his personal attendance, on the count's sudden resolution to set out for Urbino; and insisting on his and Father Marefcott's accompanying him thither for a few days.

Camilla came to me from her two ladies, and the marquis. All three, she told me, were indisposed. Their enquiries after my health were very tender: the marquis bid her tell me, that he hoped to be well enough to make me a visit before I set out. Jeronymo wished to see me first, if I had opportunity. But, as I probably must, if I go, see Lady Clementina, and another solemn parting will follow, I think it will be best, for *both* our sakes, as well as for Jeronymo's, not to obey him; and so I hinted by Camilla.

The Count of Belvedere has made me a visit. He is setting out for Parma. Not one word passed his lips about Lady Clementina, or her family. He was very earnest with me to promise him a visit at his palace. I gave him room to expect me. By his silence on a subject so near his heart, as well as by the very great respect he paid me, I have no reason to doubt but he knows the situation I am in with Clementina: *she* will have *his* prayers, I dare say, for perseverance in her present way of thinking. Indeed, now, *every body's* of her family—for who

can doubt the general's? She would have had *mine* to the same purpose the more sincerely, had they not all joined to indulge my hopes; and had *she* not given such instances of the noblest of female minds.

But, how great soever may be the occasion given me for fortitude, by a resolution so unexpected by every body from Lady Clementina, I cannot be deprived of all pleasure; since the contents of my last packets, as well those from Paris as from England, afford me a great deal.

Every thing is done at Paris, that I could have wished, in relation to Mr. Danby's legacy.

Lord W. lets me know, that he thinks himself every day happier than in the past with his lady; who also subscribes to the same acknowledgment.

Our Beauchamp tells me, that he wants only my company to make him the happiest of men. He requests me to write a letter of thanks, in my own name, to Lady Beauchamp, on his dutiful acknowledgment to me of her kindness to him. I will with pleasure comply; and the sooner, as I am sure that gratitude for past benefits, and not expectation of new ones, is his motive.

He laments in postscript, that his father is taken with a threatening disorder. I am sorry for it. Methinks I am interested in the life and health of Sir Harry Beauchamp. I hope he will long enjoy the happiness of which his son says he is extremely sensible. Should he die, the lady will be a great deal in my Beauchamp's power, large as her jointure is. If, on such an event, he be not as obliging to her, as he now is, and forget not all past obligations, I shall not have the opinion of his heart that I now have. Our Beauchamp wants but the trial of prosperity (a much more arduous one than that of adversity) to be upon full proof an excellent man.

Lady Mansfield, with equal joy and gratitude, acquaints me, that only my presence in England is wanting to bring to a decision every point that now remains in debate with her adversaries, the Keelings; they having shewn themselves inclinable, by the mediation of Sir John Lambton, to compromise on the terms I had advised *she* should get proposed,

proposed, as from me; and the wicked Belton having also made proposals, that perhaps ought to be accepted, if he cannot be brought to amend them.

Two of Emily's letters of distant date are come together. I will write to the dear girl by the next mail, and let her know how much absence endears to me my friends.

You give me joy, my dear Dr. Bartlett, in acquainting me with the happiness of Lord and Lady G. I will write to my Charlotte upon it, and thank her for the credit she does me by her affectionate behaviour to that honest and obliging man.

How happy are you, my dear friend, and Lord and Lady G. and Emily, at Miss Byron's! I am charmed with the characters you give me of her family.

But I have letters brought by the same mail, that are not so agreeable as those I have taken notice of. They are from Lady Olivia, and my poor cousin Grandison.

That unhappy woman *is* to be my disturbance! She is preparing, she says, to come back to Italy. She execrates: she threatens. Poor woman!—But no more of her at present.

My cousin is, by this time, I suppose, at Paris. He writes, that he was on the point of setting out, in pursuance of my advice; and will wait there for my direction to proceed to Italy, or not. I shall write to him to continue at Paris till he hears farther from me; and, at the same time, to some of my friends there, to make France agreeable to him.

I shall not perhaps write again very soon. Letters from England will, however, find an easy access, directed to me, under cover, to Mrs. Beaumont at Florence, as you know how.

I shall be pretty much in motion, if health permit. I shall take a view of the works projecting by the Duke of Modena, in order to render his little signory considerable. I shall visit the Count of Belvedere at Parma. Mrs. Beaumont and her friends will have more of my company than any other persons. Perhaps I may make a long requested visit to the Altieri family, at Urbino. If I do, I must not put a slight on the Conte della Porretta, who pressing invited me thither. I think to pass a few days at Rome. If I go from thence to Naples, I shall

perhaps once more, in the general's company, visit Portici, in order to make more accurate observations than I have hitherto done, on those treasures of antiquity which have been discovered in the ancient Herculaneum.

I have a private intimation from Milan, that a visit there would be a welcome one to Lady Sforza. I may possibly take that city in my way, when I quit Italy. But how can I, without indignation, see the cruel Laurana?

Thus, my dear and reverend friend, have I given you an imperfect sketch of my present intentions, as to passing the month that I think of absenting myself from Bologna.

It is a long time since I have been able to tell you beforehand, with regard to some of the most material articles of my life, what I *will* or *will* not do. Yet, knowing my own motives, I cannot say, that were the last three or four years of it to come over again, I should have acted otherwise than I have done. Do you, my reverend friend, with that freedom which has been of inexpressible use to me, remind me, if I am too ready to acquit myself. You know (I repeat) all the secrets of my heart. Be not partial to your sincere friend. I write not to be praised, but corrected. Don't flatter my vanity; I am yet but a young man. You have not blamed me a great while: I am for this reason a little diffident of the ground I stand upon; but if you have no *material* fault to recollect, spare yourself the trouble of telling me so: having thus renewed my call upon you, for your friendly admonition, I will look upon your silence as an acquittal, so far as I have gone; and we will begin, from the date of your next, a new account. In the mean time, be not concerned for my health. I am much better than I was. My mind was weakened by suspense. I long since thought the crisis near. If it be not already overpast, a few weeks must surely determine it.

I am not in haste to send this packet. A week hence Sir Alexander Nesbit will set out directly for England. He has a great desire of being acquainted with my dear Dr. Bartlett, and requests me to give him a commission, that may introduce him to you. I would not, however, have

delayed

delayed sending you these letters by a speedier conveyance, had my destiny in this country been absolutely determined.

Sir Alexander is a worthy man: as such, wants not a recommendation to my dear and reverend friend, from his

CHARLES GRANDISON.

LETTER XXX.

LADY G. TO MISS BYRON.

[WITH THE PRECEDING SEVEN LETTERS OF SIR CHARLES.]

GROSVENOR SQUARE,
MONDAY, AUG. 7.

GOOD God, my dear!—I dispatch a packet to you; received, a few hours ago, from Dr. Bartlett, with desire of forwarding it to you. My sister was with me. We read the letters together. I dispatch them by an express messenger: what shall we say? Tell me, Harriet. More suspense still. Dear creature, tell me all you think of the contents of this packet. If I enter into the particulars, I shall never have done scribbling. Adieu, my love!

CHARLOTTE G.

Return the letters, when perused. I want to study them before the doctor has them back.

LETTER XXXI.

MISS BYRON, TO LADY G.

SELEY-HOUSE, FRIDAY, AUG. 11.

TELL you, my dear Lady G. all I think of the contents of the packet you so kindly sent me by an express messenger?—What will you say to me, if I do? I can much better tell you what all my friends here say of them. They are for congratulating me upon those contents. But can I congratulate myself? Can I receive their congratulations?—A woman! an angel!—So much more worthy of Sir Charles Grandison, than the poor Harriet Byron can be!—O how great is Clementina, how little am I, in my own eyes! The lady will still be his. She must. She shall. She will change

her mind. So earnest he! So fervently in love with him, she!—Who will presume to hope a place in his affections after her? My pride, my dear, is all up. Can I? How mean will any one now appear in his eyes, when he thinks of his Clementina? And who can be contented with half a heart? Nay, *not* half a one, if he does justice to this wonder of a woman? It was always my consolation, when I looked upon him as lost to myself, that it was to a person of superior merit.

But who can forbear pitying the glorious man! O my dear, I am lost in the subject! I know not what to say. Were I to tell you what I thought, what were my emotions, as I read now his generous pity for the Count of Belvedere—Now his affectionate and respectful address to the noble lady—Her agitations of mind, previous to the delivery of her paper to him—That paper, the contents so greatly surpassing all that I had read of woman!—yet so much of a piece with the conduct she shewed, when the struggle between her religion and her love cost her her reason—His equal steadiness in his religion so nobly firm—yet towards her so delicate—In short, the whole of his conduct and hers, in the various lights in which they appeared in the different conversations with her, with her family—Were I to tell you, I say, what I thought, and what were my emotions, as I read, a volume would not be sufficient; nor know I what measure would contain my tears. Suffice it to say, that I was not able to rise in two days and nights; and it has been with the greatest difficulty, that I obtained pen and ink, and leave to write; and the physician talks of confining me to my chamber for a week to come.

Sir Charles cries out upon suspense:—Indeed it is a grievous thing.

You will observe, that in these last letters he mentions *me* but once; and that is, in making me a compliment on the favour which the beloved *four* conferred upon me, and all of us, in the visit you were so good as to make us. And why do you think I take notice of this?—Not from petulance, I assure you: but for the praise of his justice as well as delicacy: for, could Sir Charles Grandison excusably, (if,

on

on other occasions, he remembered the
 that girl whom he rescued; could he
 exactly, I say) while his soul was
 agitated by his own suspense, occa-
 sioned by the uncommon greatness of
 Clementina's behaviour, think of any
 other woman in the world?

But you see, my Charlotte, that
 the excellent man *has been*, perhaps *is*,
 greatly indisposed. Can we wonder
 at it? Such a prize in view, so many
 difficulties as he had to struggle with;
 overcome; yet, at last, a seemingly
 insuperable one arising from the lady
 herself, and from motives that in-
 creased his admiration of her! But a
 woman may be eloquent from grief
 and disappointment; when a man,
 though his nobler heart is torn in pieces,
 must hardly complain.—How do I pity
 the distresses of a manly heart!

But should this noble lady, on his
 return to Bologna, after a month's
 absence, hold her purpose, unless he
 changes his religion, I will tell you
 my thoughts of what will probably be
 the result. He will not marry at all.
 If he cannot love another woman, as
 well as he does Clementina, *ought* he?
 And who can equally deserve his love?
 Have we not heard from himself, as
 well as from Dr. Bartlett, that all the
 troubles he has had, have proceeded
 from our sex? It is true, that men
 and women can hardly ever have any
great troubles, but what must arise
 from each other. And *his* have arisen
 from good women too, (I hope Lady
 Olivia is not deliberately bad.) And
 why should so good a man continue to
 subject himself to the petulance, to the
 foibles, of us wayward women, who
 hardly know our own minds, as Sig-
 nor Jeronymo told his friend, when
 our wishes are in our power?

But, sick or well, you see Sir Charles
 Grandison loses not his spirit. His
 enlarged heart can rejoice in the hap-
 piness of his friends. 'I *will* have
 joy,' said he once to me. And must
 he not have it in the hopes of recovery
 of his friend Jeronymo? In the resto-
 ration of the admirable Clementina?
 And in the happiness those recoveries
 must give to a worthy and illustrious
 family? Let me enumerate, from him,
 the pleasure he enjoys, in the felicity

he has given to many; though he *can*
 not be, in himself, the happy person
 he makes others. Is he not delighted
 with the happiness of Lord and Lady
 W.? Of his Beauchamp, and his
 Beauchamp's father and mother?—Of
 Lady Mansfield, and her family?
 With yours and Lord G.'s happiness?
 Does it not rejoice you, my dear, to
 have it in your power to contribute to
 the pleasure of such a brother? And
 how great, how honourable, how con-
 siderate, how delicate, is his behaviour
 to the noble Clementina; how patient,
 how disinterested, with her family!
 How ready to enter into their senti-
 ments, and to allow for them, though
 against himself! But he is prudent;
 he sees before him at a great distance:
 he is resolved to have nothing to re-
 proach himself with, in future, that
 he can obviate at present. But is not
 his conduct such, as would make a
 considerate person, who has any con-
 nections with him, tremble? Since if
 there be a fault *between* them, it must
 be *all* that person's; and he will not,
 if it be possible for him to avoid it, be
 a sharer in it? Do you think, my dear,
 that had he been the first man, he
 would have been so complaisant to his
 Eve as *Milton makes Adam*, [So con-
 trary to that part of his character,
 which made him accuse the woman to
 the Almighty*.]—to taste the forbid-
 den fruit, because he would not be
 separated from her, in her punishment,
 though all *posterity* were to suffer by
 it?—No; it is my opinion, that your
 brother would have had gallantry
 enough to his fallen spouse, to have
 made him extremely regret her lapse;
 but that he would have done *his own*
duty, and left it to the Almighty, if
 such had been his pleasure, to have
 annihilated his first Eve, and given
 him a second—But, my dear, do I
 not write strangely? I would be cheer-
 ful, if I could, because you are so
 kind as to take pains to make me so:
 but, on re-perusing what I have writ-
 ten, I am afraid that you have taught
 me to think oddly. Tell me truth,
 Charlotte: is not what has last slipped
 from my pen, more in Lady G.'s man-
 ner, than in that of *her*

HARRIET BYRON?

* 'The woman that thou gavest me, tempted me, and I did eat.'

* One line more; and no more, my dear, my indulgent aunt Selby!—They won't let me write on, Charlotte, when I had a thousand things further to say, on the contents of this important packet; or I should not have concluded so uncharacteristically.

LETTER XXXII.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, TO LADY CLEMENTINA DELLA PORRETTA.

FLORENCE, JULY 18-29.

I Begin, dear and admirable Lady Clementina, the permitted correspondence, with a due sense of the favour done me in it: yet, *can* I say, that it is not a painful favour? Was ever man before circumstanced as I am?—Permitted to admire the noblest and most amiable of women, and even generously allowed to look upon himself as a man esteemed, perhaps *more* than esteemed, by her, and her illustrious family; yet in honour forbidden to solicit for a blessing that once was designed for him; and which he is not accused of demeriting by misbehaviour, or by assuming an appearance that he made not good—Excellent lady! Am I other than you ever had reason to think me, in my manners, in my principles? Did I ever endeavour to unsettle you in your attachments to the religion of your country? No, Madam: invincibly attached as I knew you were to that religion, I contented myself with avowing my own; and indeed should have thought it an ill requital for the protection I enjoyed from the civil and ecclesiastical powers, and a breach of the laws of hospitality, had I attempted to unsettle the beloved daughter of a house so firmly likewise attached, as they always were, to their principles. From *such* a conduct, could this beloved daughter doubt the free exercise of her religion, had she—

But, hushed be the complainings, that my expostulating heart will hardly be denied to dictate to my pen! Have I not said, that I *will be* all you wish me to be—All *hope*, or all *acquiescence*—Forgive me, Madam—forgive me, dear and ever to be respected fa-

mily—that yet I use the word *hope*. Such a prize almost in possession—can I *forbear* to say, hope?—Yet do I not at the same time promise acquiescence?—Painful as it is to me, and impossible as it would be, were not all-commanding conscience pleaded, most excellent of women! I will, I *do*, acquiesce. If you persevere, dear to my soul as you ever *must* be, I resign to your will.

The disappointed heart, not given up to unmanly despair, in a world so subject to disappointments, will catch at the next good to that it has lost—Shall I not hope, Madam, that a correspondence so allowably begun, whatever be the issue in the greater event, will for ever last? That a friendship so pure will ever be allowed? That the disappointed man may be considered as the son, the brother, of a family, which must, in all the branches of it, be ever dear to him?—I *will* hope it. I will even demand the continuance of it's esteem; why should I not say, of it's *affection*? But so long only, as my own impartial heart, and my zeal for the glory and happiness of your whole house, shall tell me I deserve this; and so long as I can make out my pretensions, to the satisfaction of every one of it. It cannot be on my side, nor will I allow it on yours, that the man who once, by the favour of your whole family, was likely to be happy in a near alliance to it, should, and perhaps for *that* reason, as it often happens in like instances, be looked upon as the most remote from it's friendly love.

Never, Madam, could the heart of man boast a more disinterested passion for an object, whose mind was dearer to it than even her person; or a more sincere affection to every one of her family, than mine does. I am unhappily called upon to the proof. The proof is unquestionable. And—to the last hour of my life, you and they, Madam, *will be* dear to me.

Adieu, most excellent of women!—Circumstanced as I am, what *more* can I say?—Adieu, most excellent of women!—May every good, temporal and eternal, be yours, and every one's of your beloved family, prays *your and their most grateful, most affectionate, and most obedient,*

GRANDISON.

LETTER XXXIII.

LADY CLEMENTINA DELLA PORRETTA, TO SIR CHARLES GRANDISON.

BOLOGNA, TUESDAY AUG. 5. 1735.

I Was the more willing, Sir, to become your correspondent, as I thought I could write to you with greater freedom than I could speak. And indeed I will be very free, and very sincere. I will suppose, when I address myself to you, that I am writing to my brother and best friend. And indeed to which of my *other* brothers can I write, with equal freedom?—You, in imitation of the God of us all, require only the heart. My heart shall be as open to you, as if, like Him, you could look into every secret recess of it.

I thank you, Sir, for the kind and generous contents of the letter, by which you have opened this desirable correspondence. Such a regard have you paid in it to the weakness of my mind, and to its late unhappy state, without mentioning that unhappy state. —O, Sir, you are the most delicate of men—What tenderness have you always shewn me, for my attachment to the religion of my fathers—Surely, you are the most pious of protestants!—Protestants *can* be pious; you and Mrs. Beaumont have convinced me that they can. Little did I think I should ever be brought to acknowledge so much in favour of the people of your religion, as you and she, by your goodness, have brought me to acknowledge. O, Sir! what might you not have brought me to, by your love, by your kind treatment of me, and by your irresistible address, were I to have been yours, and residing in a protestant nation, every one of your friends of that religion, and all amiable, and perhaps *exemplarily* good? I was *afraid* of you, chevalier. But no more of this subject. You are invincible; and I *hope* I should not have been overcome, had I been yours—But do we not pray against running into temptation?—Again, I say, no more of this subject at present, yet hardly know how to forbear.

Nothing but the due consideration of the brevity and vanity of this life,

in which we are but probationers, and of the eternity of the next, could have influenced me to act against my heart. Dear chevalier, how happy should I have been, could I have given my hand as that heart would have directed, and on such terms, as I could have thought my soul secure!—How shall I quit this entangling subject? I am in the midst of briars and thorns—Lend me, lend me, your extricating hand; and conduct me into the smooth and pleasant path, in which you at first found me walking with undoubting feet. Never, never, for my sake, let an unexperienced virgin trust herself with her own imagination, when she begins to meditate, with pleasure, the great qualities of an object, with whom she has frequent opportunities of conversing.

Again am I recurring to a subject I wish to quit. But since I cannot, I will give my pen its course—Pen, take thy course. Mind, equally perverse and disturbed, I will give way to thee; I see there is no withholding thee—

Tell me, then, my brother, my friend, my faithful, my *disinterested* friend, what I shall do, what method take, to be indifferent to you, in *another* character? What I shall do, to be able to look upon you, *only* as my brother and friend?—Can you not tell me? Will you not? Will not your love of Clementina *permit* you to tell her?—I will help you to words—Say, you are the friend of her *soul*. If you cannot be a catholic *always*, be a catholic when you *advise* her. And then, from your love of her soul, you will be able to say, ‘Persevere, Clementina! and I will not account you ‘ungrateful.’

O chevalier! I fear nothing so much as being thought capable of ingratitude by those I love. And *am* I not, can you think that I am *not*, ungrateful? Once you told me so. Why, if you mean me *more* than a compliment, do you not tell me how to be *grateful*? Are *you* the only man on earth, who have it in your will, and in your power, to confer obligations, yet can be above receiving returns? What services did you endeavour to do to the soul of a misguided youth, at your first acquaintance with him!—Unhappy youth! And how did he at the time requite you for them! He has let us know (generous self-accuser!) what heroic patience

patience you had with him; and how bravely you disdained his ungrateful defiance. Well may he love you as he does. After many, many months discontinuance of friendship, you were called upon to snatch him from the jaws of death, by your bravery. You were not requited, as you might have expected, from some of our family—What regret has the recollection cost us *all*!—You were obliged to quit our Italy; yet, *called upon*, as I may say, by your wounded friend; incurably wounded, as it was apprehended; you hastened to him: you hastened to his sister, wounded in her head, in her heart; you hastened to her father, mother, brothers, wounded in their minds, by the sufferings of that son and daughter. And whence did you hasten to us? From your native country. Quitting your relations, all proud of your love, and proud of loving you: on the wings of friendly zeal did you hasten to us, in a distant region. You encountered with, you overcame, a thousand obstacles. The genius of healing, in the form of a skilful operator, accompanying you; all the art of the physicians of your country did you collect, to assist your noble purpose. Success attended your generous wishes. We see one another, a whole family see one another, with that delight, which was wont to irradiate our countenances, before disaster overclouded them.

And now, what return shall we make for your goodness to us? You say, you are already rewarded in the success with which God has blessed your generous endeavours to serve us. Hence it is, that I call you proud, and, at the same time, happy. Well do I know, that it is not in the power of a wife to reward you. For what could a wife do by such a man more than her duty? And were it possible for Clementina to be yours, *would* you that your kindness, your love to her, should be rewarded at the price of her everlasting happiness?—‘No,’ you answer—You would leave to her the full and free exercise of her religion—And *can* you promise, can you, the Chevalier Grandison, undertake, if you think your wife in an error, that you never will endeavour to cure her of that error? You who, as the husband, ought to be the regulator of her conscience; the strengthener of her mind—

Can you, believing your own religion a right one, hers a wrong one, be contented that she shall persevere in it? Or can she avoid, on the same, and even still stricter principles, entering into debate with you? And will not then her faith, from your superior understanding, be endangered?—Of what force will be my confessor’s arguments, against yours, strengthened by your love, your kindness, your sweetness of manners? And how will all my family grieve, were Clementina to become indifferent to *them*, to her country, and more than indifferent to her religion?

Say, Grandison, my tutor, my friend, my brother, can you be indifferent on these weighty matters?—O no, you cannot. My brother, the bishop, has told me, (but he not angry with my brother for telling me) that you did declare to my elder brother and him, that you would not in a *beginning* address, have granted to a *princess* the terms you were willing to grant *me*; and that you offered them to me as a compromise!—Compassion and love were equally perhaps your inducements. Poor Clementina!—Yet, were there not a *greater* obstacle in the way, I would have accepted of your compassion; because you are great and good; and there can be no insult, but true godlike pity, in your compassion.—Well, Sir, and do not my father, my mother, the best and most indulgent of fathers and mothers; and do not my uncle, and brothers, and my other kindred, comply with their Clementina, upon the same affectionate, the same pitying motive; otherwise religion, country, the one so different, the other so remote, *would* they have consented?—They would not. Will you not then, my dear chevalier, think that I do but right, (knowing *your* motive, knowing *theirs*, knowing that to rely upon my own strength is presumption, and a tempting of the Almighty) to act as I act, to resolve as I have resolved—O do you, my tutor, be again my tutor—You never taught me a lesson that either of us might be ashamed to own—Do you, as I have begged of you in my paper, strengthen my mind. I own to you, that I have struggled much with myself: and now I am got—above myself, or beneath myself, I know not whether—For my letter is not such as I designed it. *You*

are too much the subject: I designed only a few lines; and those to express the grateful sense I have of your goodness to me, and our Jeronymo; indeed to every body; and to beg of you, for the sake of my peace of mind, to point out some way, by which I, and all of us, may demonstrate our attachment to our superior duties, and our gratitude to you.

What a quantity have I written!

Excuse my wandering head; and believe me to be, as much the well-wisher of your glory, as of my own.

CLEMENTINA DELLA PORRETTA.

LETTER XXXIV.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, TO
LADY CLEMENTINA.

ROME, AUG. II. N. S.

‘**N**OTHING,’ says the most generous and pious of her sex, ‘but the due consideration of the brevity and vanity of this life, and of the duration of the next, could have influenced me to act against my heart.’—Condescending goodness! What acknowledgments do you make in my favour! But, *favour*—can I say?—No, *not* in my favour; but, on the contrary, to the extinction of all my hopes; for what pleas remain to be urged, when you doubt not my affection, my gratitude, my tenderness, my good faith, and think that from *them* will arise your danger?

My ‘extricating hand,’ at your command, is held out; and it shall not be my fault, if you recover not the smooth and pleasant path, in which you were accustomed to walk with undoubting feet.

You bid me tell you what you shall do to be indifferent to me—What pain does the gracious manner of your rejection give me? Exalted goodness!—Your brother, your friend, your faithful, your *dysinteressed* friend, will tell you, against himself, to the forfeiture of all his hopes; he will tell you, that you ought *not* to give your hand as your heart (condescending excellence!) would have directed, if you cannot do it, and think your soul secure.

You will help me to words, you say—I repeat them after you. ‘Persevere,

‘Clementina—’ I will not, I cannot, account you ungrateful!’

How much does the dear, the generous Clementina, over-rate the services, which Heaven, for my consolation, (so I will flatter myself) in a very heavy disappointment that was to follow, made me an humble instrument of rendering to the worthiest of families! To that Heaven be all the glory! By ascribing so much to the agent, fear you not that you depreciate the First Cause? Give to the Supreme *His* due, and what will be left for me to claim? What but a common service, which any one of your family would, in the like circumstances, have done for *me*?

It is generous, it is noble, in you, Madam, to declare your regard for the man you refuse: but what a restraint must I act under, who value, and must for ever value, the fair refuser; yet think myself bound in honour to acquiesce with the refusal; and to prefer your peace of mind to my own? To lay open my heart before you, would give you pain. I will *not* give you pain: yet let me say, that the honour once designed me, had it been conferred, would have laid me under unreturnable obligations to as many persons as are of your family. It was, at one time, an honour too great even for my ambition; and yet that is one of the constitutional faults that I have found it most difficult to refrain. But I will glory in their intended goodness; and that I lost not their or your favour from any act of unworthiness. Continue to me, most excellent Clementina—continue to me, lords and ladies of your illustrious house, your friendship; and I will endeavour to be satisfied.

Your ‘tutor,’ as you are pleased to call him; your friend, your ‘BROTHER,’ (too clearly do I see the *exclusive* force of that last recognition!)—owns, that he cannot be indifferent to those motives, that have so great weight with you. He sees your steadfastness, and that your conscience is engaged: he submits, therefore, whatever the submission may cost him, to your reasoning; and repeats your words—‘Persevere, Clementina!’

I did tell your elder brother, and I am ready to tell all the world, that I would not, in a *beginning* address, though to a princess, have signed to
the

the articles I yielded to by way of compromise. Allow me, Madam, to repeat his question, to which my declaration was an answer—What would the *daughters* have done, that they should have been consigned to perdition?—I had in my thoughts this farther plea, that our church admits of a possibility of salvation out of it's own pale.—God forbid but it should!—The church of God, we hold, will be collected from the sincerely pious of all communions. Yet, I own, that had the intended honour been done me, I should have rejoiced that none but sons had blessed our nuptials.

But how do your next words affect me—Compassion and love, say you, were equally, perhaps, your inducements—'Poor Clementina!' add you. Inimitably great as what follows this is, I should have thought myself concerned, as well for my own honour, as for your delicacy, to have expatiated on the self-pitying reflection conveyed in these words, had we been otherwise circumstanced than we are: but to write but one half of what, in happier circumstances, I would have written, must, as I have hinted, give pain to your noble heart. The excellent Clementina, I am sure, would not wish me to say much on this subject. If *she* would, I *must* not; I *cannot*.

The best of fathers, mothers, brothers, and of spiritual directors, in your own way, are yours. They, Madam, will strengthen your mind. Their advices, and their indulgent love, will be your support in the resolution you have taken. You call upon me again to approve of that resolution. I *do*, I *must* approve of it. The lover of your soul concludes with the repetition of the words you prescribe to his pen—If cooler reflection, if reconsideration of those arguments which persuaded me to hope, that you would have been in no way unhappy or unsafe, had you condescended to be mine—If mature and dispassionate thought cannot alter your present persuasion on this head—'Persevere, Clementina,' in the rejection of a man as steady in his own faith as you are in yours. If your conscience is concerned—If your peace of mind is engaged—you ought to re-

fuse. You cannot be thought ungrateful.—So, against himself, decides your called-upon, and generously acknowledged, '*tutor, friend, brother*.'

GRANDISON.

LETTER XXXV.

LADY CLEMENTINA, TO SIR CHARLES GRANDISON.

BOLOGNA, AUG. 19. N. S.

AND do you, best of men, consent to be governed by my wishes? But are you *convinced* (you do not say you are) by my reasonings?—Alas! my reasoning powers are weakened! my head has received an incurable wound; my memory, indeed, seems returned; but it's return only serves to make me more sensible of my past unhappiness, and to dread a relapse.

But what is it I hear? Olivia is come back to Florence; and *you* are at Florence! Fly from Florence, and from Olivia—But whither will you go, to avoid a woman who could follow you to England?—Whither, but to England?—We are all of us apprehensive for the safety of your person, if you refuse to be the husband of that violent woman. Yet cannot I bear the thoughts of her being yours. But *that*, you have told me, she never can be—Yet, if you could be happy with her, why should I be an enemy to her happiness?—But to your own magnanimity I will leave this subject.

Let me advise with my tutor, my friend, my brother, on a point that is now much more my concern than Olivia, and her hopes.—Fain, very fain, would I take the veil. My heart is in it. My friends, my dearest friends, urge against my plea, the dying request, as well as the wishes, while living, of my grandfathers on both sides. I am distressed; I am *greatly* distressed; for well do I know what were the views of the two good men, now with God, in wishing me *not* to assume the veil. But could they foresee the calamity that was to befall their Clementina? They could *not*. I need not dwell upon the subject, and upon the force of their pleas and mine, to a man whose mind is capacious enough to take in the

whole strength of both at once. But you will add an obligation to the many you have already conferred upon me, if you can join your weight to my pleas; and make it your request, that I may be obliged in this momentous article. Let me expect that you can, that you will. They all languish for opportunities to oblige the man, who has laid them under obligations not to be returned. Need I to suggest a plea to you, the force of which must be allowed from you, if you ever with fervour loved Clementina?

If I know my own heart, and I have given it a strict examination, two things granted me would make me as happy as I now can be in this life: the one, that my request to be allowed to sequester myself from the world, and to dedicate myself to God, be complied with; the other, to be assured of your happiness in marriage with an English, at least not an Italian, woman. I am obliged to own, though I am sensible that I expose to you my weakness, by the acknowledgment, that the last is but too necessary to the tranquillity of my mind, in the situation in which the grant of my first wish will place me. Let me know, chevalier, when I have set my hand to the plough, that there is no looking back; and that the *only* man I ever thought of with tenderness is another's, and, were I *not* professed, never could be mine. Answer as I wish; and I shall be able to follow you, Sir, with my prayers, to the country that has the honour of producing such an ornament to human nature.

It must not be known, you will readily suppose, that I have sought to interest you in my plea. For this reason, I have not shewn this letter to any body. Father Marefcotti, I have hopes, as a religious, will declare himself in my favour, if *you* do. My brother, the bishop, surely will strengthen your hand and his, though he appears as the *brother*, not as the prelate, in support of the family reasons.

I am not ashamed to say, I long to see you, Sir. I can the more readily allow myself to tell you so, as I can declare that I am unalterably deter-

mined in my adherence to my written resolution, never to trust to my own strength in an article in which my everlasting welfare is concerned. O Sir, what struggles, what conflicts, did this resolution cost me, before I could make it!—But *once* made, and upon *such* deliberation, and after I had begged of God his direction, which I imagine he has graciously given me, I have never wished to alter it. Forgive me, Sir. You will; you are a good man—My God only have I preferred to you.

CLEMENTINA DELLA PORRETTA.

LETTER XXXVI.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, TO
LADY CLEMENTINA.

FLORENCE, AUG. 23. N. S.

MY dear correspondent asks, if I am convinced by her reasonings. —I repeat, that I resign to your will every hope, every wish, respecting myself. In a case where conscience can be pleaded, no other reasonings are necessary.

But what can I say, most excellent of women, to the request you make, that I will support you in your solicitude to take the veil? I hope you only propose this to me by way of asking my advice. —‘Let me,’ say you, ‘advise with my tutor, my friend, my brother.’ —I have given the highest instance that man could give of my disinterestedness; and I will now, as you require, suppose myself a catholic in the humble advice I shall offer to my sisterly friend; and this will the rather appear, since, as a protestant, I should argue against *any one's* binding him or herself, by vows of perpetual celibacy.

‘Need I,’ asks my dear correspondent, ‘suggest a plea for you to make, the force of which must be allowed, if ever you fervently loved Clementina?’ At what plea does the excellent Clementina hint? Is it not at an *Herodian* one? Why, if ever she honoured her Grandison with her esteem, does she not enforce the same

* Herod directed, that his Mariamne should be put to death, that she might not be the wife of any other man, if he returned not alive from the court of Augustus Cæsar before whom he was cited to answer for his conduct, which had been obnoxious to that prince, in the contest between him and Antony for the empire of the world.

plea with regard to him? Can she, avowing that esteem, be so generous as to wish him to enter into the married estate, and even to insist upon it, as a step that would contribute to her future peace of mind, yet hope to prevail upon him to make it his request, that she may be secluded from a possibility of ever enjoying the same liberty? Were I married, and capable of wishing to fetter and restrain thus my wife, in case of her surviving me, I should think she ought to despise me for the narrowness of my heart. What, then, is the plea that a young lady, in the bloom of beauty, would put me upon making?—And to whom?—To her own relations, who all languish, as she expresses herself, *for opportunities to oblige him*; and who are extremely earnest to dissuade her from entering upon the measure she wishes him to promote? Can he, Madam, to use your own words in the solemn paper you gave me, think of ‘*taking such advantage of their generosity to him*?’

But can Clementina della Porretta, who is blest with the tenderest and most indulgent of parents, and who has always justly gloried in her duty to them; whose brothers love her with a disinterestedness that hardly any brothers before them have been able to shew; can she, in opposition to the will of her grandfathers, wish to enter into a measure, that must frustrate all their hopes from her, for ever?—Dear lady! consider.

You, my beloved correspondent, who hold marriage as a sacrament, surely cannot doubt but you may serve God in it with much greater efficacy, than were you to sequester yourself from a world that wants such an example as you are able to give it. But, Madam, your parents propose not marriage to you: they only, at present, beseech, not command you, (they know the generosity of your heart) not to take a step that must entirely frustrate all their hopes, and put an option out of your own power, should you change your mind. Let me advise you, Madam, disclaiming all interested views, and from motives of a love merely fraternal, (for such is your expectation from the man you honour with your correspondence) to set the hearts of relations, so justly dear to you, at ease; and to leave to Providence the issue.

They never, Madam, will compel you. And give me leave to say, that piety requires this of you. Does not the Almighty, every where in his word, sanctify the *reasonable* commands of parents? Does he not interest himself, if I may so express myself, in the performance of the filial duty? May it not be justly said, that to obey your parents, is to serve God? Would the generous, the noble-minded Clementina della Porretta, *narrow*, as I may say, her piety by limiting it, (I speak now as if I were a catholic, and as if I thought there were some merit in secluding one's self from the world) when she could, at least, *equally* serve God, and benefit her own soul, by obeying her parents, by fulfilling the will of her deceased grandfathers, and by obliging all her other near and dear relations? Lady Clementina cannot resolve all the world into herself. Shall I say, there is often cowardice, there is selfishness, and perhaps, in the world's eye, a too strong confession of disappointment, in such seclusions?

There are about you persons, who can give this argument it's full force. —I cannot do it. O my Clementina, my sister, my friend, I cannot be so great, so undiverted, in this instance, as you can be!—But I can be just: I presume to say, I cannot be ungenerous. I tell you not what I hope to be enabled by your noble example in time, to do, because of the present *tenderness of your health*. But you must not, Madam, expect from me a conduct, that you think it would become you to disavow. Delicate as the female mind is, and as is most particularly my dear correspondent's, that of the man, on such an occasion as this, should shew at least an *equal* delicacy: for has he not *her* honour to protect, no less than his own, as a man, to regard?

Distress me not, my dear Clementina; *add* not, I should rather say, to my distress, by the declaration of yours. I repeat, that your parents will not compel you. Put it not out of your power to be prevailed upon to do an act of duty. God requires not that you should be dead to your friends, in order to live to him. Their hope is laudable. Will Lady Clementina della Porretta put it out even of the *Almighty's* power to bless their hope?

Will

Will she think herself unhappy, if she cannot punish them, instead of rewarding them, for all their tender and indulgent goodness to her?—It cannot be. God Almighty perfect his own work, so happily begun, in the full restoration of your health! This blessing, I have no doubt, will attend your filial obedience. But can you, my dear correspondent, expect it, if you make yourself uneasy, and keep your mind in suspense, as to your duty, and indulge yourself in supposing that the will of God, and the will of your parents, are opposite? A great deal now depends upon yourself. O Madam, will you not in a *smaller* instance, were your heart ever so much engaged to the cloistered life, practise that self-denial, which in the *highest* you enforce upon me? All your temporal duties, against you; and your spiritual not favouring, much less impelling, you?

But once more, I quit a subject, that may, and, no doubt, will, be enforced in a much stronger manner, than I *can* enforce it. I will soon, very soon, pay my duty to you, and all yours. You own your wishes to see me, because you are fortified by your invincible adherence to your resolution. I will acknowledge anguish of heart. I cannot, as I told you above, be so great as you. But if you will permit your sisterly love to have it's full operation, and if you wish me peace of mind, and a cordial resignation to your will, let me see you, Madam, on the next visit I shall have the honour to make you, cheerful, serene, and determined to acquiesce in the reasonable will of parents, who, I am confident, I again repeat it, will never compel you to marry—Have they not already given you a very strong instance, that they will not?—In a word, let me hear you declare, that you will resign yourself to their will, in this article of the veil; and I shall then, with the more cheerfulness, endeavour to resign to yours, so strongly and repeatedly declared, in the letter before me, to, dear lady, *your fraternal friend, and ever-obliged servant,*

GRANDISON.

Lady Olivia, Madam, arrived this

day at her own palace. It is impossible that any thing but civility can pass between her and your greatly favoured correspondent.

LETTER XXXVII.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, TO DR. BARTLETT.

BOLOGNA, THURSDAY. AUG. 17—28.

I Shall hereafter have a pretty large supplement to give you to my literary journal; having found it necessary, as much as possible, in the past month, to amuse myself with subjects without myself. And I shall send you now the copies of three letters of mine, written in Italian to Lady Clementina; and two of hers, in answer to the first and second of them.

I arrived here yesterday; but before I proceed to acquaint you with my reception, I should mention that Lady Olivia arrived at her own palace at Florence, on Friday last. I was then in that city, but newly returned from Naples and Rome. She sent one of her gentlemen to me the night of her arrival, to acquaint me with it, and to desire me to attend her next morning. I went.

Her first reception of me was polite and agreeable. But the moment her aunt Maffei withdrew, and we were alone, her eyes darting a fiercer ray, 'Wretch,' said she, 'what disturbance, what anxieties, hast thou given me!—But it is well that thy ingratitude to the creature who has rewarded so much for thee, has been rewarded, as it ought to be, by a repulse from a still prouder heart, if possible, than thy own!'

'You, Lady Olivia,' answered I, 'have *reason* to impute pride to me. You have given me many opportunities to shew you, that I, a man, can keep my temper; when you, a woman, have not been able to keep yours; yet, in me, never met with an aggressor.'

'Not an aggressor, Sir!—To say nothing of the contempts you cast upon me here in my own Italy, what was your treatment of me in your

* See the five preceding letters.

‘England—Paltry island! I despise it!
 ‘—To resolve to leave me there! To
 ‘refuse to compliment me with a day,
 ‘an hour! [O my detested weakness!
 ‘What a figure did I make among
 ‘your friends!] And declaredly to at-
 ‘tend the motions of the haughtiest
 ‘woman in Europe!—Thank God,
 ‘for your own sake; yes, Sir, I have
 ‘the charity to say, for *your own* sake;
 ‘that you are disappointed.’

‘I pity you, Lady Olivia: from my
 ‘soul I pity you! and should abhor
 ‘myself, were I capable of mingling
 ‘insult with my pity. But I leave
 ‘you.’

‘Forgive me, chevalier,’ catching
 my arm as I was going. ‘I am more
 ‘displeased with myself than with you.
 ‘A creature that has rendered herself so
 ‘cheap to you, (but, Sir, it is *only* to
 ‘you) cannot but be uneasy to herself;
 ‘and when she is, she must misbehave
 ‘to every body else. Say you forgive
 ‘me—’

She held out her hand to me. But
 immediately on Lady Maffei’s coming
 in, followed by servants, withdrew it.

Her behaviour afterwards was that
 of the true passionate woman; now
 ready to rave, now in tears. I *cannot*,
 Dr. Bartlett, *descend to particulars*. A
 man, who loves the sex; who has more
 compassion than vanity in his nature;
 who can value even generally faulty per-
 sons for the qualities that are laudable in
 them, must be desirous to *draw a veil*
 over the weaknesses of such. I left her
 distressed. There *may* be cases in which
 sincerity cannot be separated from un-
 politeness. I was obliged to be *unpo-
 lite*, or I could not have been *sincere*;
 and must have given such answers, as
 would, perhaps, in some measure, have
 entitled the lady to think herself *amused*.
 Poor woman! She threatened to
 have me overtaken by her vengeance.
 But now, on the disappointment I had
 met with at Bologna, it became abso-
 lutely necessary for me to encourage, or
 to discourage, this unhappy lady—I
 could not have been just to *her*, had I
 not been just to *myself*.

A very extraordinary attempt was
 made, next day, on my person; I am
 apt to believe from this quarter. It
 succeeded not: and as I was on the
 Tuesday to set out for Bologna, I let
 it pass off without complaint or en-
 quiry.

I paid the Count of Belvedere a visit,
 as I had promised. The general at
 Naples, and the count at Parma, re-
 ceived me with the highest civilities:
 and both from the same motive. The
 count *will* hope.

The general accompanied me, with
 his lady, part of my way to Florence:
 the motive of his journey is to rejoice
 personally with his friends at Urbino
 and Bologna, on the resolution his
 sister has taken; and to congratulate
 her upon it; as he has already done by
 letter; the copy of which he shewed
 me. There were high compliments
 made me in it. We *may* speak hand-
 somely of the man whom we neither
 envy nor fear. He would have loaded
 me with presents; but I declined ac-
 cepting any; in such a manner, how-
 ever, as he could not be dissatisfied
 with me for my refusal.

I paid also my respects at Urbino to
 the Altieri family, and the Conte della
 Porretta, in my way to Rome and
 Naples, and met with a very polite re-
 ception from both. For the rest of the
 time of my absence from Bologna, my
 literary journal will account.

On Wednesday afternoon I went to
 the palace of Porretta. I hastened up
 to my Jeronymo, with whom, as also
 with Mr. Lowther, I had held a cor-
 respondence, in my absence, and re-
 ceived favourable intelligence from
 them.

Jeronymo rejoiced to see me. I was
 inexpressibly delighted to find him so
 much recovered. His appetite, he told
 me, was restored. His rest was balmy
 and refreshing. He sat up several hours
 in the day; and his sister and he gave
 joy to each other, and to all their
 friends. But he hinted to me his wishes
 still, to call me brother; and begged
 of God, in a very earnest manner,
 snatching my hand, and wetting it
 with his tears, that it still might be
 so.

The marquis and marchioness join-
 ed to thank me for my part of the cor-
 respondence with their beloved daugh-
 ter; for, on my declining to support
 her in her wishes to be allowed to take
 the veil, she had shewed them the copy
 of her second letter, as well as my re-
 ply to it. The blessings which they
 poured out upon me, were mingled with
 their tears; and Father Marescotti and
 the bishop declared, that they would,

in every prayer they put up to Heaven for themselves and the family, remember me, and beg of God to supply to me by another, and even, they said, a *better* Clementina, the disappointment I had so unexpectedly met with from *theirs*. The general and his lady, and the count, arrived the day before: but they were not present.

While they were all complimenting and applauding the almost *silent* man, (for in so critical a situation what could I say?) Camilla came in and whispering the marchioness, 'Clementina,' said the marchioness, 'is impatient to see her friend.—Chevalier, I will introduce you.' I followed her.

The young lady, the moment she beheld me, flew to me with open arms, as to her brother, her *fourth* brother, as she called me; and thanked me, she said, a thousand thousand times, for my letters to her. 'My mamma,' said she, 'has seen them all. But, ah, Sir, your third!—I did not think you would have refused me your interest with my friends. I cannot, cannot give up that point.—It was always my wish, Madam,' (turning to her mother) 'to be God's child; that will not make me less yours and my papa's.—O, chevalier, you have not quieted, you have not convinced, my heart!'

'I promise myself, that I could have left you without a plea, my dear correspondent,' returned I, 'had my heart been at ease, and the argument less affecting to myself. And surely, if Lady Clementina had been convinced, she would have acted up to her conviction.'

'O, Sir, you are a dangerous man. I see, if a certain event had taken place, I should have been a lost creature!—Are not you, Sir, convinced, that, in my notions of a lost creature, I should? If you are, I hope you will act up to your conviction.'

Was this necessary to be said to me? I think, on recollection, she half smiled when she said it?

My dear Dr. Bartlett, you see Clementina could be pleasant on an occasion so solemn!—But perhaps, she saw me only *affectedly* cheerful. Little, as she, at present, imagines it, I think it not impossible that she may in time be brought to yield to the sense of

her duty, laid down by such powerful advocates as she has in her own family. Whatever happens, may it be happy to her and this family, and then I cannot be wholly joyless. What is there in this life, worth—But let me not be too abstracted. This world, if we can enjoy it with innocent cheerfulness, and be serviceable to our fellow creatures, is not to be despised, even by a philosopher.

'I hope, Madam,' said I to her, 'that at least you suspend your wishes after the sequestered life.' She allowed the force of one or two of my arguments; but I could perceive, that she gave not up her hope of being complied with in her wishes to assume the veil.

The general, and his lady, and the count, being come in, hastened up to pay their compliments to me. How profuse were the two gentlemen in theirs!

At the marchioness's motion, we went to Jeronymo, and found the marquis, the bishop, and Father Marescotti coming to us. And then, every one joining in their acknowledgments of obligation to me, and wishing it in their power to make me as happy as they declared I had made them, I said it *was* in their power, I hoped, to do me an unspeakable pleasure.

They called upon me, as with one voice: 'It is,' answered I, 'that my dear friend Jeronymo may be prevailed upon to accompany me to England. Mr. Lowther would think himself very happy in his attendance on him there, rather than to stay here; and yet, if my request should not be granted, he is determined not to leave him till he is supposed to be out of danger.'

They looked upon one another with eyes of pleasure and surprize. Jeronymo wept. 'I cannot, cannot bear,' said he, 'such a weight of obligation. Grandison, we can do nothing for you. And you have brought me your Lowther to heal me, that you might have the killing of me yourself.'

Clementina's eyes were filled with tears. She went from us with some little precipitation.

'O chevalier,' said the marchioness, 'my Clementina's heart is too susceptible for it's own ease, to impressions
' of

‘ of gratitude. You will quite kill the poor child—or make her repent her resolution.’

‘ What is there but favour to me,’ replied I, ‘ if my request can be complied with? I hope my dear Jeronimo will not be unattended by others of his friends: I have had the promises of the two young lords. Our baths are restorative.—I will attend you to them, my dear Jeronimo. The difference of air, of climate, may, probably, be tried with advantage.—Let me have the honour of entertaining you in England,’ looking all around me; ‘ and *that* I will consider, as a full return of the obligations you think so highly of, and are so solicitous to discharge.’

They looked upon one another, in silence.

‘ Would to God,’ proceeded I, ‘ that you, my lord—and you, Madam,’ (directing myself to the father and mother)—‘ would honour me, as my guests, for one season—You once had thoughts of it, had a certain happy event taken place—I dare promise you both, after the fatigues you have undergone, a renewal of health, from our salutary springs. I should be but too happy, if, in such a company, a sister might be allowed to visit a brother!—But if this be thought too great a favour, that sister, in your absence, cannot but give and receive pleasure, sometimes in visiting Mrs. Beaumont at Florence; sometimes her brother, and his lady, at Naples. And I will engage my two sisters and their lords, to accompany me in my attendance on you back to Bologna. My sisters will be delighted with the opportunity of visiting Italy, and of paying their respects to a young lady whose character they revere, and to whom once their brother had hoped to give them the honour of a relation.’

They still continuing silent, but none of them seeming displeased; ‘ You will, by such a favour, my dear lords—and you, Madam,’ to the marchioness—‘ do me credit with *myself*, as I may say. I shall return to my native country, if I go alone, after the hopes you had all given me, like a disappointed and rejected man. My pride, as well as my pleasure, is concerned on this occasion. My

house in the country, my house in London, shall be yours. I will be either inmate or visitor, at your pleasure. No man loves his country better than I do: but you will induce me to love it still better, if by your compliance with my earnest request, you shall be able to obtain either health or pleasure from a twelvemonth’s residence in it. Oblige me, my dear lords—oblige me, Madam—were it but to give yourselves a new relish to your own country and palace on your return. Our summers have not your fervid sun: our commerce gives us all your justly-boasted autumnal fruits: nor are our winters so cold as yours. Oblige me, for the approaching winter only; and stay longer, as you shall find inclination.’

‘ Dearest Grandison,’ said Jeronimo, ‘ I will accept of your invitation the moment I am told that I may undertake the journey—’

‘ The journey, my lord,’ interrupted I.—‘ Your cabin shall be made near as convenient to you, as your chamber. You shall be set ashore within half a league of my house in London. God give us all a pleasant voyage: and in a few days time, you will not know, except by amended health and spirits, that you are not in this your own chamber.’

‘ Surely,’ said the general, ‘ my sister was right in her apprehensions, that she would not be able to continue a catholic, had she been this man’s.—I wish *you*, my lord,’ said he—‘ *you*, Madam—and Jeronimo—would go. You have had a long course of fatigues and troubles. You love the chevalier. *Winter* with him, however. I have heard much of the efficacy of the English baths. Clementina must not go. My wife and I will make her as happy as possible in your absence: and take Grandison at his word. Bring him, and his sisters, back with you. Their lords, I understand, *have been* among us. They will not be sorry to visit Italy a second time, as, no doubt, they are men of taste.—But when, chevalier, do you think of going?’

‘ The sooner the better, were it but to take advantage of the fine season; it will be but what mariners call a *trip* to England. You will make me

'very happy. You can have no other way of discharging the obligations you are so solicitous about. I will return with you: the health of Lady Clementina, I flatter myself, will be quite confirmed by that time. Sig- nor Jeronymo, I hope, will be restored likewise: what joy shall we be enabled to give one another!'

They took only till the morning to consult, and give me an answer.

LETTER XXXVIII.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON. IN CONTINUATION.

MR. Lowther and his colleagues, having been consulted, gave it as their opinion, that Jeronymo might be removed by a litter to the nearest sea-port, and there embark for England; but that it is most eligible to stay till the next spring, by which time they hope the two old wounds may be safely cicatrized, and the new one only kept open.

But they all engaged, that then not only Jeronymo, and the two young lords, but some others of the family, will be my guests in England; and, in the mean time, that the bishop and Father Marefcotti will in turn correspond with me, and acquaint me with all that passes here.

Clementina drank chocolate with us. She had been made acquainted with their determination, and approved of the promises of a visit to be made me next year, by some of the principals of the family. 'What a hard circumstance is it,' whispered she, as she sat next me, 'that the person who would be *most* willing to go, and I flatter myself, would not be the *least* welcome, must not be of the company! I should have been glad to have made one visit to the country where the Chevalier Grandison was born.'

'And what a perverseness,' thought I, 'is there in custom! that would not permit this kind explicitness in Lady Clementina, were she not determined to consider the *brother*, in the man before her, rather than a still nearer relation!' By how many ways, my dear Dr. Bartlett, may delicate minds express a denial!—Negatives need not

be frowningly given, nor affirmatives blushing pronounced.

Jeronymo and I being left alone, he challenged me on the visible concern which he, and every one, as he said, saw in my countenance, on the turn his sister had taken: had it not been in my heart, he was sure it would not have been there.

'Can you wonder at it, my dear friend?' said I: 'When I came over, greatly as I thought of your sister, I did not think she had been *so* great, as she has shewn herself. I admired her ever; but I now *more* than admire her. Taught to hope, as I was, and so unexpectedly disappointed, as I have been, I must have been more than man, were I not very much affected.'

'No doubt but you must, and I am cordially concerned for your concern. But, my dear Grandison, it is God alone that she prefers to you. She suffers more than you can do. She has no other way, she assures me, to comfort herself, but by indulging her hopes, that she shall not live long—Dear creature! She flatters herself, that her reason is restored, in answer to her fervent supplications, which, she says, she put up to Heaven, in all her lucid intervals, that for the sake of her parents and brothers, it might be restored, and that then she might be taken to the arms of mercy. But if your heart be *deeply* affected, my Grandison—'

'It is, Jeronymo. I am not an insensible man. But should now our dear Clementina be prevailed upon to descend from the height to which she has soared, however my wishes might be gratified by the condescension; yet, while she believed her conscience would be wounded by it, I could not but think it would be some diminution to her glory. And how, as she has hinted in one of her letters to me, would it be possible, were I to see my beloved wife unhappy with her scruples, to forbear endeavouring to quiet her mind, by removing them? And could *this* be effected, without giving her an opinion of the religion I profess, in opposition to hers? And would not that subject me to a breach of articles? O my dear Jeronymo! Matters must stand

stand just as they do, except she could think more favourably of my religion, and less favourably of her own.

He began to talk of their obligations to me. I declared that they could no other way give me pain. 'Do not,' said I, 'let this subject ever be again mentioned, by you, or any of the family. Every one, my dear Jeronymo, is not called upon by the occasion, as I have had the happiness to be. Would my friend envy me this happiness.'

I wish, Dr. Bartlett, with all my heart, that I could think of any thing that I could accept of, to make such grateful spirits easy. It pains me, to be placed by them in such a superior light, as must give them pain. What, my dear Dr. Bartlett, can I do, consistent with my notions of friendship, to make their hearts easy?

He was afraid, he said, that I should now soon think of leaving them.

I told him, that having no doubt of Lady Clementina's perseverance in her resolution, and of her leave to return to my native country, I should be glad, for my own sake, as well as the lady's, to be allowed to depart in a few days. Mr. Lowther, as it would make Jeronymo, as he had declared, more easy, would stay behind me. 'But dismiss him, my friend,' said I, 'as soon as you can.' He had obtained abroad a happy competency, and was returned to England, when I first knew him, with intent to enjoy it. He is as rich as he wants to be; and can gratify only the natural benevolence of his heart, by attending my dear friend. I hope to get him to accept of apartments with me, in my London house; and to fix his retirement, if not with me in my paternal seat, in its neighbourhood at least. He has merit that is not confined to his profession; but for what he has done for my Jeronymo, he will always hold a prime place in my heart.

It is true, Dr. Bartlett; and I please myself, that he will be found as worthy of your friendly love, and my Beauchamp's, as of mine. If I can at last be indulged in my long, long hoped for wish, of settling in my native country, with some tolerable tranquillity of mind, I shall endeavour to draw round me such a collection of

valuable persons, as shall make my neighbourhood one of the happiest spots in Britain.

The marchioness came up to us. 'Clementina,' said she, 'is apprehensive that you will soon leave us. Her father and brothers are walking with her in the garden: they will, I dare say, be glad of your company.'

I left Jeronymo and his mother together, and joined the marquis and his other sons, and Clementina. The general's lady and Father Marescotti were in another alley, in earnest conversation.

The marquis made me a high compliment; and, after a few turns, the prelate led off his father and brother, and left Clementina and me alone together.

'Were you not cruel, chevalier,' said she, 'in your last letter to me, not only to deny me your weight in the request my heart was, and is still, set upon; but to strengthen their arguments against me? Great use have some of my friends made of what you wrote. O Sir, you have won the heart of Giacomo; but you have contributed to oppress that of his sister. Indeed, indeed, I cannot be easy, if I am denied the veil.'

'Dear Lady Clementina, remember that the full establishment of your health depends, under God, upon the quiet of your own mind. Give not way, I beseech you, to uneasy apprehensions. What daughter may rely upon the indulgence of a father and mother, what sister upon the affection of brothers, if you may not upon yours? You have seen how much their happiness depends upon your health. Would you doubt the efficacy of that piety, while you are in the world, of which you have already (Shall I say to my cost?) given an instance so glorious to yourself, that the sufferer by it cannot help applauding you for it?'

'O chevalier! Say not at your cost, if you wish me to be easy.'

'With the utmost difficulty have I restrained, and do I restrain, myself on these occasions. I must, however, add, on this, a few words: you have obliged me, Madam, to give one of the greatest instances of self-denial, that ever was given by man: let me beseech you, dearest Lady Clementina,

‘Clementina, for your own sake, for the sake of your duty, as well to the departed as to the living, (and, may I add, for *my* sake?) that you would decline this now favourite wish of your heart.’

She paused; and at last said, ‘Well, Sir, I see I must not expect any favour from you, on this subject. Let us turn into that shaded alley. And now, Sir, as to the other part of my request to you, in my last letter—It was not a request made on undeliberate motives.’

‘What is that, Madam?’

‘How shall I say it?—Yet I will—If, chevalier, you would banish from my heart—’ Again she stopt. I thought not, at that moment, of what she meant.

‘If you would make me easy—’

Madam—

‘You must marry!—Then, Sir, shall I not doubt of my adhering to my resolution. But, say not a word till I have told you, that the lady must be an English woman. She must not be an Italian. Olivia would not scruple to change her religion for you. But Olivia must *not* be yours. You could not be happy, I persuade myself, with Olivia. Do you think you could?’

I bowed, in confirmation of her opinion.

‘I *thought* you could not. Let not Clementina be disgraced in your choice of a wife. I have a proud heart. Let it not be said, that the man, of whom Clementina della Porretta thought with distinction, undervalued himself in marriage.’

This, Dr. Bartlett, was a request of the same generous import, that she mentioned in her reveries before I left Italy. How consistently delicate! She had tears in her eyes, as she spoke. I was too much affected with her generosity, to interrupt her.

‘If you marry, Sir, I shall, perhaps, be allowed to be one in the party, that will make you a visit in England; my sister-in-law has, within this hour, wished to be one. She will endeavour to prevail upon her lord (he can deny her nothing) to accompany her. You will be able to induce Mrs. Beaumont once more to visit her native country. You and your lady, and perhaps your sisters

and their lords, will return with *us*. Thus shall we be as one family. If I am not to be obliged in *another* wish, I must in *this*: and this *must* be in your power. And will you not make me easy!’

‘Admirable Clementina! Who can be so great as you! Such tenderness as I read in your eyes, such magnanimity, never before met in woman! You can do every thing that is noble. —But that very greatness of soul attaches me to you; and makes it, at least while I am an admiring witness of your excellence—’

‘Hush, chevalier! not a word more on this subject. It affects me more than I wish it did. I am afraid I am chargeable with affectation—But you must, however, marry. I shall not be easy, while you are unmarried—When I know it is not possible to be! —But no more on this subject now! How long is it, that we are to have you among us?’

‘If I have no hopes, Madam—’

‘Dear chevalier, speak not in this strain.’—She turned her face from me.

‘The sooner, the better—But your pleasure, Madam—’

‘I thank you, Sir—But did I not tell you, that I have pride, chevalier?—Ah, Sir, you have long ago found it out! *Pride* will do greater things for women, than *reason* can.—Let us walk to that seat, and I will tell you more of my pride.’

She sat down; and making me sit by her—‘I will talk to these myrtles,’ fancifully, said she, turning her head from me. ‘Shall the Chevalier Grandison be acquainted with the weakness of thy heart, Clementina?—Shall he, in compassion to thy weakness, leave his native country, and come over to thee?—Shall the success that has attended his generous effort, shew *his* power to the confirmation of *thy* weakness?—Shalt thou, enabled by the Divine goodness to take a resolution becoming thy character, be doubtful whether thou canst adhere to it, and give him room to think thee doubtful?—Shall he, in consequence of this doubtfulness, make *officious* absences, to try thy strength of mind?—And shalt thou fail in the trial his compassionate generosity puts thee to?—No, Clementina!’

Then

Then turning to me, with a down-cast eye—‘I thank you, Sir, for all the instances of generous compassion you have shewn me. My unhappy disorder had *intituled* me, in some measure, to it. It was the hand of God. Perhaps a punishment for my pride; and I submit to it. Nor am I ashamed to acknowledge the kindness of your compassion to me. I will retain a grateful sense of it to the last hour of my life. I wish to be remembered by you with tenderness to the last hour of yours. I may not live long: I will therefore yield to your request, so earnestly made, and to the *wishes* of my dearest friends, in suspending, at least, *my own*. I will hope to see you (in the happy state I have hinted at) in England, and afterwards in Italy. I will suppose you of my family. I will suppose myself of yours. On these suppositions, in these hopes, I can part with you; as, if I live, it will be a temporary parting only; an absence of a few months. And have I not behaved well for the whole last month, and several days over; though I reckoned to myself the time as it passed, more than once every day, as so much elapsed, and nearer to the time of your return?—I own it,’ blushing.—‘And now, Sir, I return to you the option you offered me. Be the day, the solemn day, at your nomination—Your *sister* Clementina will surrender you up to *her* sisters, and *yours*.—O, Sir!’ lifting up her eyes to me, and beholding an emotion in me which I tried to conceal, but could not, ‘how good, how compassionate, how affectionate, you are!—But name to me *now* your day! This seat, when you are far, far distant from me, shall be a seat consecrated to the remembrance of your tenderness. I will visit it every day; nor shall the summer’s sun, nor the winter’s frost, keep me from it.’

‘It will be best,’ taking her hand, admirable lady! it will be best for us both, for *me* I am sure it will, that the solemn day be early. Next Monday morning let me set out—Sunday evening.—The day, on my part, shall be a day passed in imploring health, happiness, and every blessing, on my dearest Clementina, on our Jeronimo, and their whole family; and for a happy meeting to us all in Eng-

land.—SUNDAY EVENING, if you please, I will—’ I could not speak out the sentence.

She burst into tears; reclined her face on my shoulder—her bosom heaved—and she sobbed out—‘Oh, chevalier!—*Must, must*—But *be* it—*Be* it so!—And God Almighty strengthen the minds of both!’

The marchioness, who was coming towards us, saw at a distance the emotion of her beloved daughter; and fearing she was fainting, hastened to her; and clasping her arms about her—‘My child, my Clementina,’ said she, ‘why these streaming eyes? Look up—on me, love.’

‘Ah, Madam! the day, the day is set!—Next Monday!—The chevalier will leave Bologna!’

‘God forbid!—Chevalier, you will not so soon leave us?—My dear, we will prevail upon the chevalier—’

I arose, and walked into a cross alley from them. I was greatly affected!—O, Dr. Bartlett! these good women!—Why have I a heart so susceptible; yet such demands upon it for fortitude?

The general, the bishop, and Father Marefcotti, came to me. I briefly recounted to them the substance of the conversation that had passed between Lady Clementina and me. The marquis joined his lady and daughter; and Clementina, in her tender way, gave her father and mother an account of it also.

The marquis and his lady, leaving her to her Camilla, joined us: ‘O chevalier!’ said the marquis, ‘how can we think of parting with you?—And so soon?—You will not so suddenly leave us?’

‘Not, if Lady Clementina commands the contrary. If she do not, the sooner, the better it will be for *me*. I cannot bear her generous excellence. She is the most exalted of women.—See! the dear lady before us, leaning on her Camilla, as if she wanted support!’

‘My sister and you, chevalier,’ said the general, ‘will no doubt correspond. We shall none of us deny her that liberty. As she has already expressed to you her wishes that you would marry; may we not hope, that you will try your influence over her, upon the same subject, in your future

'ture letters? The marriage of *either* will answer the end she proposes to herself, by urging yours.'

'Good Heaven!' thought I—'Do they believe me absolutely divested of human passions?'—I have been at continual war, as you know, Dr. Bartlett, with the most ungovernable of mine; but without wishing to overcome the tender susceptibilities, which, properly directed, are the glory of the human nature.

'This is too much to be asked,' said the young marchioness. 'How can this be expected?'

'You know not, Madam,' said the bishop, seconding his brother's wishes, 'what the Chevalier Grandison can do, to make a whole family happy, though against himself.'

'Lady Clementina,' said the equally unfeeling, though good, Father Marescotti, 'thinks she is under the Divine direction, in the resolution she has taken. This world, and all its glories, are but of second consideration with her. Were it to cost her her life, I am confident, she would not alter it. As *therefore* the chevalier can have no hopes—'

'I cannot ask this,' said the marquis.—'You see how hard a task,' (*referring to me*)—'O that the great obstacle could be removed!—My dear Grandison,' taking my hand, 'cannot, cannot—But I dare not ask—If it could, my own sons would not be more dear to me, than you.'

'My lord, you honour me. You engage my utmost gratitude. It is with difficulty that I am able to adhere to my engagement, not to press her to be mine, when I have the honour to be with her. I have wished her to resign her will to that of her father and mother, as you have seen, *knowing* the consequence. I am persuaded, that if *either* were to marry, the other would be more easy in mind! and I had much rather follow *her* example, than set her one.—You will see what my return to my native country will do for us *both*. But she must not be precipitated. If she is, her wishes to take the veil may be refused. Rinaldo will join with her piety; and if not complied with, she may then again be unhappy.'

They agreed to follow my advice;

to have patience; and leave the issue to time.

I left them, and went to Jeronymo. I communicated to him what had passed, and the early day I had named for setting out on my return to England. This I did, with as much tenderness as possible. Yet his concern was so great upon it, that it added much to mine; and I was forced, with some precipitation, to quit his chamber, and the house; and to retire to my lodgings, in order to compose myself.

And thus, my dear Dr. Bartlett, is the day of my setting out fixed. I hope I shall not be induced to alter it. Mrs. Beaumont, I know, will excuse me going back to Florence. Olivia must. I hope she will. I shall write to both.

I shall take my route through Modena, Parma, Placentia. Lady Sforza has desired an interview with me. I hope she will meet me at Pavia, or Turin. If not, I will attend her at Milan. I promised to pay her a visit before I quitted Italy: but as her request to see me was made while it was thought there might have been a relation between us, I suppose the interview now can mean nothing but civility. I hope, if I see her, her cruel daughter will not be present.

LETTER XXXIX.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON. IN CONTINUATION.

PARMA, MONDAY NIGHT, { AUG. 21.
SEPT. 1.

HERE I am, my dear Dr. Bartlett. Just arrived. The Count of Belvedere allows me to be alone. I am not fit for company.

The whole family, Jeronymo and Clementina excepted, dined with me on Saturday. Clementina was not well enough to leave her chamber. She would endeavour, she said, on Sunday night, when I was to take my leave of them all, to behave with as much presence of mind as she did on a former occasion. All the intervening time, she said, was necessary to fortify her heart. But, alas! the circumstances between us, then and now, were not the same. We had, for some time past, been allowedly too dear to each other,

to appear, either of us, so politely distant as we did then.

She never once asked me to suspend the day of my departure. Every one else repeatedly did. We *both* thought it best, as the separation was necessary, that it should *not* be suspended.

I had many things to do; many letters to write; much to say to Mr. Lowther, and he to me. I declined therefore their invitation to attend them home in the evening, as well as to dine with them next day. The solemn visit was to be made yesterday in the evening: and every visit near the time, would have been as so many farewells. My own heart, at least, told me so, and forbad me more than one parting scene. The time *so* near, they themselves wished it passed.

The count had come from Urbino on purpose, with the two young lords, to take leave of me: what blessings did that nobleman, and the marquis and marchioness, invoke upon me! The general had more than once tears in his eyes: he besought me to forgive him for every thing, in his behaviour, that had been disagreeable to me. His lady permitted me to take leave of her in the most affectionate manner; and said, that she hoped to prevail upon her lord to visit me himself, and to allow her to bear him company, in my own country. The bishop supplicated Heaven to reward me, for what he called my goodness to their family. Father Marecotti joined in his supplications, with a bent knee. The marquis and marchioness both wept, and called me by very endearing names, vowing everlasting love and gratitude to me. Jeronymo! my dear Jeronymo! one of the most amiable of men! how precious to my soul will ever be the remembrance of his friendly love! *His* only consolation was, and it is *mine*, that, in a few months, we shall meet in England. They wanted to load me with presents. They pained me with their importunities, that I would accept of some very valuable ones. They saw my pain; and, in pity to me, declined their generous solicitations.

Clementina was not present at this parting scene. She had shut herself up for the greatest part of the day. Her mother, and her sister-in-law, had been her only visitors: and she having declared that she was afraid of seeing me,

it was proposed to me, whether it were not best for me to depart, without seeing her. 'I can well spare to myself,' said I, 'the emotions which, already so great, will, on taking leave of her, be too powerful for my heart, if you think, that, when I am gone, she will not wish (as once she was so earnest, even to discomposure, for a farewell visit) that she had allowed herself to see me.'

They all were then of opinion, that she should be prevailed upon. Camilla at that instant came down with her lady's desire, that I would attend her. 'In what way, Camilla, is my Clementina?' asked the marchioness; every one attending the answer.—'In great grief, Madam: almost in agonies. She was sending me down with her warmest wishes to the chevalier, and with her excuses; but called me back, saying, she would subdue herself, she would see him: and bid me hasten, for fear he should be gone.'

The two marchionesses went up directly. I was in tremors. 'Surely,' thought I, 'I am the weakest of men!'—The bishop and general took notice of my emotion, and pitied me. They all joined in the wish so often repeated, that I could yet be theirs.

I followed Camilla. Lady Clementina, when I entered, sat between the mother and sister; an arm round each of their necks: her face was reclined, as if she were ready to faint, on the bosom of her mother, who held her fast to her. I was half-way in the room, before either mother or daughter saw me.—'The Chevalier Grandison, my best sister!' said the young marchioness: 'Look up, my love.'

She raised her head. Then stood up, curtsied; and, gushing into tears, turned her face from me.

I approached her: her mother gave me the hand of her Clementina.—'Comfort her, comfort my Clementina, good chevalier—You only can.—Sit down, my love.—Take my seat, Sir.'

The young lady trembled. She sat down. Her mother seated herself; tears in her eyes. I sat down by Clementina. The dear lady sobbed; and the more, as she endeavoured to suppress her emotion.

I addressed myself to her sister-in-law, who had kept her seat.—'My ladyship,' said I, 'give me a very
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'high pleasure, in the hope of seeing you, and your lord, a few months hence, in company with my Jeronymo. What a blessing is it to us all, that that dear friend is so well recovered! I have no doubt but change of climate, and our salutary springs, will do wonders for him. Let us, by our *patience* and *resignation*, intitle ourselves to greater blessings; the consequence, as I hope, of those we have *already* received.'

'Please God, I will see you in England, chevalier,' said the young marchioness, 'if my lord is in the least favourable to my wishes: and I hope my beloved sister may be of the party.—You, Madam, and the marquise, I hope—' looking at her mother-in-law.

'I hope you will not go without us, my dear,' replied the marchioness. 'If our Clementina shall be well, we will not leave her behind us.'

'Ah, Madam!—Ah, Sir!' said Clementina—'how you flatter me! But this, *this* night, if the chevalier goes early in the morning, is the last time I shall ever see him.'

'God forbid!' replied I—'I hope that we may, many, many years rejoice, in each other's friendship. Let us look forward with what pleasure we may.—My heart, Madam, wants your comfortings. I have a greater opinion of your magnanimity, than I have reason to have of my own. I depart not, but in consequence of your will.—Enable me, by your example, to sustain that consequence. In every thing you must be an example to me. I could not have done, as *you* have done: bid me support my spirits in the hope of seeing you again, and seeing you happy. Tell me, that your endeavours shall not be wanting to be so; and I shall then be so too. Dear Lady Clementina, my happiness is bound up with yours.'

'Ah, Sir, I am *not* greater than you: and I am less than myself. I was afraid when I came to the trial—But is your happiness bound up with mine? O that I may be happy for your sake! I will *endeavour* to make myself so. You have given me a motive. Best of men! How much am I obliged to you! Will you cherish the remembrance of me? Will you forgive all my foibles?—The

'trouble I have given you?—I know you depart in consequence of my—*perverse*—perhaps you think it, though you will not call it so—What shall I do, if you think me either *perverse* or *ungrateful*?'

'I do not, I *cannot*, think you either. May I be assured of your correspondence, Madam?—Your ladyship, turning to her mother, 'will give it your countenance?'

'By all means,' answered the marchioness. 'We shall *all* correspond with you. We shall pray for you, and bless you, every day that we live. You will be to me, as you have always been, a fourth son.—My dearest Clementina, say, if your mind is changed, if it be *likely* to change, if you think that you shall not be happy, if the chevalier—'

'O Madam, permit me to withdraw for one moment.'

She hurried to her closet. She shut the door, and poured out her soul in prayer; and soon returning—'It *must* be so!' with an air of assumed greatness. 'Let thy steadiness, O Grandison, excuse and keep mine in countenance.—Bear witness, my sister.—Forgive me, my mamma: but never did one mortal love another, as I do the man before us. But you both—and you, my dear chevalier—know the competition; and shall not the *UNSEEN*, (casting up her eyes surcharged with tears) 'be greater with me than the *seen*? Be you my brother, my friend, and the lover of my *soul*: this *person* is unworthy of you. The mind that animates it, is broken, disturbed.—Pray for me, as I will for you.'

Then dropping down on one knee, 'God preserve and convert thee, best of protestants, and worthiest of men! Guide thy footsteps, and bless thee in thy future and better lot! But if the woman, whom thou shalt distinguish by thy choice, loves thee not, person and mind, as well as she before thee, she *deserves* thee not.'

I would have raised her; but she would not be raised—seeming full of some other great sentiments. I knelt to her, clasping my arms about her: 'May you, Madam, be ever, ever happy!—I resign to your will—And equally admire and reverence you for it, though a sufferer by it. Lasting,
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‘as fervent, be our friendship!—And
 ‘may we know each other hereafter,
 ‘in a place where all is harmony and
 ‘love; where no difference in opinion
 ‘can funder, as now, persons other-
 ‘wife formed to promote each other’s
 ‘happinefs!’

I raised her, and arofe; and kissing
 firft one hand, then the other, and
 bowing to the two marchioneffes, was
 haftening from her.

She clapt her hands together—‘He
 ‘is gone!—O ftay, ftay, chevalier!—
 ‘And *will* you go?’

I was in too much emotion to wifh
 to be *feen*.—She haftened after me to
 the ftairs—‘O ftay, ftay! I have not
 ‘faid half I had to fay.’

I returned; and, taking her hand,
 bowed upon it, to conceal my fenfibi-
 lity—‘What farther commands,’ with
 a faltering voice, ‘has Lady Clemen-
 ‘tina for her Grandifon?’

‘I don’t know—But will you, muft
 ‘you, *will* you go?’

‘I go; I ftay; I have no will but
 ‘yours, Madam.’

The two marchioneffes ftood toge-
 ther, wrapt in filent attention, leaning
 on each other.

Clementina fighed, fobbed, wept;
 then turning from me, then towards
 me; but not withdrawing her hand;
 ‘I thought,’ faid fhe, ‘I had a thou-
 ‘fand things to fay—But I have loft
 ‘them all!—Go thou in peace; and
 ‘be happy! And God Almighty make
 ‘me fo!—Adieu, deareft of men!’

She condefcendingly inclined her
 cheek to me: I faluted her; but could
 not utter to her what yet was upon my
 lips to fpeak.

She withdrew her hand. She feemed
 to want fupport. Her mother and
 fifter haftened to her. I ftopt at the
 door. Her eyes purfued my motions.
 By her uplifted hands fhe feemed pray-
 ing for me. I was apprehenfive of her
 fainting. I haftened towards her; but
 reftaining myfelf juft as I had reached
 her, again hurried to the door: and
 on my knees, with clafped hands, au-
 dibly there befought God to fustain,
 fupport, preferve, the noble Clemen-
 tina; and feeing her feated in the arms
 of both ladies, I withdrew to Mr.
 Lowther’s apartment, and fhut myfelf
 in for a few moments. When a little
 recovered, I could not but ftep in to
 my Jeronymo. He was alone; drying

his eyes as he fat: but feeing me en-
 ter, he burft out into fresh tears.

‘*Once more, my Jeronymo*—’ I would
 have comforted him, but wanted com-
 fort myfelf.

‘*O my Grandifon!*—embracing me,
 as I did him.

‘CLEMENTINA! The angel! CLE-
 ‘MENTINA! *Ab, my Jeronymo!*—
 Grief again denied me farther fpeech
 for a moment. I faw that *my* emotion
 increafed *his*.—‘*Love, love,*’ faid I,
 ‘*the dear*—’ I would have added,
 ‘CLEMENTINA;’ but my trembling
 lips refufed diftinct utterance to the
 word.—I tore myfelf from his embrace,
 and with precipitation left the tender-
 eft of friends.

About eleven, according to the Eng-
 lifh numbering of the hours, I fent to
 know how the whole family did. Fa-
 ther Marefcotti returned with my fer-
 vant. He told me, that the lady faint-
 ed away after I was gone: but went
 to reft as foon as recovered. They all
 were in grief, he faid. He was charg-
 ed with the beft wifhes of every one; with
 thofe of the two marchioneffes in par-
 ticular. Signor Jeronymo was fo ill,
 that one of his Italian furgeons pro-
 pofed to fit up with him all night; for
 Mr. Lowther had defired to accompany
 me as far as Modena: and him I charge
 with my compliments to each perfon of
 the family; and with my remembran-
 ces to fervants, who well deferved kind-
 nefs from me; and who, Father Ma-
 refcotti told me, were all in tears on
 my departure. I prevailed on the fa-
 ther himfelf to make my acknowledg-
 ments to the good Camilla. He offered,
 and I thankfully accepted of, his pray-
 ers for my health and happinefs, which
 he put up, in the moft fervent manner,
 on his knees; and then embracing me,
 with a tenderefs truly paternal, we
 parted, bleffing each other.

This morning early, I fet out from
 Bologna. The Count of Belvedere
 rejoiced to fee me; and called me kind,
 for being his gueft, though but for
 one night; for I fhall purfue my
 journey in the morning. He affures
 me, that he will make me a vifit in
 England.

You will hardly, till I arrive at Pa-
 ris, have another letter, my dear Dr.
 Bartlett, from *your ever affectionate*

CHARLES GRANDISON.

4 Z 2 LETTER

LETTER XL.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, TO
DR. BARTLETT.PARIS, { AUG. 31.
SEPT. 11.

I Set out from Parma early on Tuesday morning, as I intended. The Count of Belvedere was so obliging, as to accompany me to Pavia, where we parted with mutual civilities.

I paid my respects to Lady Sforza at Milan, as I had promised. She received me with great politeness. Our conversation chiefly turned on the differences between the other branches of her family, on one part; and herself, and Lady Laurana, on the other. She owned, that when she sent to desire a visit from me, she had supposed, that the alliance between them and me was a thing concluded upon; and that she intended, by my mediation, to reconcile herself to the family, if they would meet her half-way.

She was so indiscreet, as to lay general blame on her noble niece, as a person given up to a zeal that wanted government: she threw out hints, injurious to the sincerity of the three brothers, as well as to that of the father and mother, with regard to me: all which I discountenanced.

I have hardly ever conversed with a woman so artful as Lady Sforza. I wonder not, that she had the address to fire the Count of Belvedere with impatience, and to set him on seeking to provoke me to an act of rashness, which, after what had happened between me and the young Count Altieri, some years ago, at Verona, might have been fatal to one, if not to both; and, by that means, rid Italy, if not the world, of me; and, at the same time, revenged herself on the count, for rejecting her daughter (who, as I have told you before, has a passion for him) in a manner that she called too contemptuous to be passed over.

She told me, that she doubted not now, that I had been circumvented, by (what even she, an Italian, called) *Italian finesse*, but her niece would be prevailed upon to marry the count; and bid me remember her words.—‘Ah! my poor Laurana!’ added she.—‘But I will renounce her, if she can

‘be so mean, as to retain love for a ‘man who despises her.’

A convent, she said, after such a malady as Clementina had been afflicted with, would be the fittest place for her. She ascribed to hers and Laurana’s treatment of her (with great vehemence, on my disallowing her assertion) the foundation of her cure. She wished that, were Clementina to marry, it might have been me, preferably to any other man; since the love she bore me, was most likely to compleat her recovery; which was not to be expected, were she to marry a man to whom she was indifferent.—‘But,’ added she, ‘they must take their own way.’

Lady Laurana was on a visit at the Borromean palace: her mother sent for her, unknown to me. I could very well have excused the compliment. I was civil, however: I could be no more than civil; and, after a stay of two hours, pursued my route.

Nothing remarkable happened in my journey. I wrote to Jeronymo, and his beloved sister, from Lyons.

At the post-house there, I found a servant of Lady Olivia, with a letter. He was ordered to overtake, and give it into my own hands, were he to travel with it to Paris, or even to England. Lady Olivia will be obeyed. The man missed me, by my going to visit Lady Sforza at Milan. I inclose the letter; as also a copy of mine, to which it is an answer. When you read them, you will be of opinion, that they ought not to pass your own hands. Perhaps you will chuse to read them in this place.

LETTER XLI.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, TO
LADY OLIVIA.

BOLOGNA, SATURDAY, AUG. 19-30.

NOW, at last, is the day approaching, that the writer of this will be allowed to consider himself wholly as an Englishman. He is preparing to take, perhaps, an everlasting leave of Italy. But could he do this, and not first bid adieu to two ladies at Florence, whose welfare will be ever dear to him—Lady Olivia, and Mrs. Beaumont? It must be to both by letter.

I told you, Madam, when I last attended

tended you, that possibly I should never see you more. If I told you so in anger, pardon me. Now, in a farewell letter, I would not upbraid you. I will be all in fault, if you please. I never incurred the displeasure of Olivia, but I was more concerned for her, than for what I suffered from it; and yet her displeasure was not a matter of indifference to me.

I wish not, Madam, for my own happiness, with more sincerity than I do for yours. Would to Heaven it were in my power to promote it! I will flatter myself, that my true regard for your honour, daughter as you are of a house next to princely, and of fortune more than princely, will give me an influence, which will awaken you to your glory. Allow, Madam, the friendly, the brotherly expostulation—Let me think, let me speak, of Olivia, in absence, as a fond brother would of a sister most dear to him. I *will* so speak, so think of you, Madam, when far distant from you. When I remember my Italian friends, it will always be with tender blessings, and the most affectionate gratitude. Allow me, Olivia, to number you with the dearest of those friends. Your honour, your welfare, present and future, is, and ever will be, the object of my vows.

God and nature have done their parts by you: let not your own be wanting. To what purpose live we, if not to grow wiser, and to subdue our *passions*? Dear lady! Illustrious woman! How often have you been subdued by the violence of *yours*; and to what submissions has your generous repentance subjected you, even to your inferiors! Let me not be thought a boaster—But I will presume to say, that I am the rather intitled to advise, as I have made it my endeavour (and, I bless God, have not been always unsuccessful) to curb my passions. They are naturally violent. What do I owe to the advice of an excellent man, whom I early set up as *my* monitor? Let me, in this letter, be *yours*.

Your situation in life, your high birth, your illustrious line of ancestors, are so many calls upon *you*, in whom the riches and the consequences of so many noble progenitors centre, to act worthy of their names, of their dignities, of your own; and of the dignity of your sex. The world looks

up to you, (your education too, so greatly beyond that of most Italian ladies) with the expectation of an example—Yet have not evil reports already gone out upon your last excursion? The world will not see with our eyes, nor judge as we would have it, and as we sometimes know it *ought* to judge. My visit to Italy, when you were absent from it, and in England, was of service to your fame. The malignant world, at present holds itself suspended in it's censures; and expects, from your future conduct, either a confutation or a confirmation of them. It is, therefore, still in your power (rejoice, Madam, that it is!) for ever to establish, or for ever to depreciate your character, in the judgment both of friends and enemies.

How often have I seen passion, and even rage, deform features that are really lovely! Shall it be said, that your great fortune, your abundance, has been a snare to you? That you would have been a happier, nay, a *better* woman, had not God so bountifully blessed you?

Can your natural generosity of temper allow you to bear such an imputation, as that the want of power only can keep you within the limits (Pardon, Olivia, the lover of your fame!) which the gentleness of your sex, which true honour, prescribe!

You are a young lady. Three fourths of your natural life (Heaven permitting) are yet to come. You have noble qualities, shining accomplishments. You will probably, in very few years, perhaps in few months, be able to establish yourself in the world. So far only as you have gone, the inconsideration of youth will be allowed an excuse for your conduct. Blest with means, as you are, you *still* have it in your power, let me repeat, to be an honour to your sex, to your country, to your splendid house, and to the age to which you are given.

The monitor I mentioned, (you know him by person, by manners) from my earlier youth, born, as he knew me to be, the heir of a considerable fortune, suggested to me an address to Heaven, which my heart has had no repugnance to make a daily one; that the Almighty will, in mercy, withhold from me wealth and affluence, and make my proud heart a dependent

dependent one, even for my daily bread; were riches to be a snare to me; and if I found not my inclinations to do good, as occasions offered, enlarge with my power.—O that you, Olivia, were poor and low, if the being so, and nothing else, would make you *know yourself*, and act accordingly!—And that it were given to me, by acts of fraternal love, to restore you, as you could bear it, to an independence, large as your own wishes!

What in uncontrollable MAN would Lady Olivia have made, had she been a man, with but the same passions, that now diminish the grandeur of her soul, and to large a power to gratify them!—What a *sovereign*!—Look into the characters of absolute princes, and see whose, of all those who have sullied royalty, by the violence of their wills, you would have wished to copy, or to have been compared with.

How has the unhappy Olivia, though but a subject, dared!—How often has that tender bosom, whose glory it would have been to melt at another's woe, and to rejoice in acts of kindness and benevolence to her fellow creatures, been armed by herself (not the mistress, but the slave, of her passions) not with defensive, but offensive steel!—Hitherto Providence has averted any remediless mischief; but Providence will not be tempted.

Believe me, *still* believe me, Madam, I mean not to upbraid you. My dear Olivia, I will call you, how often has my heart bled for you! How *paternally*, though but of years to be your brother, have I lamented for you in secret! I will own to you, that, but for the withholding prudence, and withholding honour, that I owed to both our characters, because of a situation which would not allow me to express my tenderness for you, I had folded you, in your contrite moments, to my bosom; and, on my knees, besought you to act up to your own knowledge, and to render yourself worthy of your illustrious ancestry. And what but your *glory* could have been, what but *that* is now my motive?

With what joy do I reflect, that I took *not* (God be praised for his restraining goodness!) advantage of the favour I stood in, with a most lovely,

and princely-spirited woman; an advantage that would have given me cause to charge myself with baseness to her, in the hour wherein I should have wanted most consolation! With what apprehension (dreading for myself, because of the great, the sometimes almost irresistible, temptation) have I looked upon myself to be (shall I say?) the *sole* guardian of Olivia's honour! More than once, most generous and *confiding* of women, have I, from your unmerited favour for me, besought you to spare me my *pride*; and as often to permit me to spare you *years*—Not the odious vice generally known by that name, (the fault of fallen angels) but that which may be called a prop, a support, to an imperfect goodness; which, properly directed, may, in time, grow into virtue—that friendly pride, let me add, which has ever warmed my heart with wishes for your temporal and eternal welfare.

I call upon you once more, my FRIEND! How unreproachingly may we call each other by that sacred name! The friend of your fame, the friend of your soul, calls upon you once more, to rejoice with him, that you have it still in your power to tread the path of honour. Again I glory, and let us *both*, that we have nothing to reproach each other with. I leave Italy, a country that ever will have a title to my grateful regard, without one *self*-upbraiding sigh; though not without many sighs. I own it to Olivia. *Justice* requires it. Justice to a Lady Olivia loves not; but who deserves, not only hers, but the love of every woman; for she is an ornament to her sex, and to human nature. Yet, be it known to Olivia, that I am a sufferer by that very magnanimity, for which I revere *her*—A rejected man!—Will Olivia rejoice that I am?—She will. What inequalities are there in the greatest minds! But subdue them in yours. For your own sake, not for mine, subdue them. The conquest will be more glorious to you, than the acquisition of an empire could be.

Let me conclude, with an humble, but earnest, wish, that you will cultivate, as once you promised me, the friendship of one of the best of wo-

* Alluding to the poniard she carried in her bosom.

men, Mrs. Beaumont, disposed as she, your neighbour, is to cultivate yours. I shall then hear often from you, by the pen of that excellent woman. Your compliance with this humble advice will give me, Madam, for your own sake, and for the pleasure I know Mrs. Beaumont will have in it, the greatest joy that is possible for you to give to a heart, that overflows with sincere wishes for your happiness: a heart that will rejoice in every opportunity that shall be granted to promote it: for I am, and ever will be, *the friend of your fame, of your true glory, and your devoted servant,*

GRANDISON.

LETTER XLII.

LADY OLIVIA, TO SIR CHARLES GRANDISON.

(TRANSLATED BY DR. BARTLETT.)

FLORENCE, AUG. 22. N. S.

I Am to take it kindly, that you have thought fit to write to the unhappy Olivia before you leave Italy. I could not have expected even this poor favour, after the parting it was your pleasure to call *everlasting*. Cruel man!—Can I still call you so? I did, before I had this letter; and was determined, that you should have reason to repent your cruelty: but this letter has almost reconciled me to you; so far reconciled me, however, as to oblige me to lay aside the intended vengeance that was rolling towards you from slighted love. You have awakened me to my glory, by your dispassionate, your tender reasonings. Your letter (for I have erased one officious passage in it*) is in my bosom all day. It is on my pillow at night. The last thing, and the first thing, do I read it. The contents make my rest balmy, my uprising serene. But it was not till I had read it the seventh time, and after I had erased that obnoxious passage, that it began to have that happy effect upon me. I was above advice, for the first day. I could not relish your reasonings. Resolutions of vengeance had possessed me wholly. What

a charm could there be in a *letter*, that should make a slighted woman lay aside her meditated vengeance? A woman too, that had fallen beneath herself in the object of that despised love.

Allow me, Grandison to say so. In the account of worldly reckoning it *was* so. And when I thought I hated you, it was so in my *own* account. Yet, could you have returned my love, I would have gloried in my choice; and attributed to envy all the insolent censures of maligners.

But even at the seventh perusal, when my indignation began to give way, *would* it have given way, had you not, in the same letter, hinted, that the proud Bologna had given up all thoughts of a husband in the man to whom my heart had been so long attached?—Allow me to call her by the name of her city. I love not her, nor her family. I hate them by their own proud names. It is an hereditary hatred, augmented by rivalry, a rivalry that had like to have been a successful one: and is *she* not proud, who, whatever be her motive, can refuse the man, who has rejected a nobler woman? Yet I think I ought to forgive her; for has she not avenged *me*? If you are grieved, that she has refused you, I am rejoiced. Be the pangs she has so often given me, if possible, forgotten!

What a miserable wretch, however, from my own reflections, did this intelligence make me! Intelligence that I received before your letter *blest* my hands. Let me so express myself; the contents, I hope, will be the means of blessing, by purifying, my heart!—And why a miserable wretch!—O this man, of sentiments the most delicate, of life and manners the most unblameable; yet of air and behaviour so truly gallant, had it not been for thy forwardness, Olivia; had it not been for proposals, shame to thyself! shame to thy sex! *too plainly* intimated to him; proposals that owed their existence to inconsiderate love; a love mingled, I will now confess, with passions of the darkest hue—Envy, malice—and those aggravated by despair—would, on this disappointment from the Bologna, have offered his hand to the Florentine!—But now do

* This passage is that where he hints at Lady Clementina's noble rejection of him, p. 726, line 34, second column; beginning, 'I leave Italy,' to the end of the paragraph.

I own, that it cannot, that it ought not to be. For what, Olivia, is there in the glitter of thy fortune, thy *greatest* dependence, to attract a man, whom worldly grandeur cannot influence? Who has a fortune of his own so ample that hundreds are the better for it?—A man, whose oeconomy is regulated by prudence? Who cannot be in such difficulties as would give some little merit to the person who was so happy as to extricate him from them?—A man, in short, who takes pleasure in conferring obligations, yet never lays himself under the necessity of receiving returns? Prince of a man! What prince, king, emperor, is so truly great as *this* man? And is he not likewise surrounded by his nobles?—What a number of people of high interior worth, make up the circle of his acquaintance!

And is there not, cannot there yet be hope; the proud Bologna now (as she is) out of the question?—The Florentine wants not pride; but betrayed by the violence of her temper, she has not had the caution to confine herself within the bounds of female (shall I say?) *hypocrisy*. What she could not hide from herself, she revealed to the man she loved: but never, however, was there any other man whom she loved. Upon whom but one man, the haughty object of her passion, did she ever condescend to look down? Who but he was ever encouraged to look up to her?—And did not his gentle, his humane, his unapproaching heart, seem to pity rather than despise her, till she was too far engaged? At the time that she *first* cast her eyes upon him, his fortune was not high; his father, a man of experience, was living, and likely to live; his sisters, whom he loved as himself, were hopeless of obtaining from their father fortunes equal to their rank and education. Olivia knew all this from unerring intelligence. His friends, his Bartlett, his Beauchamp, and others, were not in circumstances, that set them above owing obligations to him, slender as were his own appointments—*Then* it was that thou, Olivia, valuedst thyself for being blest with means to make the power of the man thou lovedst, as large as his heart. Thou wouldst have vested it *all* in him. Thou wouldst have conditioned with him, that this he should do for one

sister; this for the other; this for one friend; this for another; and still another, to the extent of his wishes: and with *him*, and the *remainder*, thou wouldst have been happy.

Surely there was some merit in Olivia's love.

But, alas! she was not prudent: her temper, supposed to be naturally haughty and violent, hurried her into measures too impetuous. The soul of the man she loved, too great to be attracted by riches, by worldly glory, and capable of being happy in a mere competence, was (how can I say it?) I blush while I write it!) disgusted by a violence that had not been used to be restrained by the accustomed reserve. It was all open day, no dark machinating night, in the heart of the undissembling Olivia. She persecuted the object of her passion with her love, because she thought she could lay him under obligation to it. By hoping to prove herself more, she made herself appear less than woman. She despised that affectation, that hypocrisy, in her sex, which unpenetrating eyes attribute to modesty and shame—Shame of what! of a natural passion?

But you, Grandison, were too delicate, to be taken with her *sincerity*. If you had penetration to distinguish between reserve and openness of heart, you had not greatness of mind enough to break through the low restraints of custom; and to reward the latter in preference to the former. Yet who, better than you, knows, that women in love are actuated by *one* view, and differ only in outward appearance? Will bars, bolts, walls, rivers, seas, any more withhold the supercilious, than the less reserved? That passion which made the Florentine compass earth and seas, in hopes of obtaining it's end, made, perhaps, the prouder Bologna (and *from* pride) a more pitiable object—Yet, whoever imputed immodesty to Olivia? Who ever dared to harbour a thought injurious to her virtue? You only (custom her judge) *have* the power, but not, I hope, the will, to upbraid her. You *can*. The creature, who, conscious of having alarmed you by the violence of her temper, would have lived with you on terms of *probation*, and left it to your honour, on full consideration and experience of that temper, to reward her with the celebration, or punish her with

with rejection, (her whole fortune devoted to you) had subjected herself to your challenges. But nobody else could harbour a thought inglorious to her.

And must she yield to the consciousness of her own unworthiness, from a proposal made by herself, which tyrant custom only can condemn!

O yes, she must. There is among your country-women one who seems born for *you*, and you for *her*. If *she* can abate of a dignity, that a first and only love alone can gratify, and accept of a second-placed love, a widower-bachelor, as I may call you, *she*, I know, must, will, be the happy woman. To *her* the slighted Florentine can resign, which, with patience, she never could to the proud Bologna; and the sooner, because of the immortal hatred she bears to that woman of Bologna. You, Grandison, have been accustomed to be distinguished by women who in degree and fortune might claim rank with princesses. Degree and fortune captivate you not—This humbler fair one is more suitable to your own degree; and in the beauties of person and mind (at least, in those beauties of the latter, which *you* most admire) she is superior either to your Bolognese or Florentine. Let my pen praise her, though malice to Clementina, and despair of obtaining my own wishes, mingle with my ink—She is mild, though sparkling; she is humble, yet has dignity; she is reserved, yet is frank and open-hearted: nobody can impute to her either dissimulation or license of behaviour. We read her heart in her countenance, and have no thought of looking farther for it: wisdom has its seat on her lips; modesty, on her brow; her eyes avow the secrets of her soul, and demonstrate, that she has no one, that she need to be ashamed of; she can blush for others; for the unhappy Olivia she *did* more than once; but for herself she need not blush. I loved, yet feared her, the moment I saw her. I dared not to try myself by her judgment. It was easy for me to see, that she loved you; yet such were your engagements, your *supposed* engagements, that I pitied her: and can we be alarmed by, or angry at, her whom we pity?—Unworthy Grandison! Unworthy I *will* call you; because you cannot merit

the love of such a spotless heart. You who could leave her, and under colour of honour, when there was no pre-engagement, and when the proud family had rejected you, prefer to such a fine young creature, a romantick enthusiast—O may the sweet maiden, who wants not due consciousness of interior worth, assert herself; and, by refusing your *second-placed* addresses, vindicate the dignity of beauty and innocence unequalled!

If you, Grandison, cannot forgive Olivia for loving you too well, for rendering herself too cheap to you; if you cannot repair in her own eyes, the honour of one, who, in that case, must be sunk in yours beyond the power of restoration; if you cannot forgive attempts of the hand, in which the heart had no share, but resisted; in a word, if you cannot forgive the fervor of a love, that, at times, combating my pride, had nearly overturned *my* reason also—Then, let this virgin goodness be yours, and Olivia will endeavour to forgive *you*—Yet—O that yet—Ah, Grandison!—But how can a woman bear that refusal, which, however superior she may be in rank, in fortune, gives her an inferiority to the man of her wishes, in the very article in which it should be a woman's glory to retain dignity, even were the man superior to her in birth, and in all other outward advantages? I disdain thee, Grandison, in this light. I will tear thy proud image from my heart, or die!

One request only, let me make, and permit your pride to comply with it. Return not to me, but accept (accept as a token of love) the cabinets which perhaps will be in England before you. They will be thought by you of too great value; but they are not too great for the grandeur of my fortune, and the magnificence of my spirit. The medals alone, make a collection that would do credit to the cabinet of a sovereign prince. These are in your taste. They are *nothing* to Olivia, but for your sake. Accept of these cabinets, as some atonement for the trouble I have given you; for the attempts I have made upon your liberty, and more than once (but Oh! with how feeble a hand!) upon your life! How easy had it been to take the latter, your soul so fearless, braving menaces and danger, had I been resolved to take it! How

many ministers of vengeance, in my country, had I been determined to execute it, would my fortune have procured me! How easy would it have been for me to conceal my guilt from all but myself, had the slow-working bowl, or even the sharp-pointed poniard, given thee up to my great revenge!—It is, however, happy, for us *both*, that the proud bigot rejected you! Your death, and my distraction, had, probably, been the consequence of her acceptance of you—Yet, how I rave!—The moment I had seen you, my vengeance would have been arrested, as more than once it was. O Grandison! How dear are you (*were* you, now I will endeavour to say) to the soul of Olivia! Dearer than fame, than glory, and whatever the world deems valuable.

All that I ask of you now, that the Bologna, in disappointing *you*, has disappointed *herself*, (great revenge!) is within your own power to grant, without detriment to yourself, and, I hope, without regret. It consists of two or three articles: the first is, to resolve within yourself, that you will not *now*, should that heat of the zealot's imagination, which has seemed to carry her above herself, subside, (as I have no doubt but it *will*;) and should she even follow you to your native place, as a still nobler woman ignobly did; that you will not now receive her offered hand!—O Grandison!—If you do—

Next, that you will (thus fairly, though *foolishly*, dismissed, and the whole family rejoicing in your dismissal, well as they pretend to love you) put it out of your own power, since the Florentine can have no hope, to give the Bolognese any. My soul thirsts to see her in a nunnery: I could myself assume the veil in the same convent, I *think* I could, for the pleasure of exulting over her for the pangs she has occasioned me. But for *her*, Olivia would have been mistress of her own wishes.

Preach not to me, Grandison, against that spirit of revenge, which ever did, and ever must, actuate my heart. Slighted love will warrant it, or nothing can! Have I not lost the man I loved by it? Can I regain him, if I conquer that not ignoble vehemence of

a great mind?—No! Forbear, then, the unavailing precept. I am not of Bologna. I am no zealot! While the warm blood flows in my veins, I pretend not to be above human nature. When I can divest myself of that, *then*, perhaps, I may follow your advice; I may seek to cultivate the friendship of Mrs. Beaumont: but *till* then, she would not accept of mine.

O Grandison! born to distinction! princely in your munificence! amiable in your person! great in your mind, in your sentiments! you have conquered your ambition—You may therefore unite yourself to the politest country maid, and the loveliest, that ever adorned your various climate: yet, O that in the same hour, the Bolognese might assume the veil, and the lovely English maid refuse your offered hand!

My third request is, (as before requested) that you will not refuse the cabinets which will be soon embarked for you. Be not *afraid* of me, Grandison; I form no pretensions upon you from this present; valuable as you, perhaps, may think it. Your simple acceptance is all the return I hope for. Write only these words with your own hand—‘Olivia, I accept your present, and thank you for it.’—Receive it *only* as a token of my past love, for a man whose virtues I admire, and, by degrees, shall hope to imitate. That, Sir, when a certain event was *most* my wish, was not the least motive for that wish: but now, what will be the destiny of the bewildered creature, who is left at large to her own will, who can tell? A will, that only one man in the world could have subjugated. His controul would have been freedom.

I would not have you imagine, that a correspondence, by letter, is hoped for as a *return* for the present of which I entreat your acceptance: but when I can assure you, that your advice will probably be of great service to me, in the conduct of my future life, as I have no doubt it will, from the calm effects that the letter, which has now a place in my bosom, has already produced there, I am ready to flatter myself, that a wish so ardent, and so justifiable, will be granted to the repeated request of

OLIVIA.

CONTINUATION OF SIR CHARLES
GRANDISON'S LETTER, NO. XL.
BEGUN P. 724.

OLIVIA, you see, my dear Dr. Bartlett, concludes her letter with a desire of corresponding with me. As she has put it, I cannot refuse her request. How happy should I think myself, if I could be a means effectually to serve her in the conduct of her future life!

I have written to her, that I shall think an intercourse by letters an honour done me, if she will allow me to treat her with the freedom and the singleness of heart of an affectionate brother.

As to her particular recommendation of a *third person*, I tell her, that must be the subject of the future correspondence to which she is pleased to invite me.

Olivia may be in earnest, in her warm commendations of a lady, of whose excellences nobody can write or speak with indifference: but I have no doubt, that she is very earnest to know my sentiments on the subject. But what must be the mind of the *bachelor-widower*, as she calls me, if already I can enter into the subject with *any-body*, with Lady Olivia especially? The most *sensible*, I will not say *subtle* creature on earth, is certainly a woman in love. What can escape her penetration? What can bound her curiosity?

I tell her, that I can neither decline nor accept of her present, till I see the contents of the cabinets she is pleased to mention. It will give me pain, I say, to refuse any favour from Lady Olivia, by which she intends to shew her esteem of me: but favours of so high a price, will, and ought to, give scruples to one who would not be thought ungenerous.

I had always admired, I tell her, her collection of medals; but they are a family collection, of two or three generations: and I should not allow myself to accept of such a treasure, unless I could have an opportunity given me to shew, if not my merit, my gratitude; and that I saw no possibility of being blessed with, in any manner that could make the acceptance tolerably easy to myself. I cannot, my dear Dr. Bartlett, receive from this

magnificent lady a present that is of such high intrinsic worth. Had she offered me any thing that would have had its value *from* the giver, or to the receiver, for its own sake, and not equally to any body else; for instance, had she desired me to accept of her picture, since the original could not be mine; I would not have refused it, though it had been encircled with jewels of price. But, circumstanced as this unhappy lady and I are, could I have asked her for a favour of that nature?

I think, I have broken through one delicacy, in consenting to correspond with this lady. She should not have asked it. I never knew a pain of so particular a nature as this lady (a not ungenerous, though a rash one) has given me. My very heart recoils, Dr. Bartlett, at the thought of a denial of marriage to a woman expecting the offer, whom delicacy has not quite forsaken.

But a word or two more on this subject of presents. When the whole family at Bologna were so earnestly solicitous to shew their gratitude to me by some permanent token, I had once the thought of asking for their Clementina's picture in miniature: but as I was never to think of her as mine, and as, probably, my picture, if but for politeness sake, would have been asked for in exchange, I was afraid of cherishing, by that means, in her mind, the tender ideas of our past friendship, and thereby of making the work of her parents difficult. And do they not the more *excusably* hope to succeed in their views, as they think their success will be a means to secure health of mind to their child? But if they visit me in England, I will then request the pictures of the whole family, in one large piece, for the principal ornament of Grandison Hall.

By what Olivia says, of designs on my liberty, I believe she means to include the attempt made upon me at Florence; which I hinted at in my last, and supposed to come from that quarter. What she would have done with me, had the attempt succeeded, I cannot imagine. I should not have wished to have been the subject of so romantick an adventure—A prisoner to a lady in her castle! She is certainly one of the most enterprising women in

Italy; and her temper is too well seconded by her power. She would not, however, in that case, have had recourse to *fatal* acts of violence. Once, you know, she had thoughts of exciting against me the Holy Tribunal: but I was upon such a foot, as a traveller, and as an English protestant, though avowed, not behaving indiscreetly, that I had friends enow, even in the Sacred College, to have rendered ineffectual any steps of that sort. And after all, her machinations were but transitory ones, and, the moment she saw me, given over.

My first enquiry, after my arrival here, was after my poor cousin Grandison. My *poor* cousin, indeed! What a spiritless figure does he make! I remember you once said, that it was more difficult for a man to behave well in prosperity, than in adversity; but the man who will prove the observation to be true, must not be one, who, by his own extravagance and vice, has reduced himself, from an affluence to which he was born, to penury, at least to a state of obligation and dependence. Good God! that a man should be so infatuated, as to put on the cast of a *dye*, the estate of which he is in *unquestioned* possession from his ancestors! Yet who will say, that he who hopes to win what belongs to another, does not deserve to lose his own?

I soothed my cousin in the best manner I could, consistently with justice: yet I told him, that his repentance must arise from his *judgment*; as well as from his *sufferings*; and that he would have less reason for regretting the unhappy situation to which he had reduced himself, if the latter brought him to a right sense of his errors. I was solicitous, Dr. Bartlett, for the sake of his own peace of mind, that he should fall into a proper train of thinking: but I told him that preaching was no more my intention, than recrimination.

‘I have two hands to one tongue,’ my cousin, said I; ‘and the latter I use not but to tell you, that both the former are cordially at your service. You have considered this matter well, no doubt,’ added I: ‘Can you propose to me any means of retrieving your affairs?’

‘There is,’ said he, ‘one way. It would do every thing for me: but I am afraid of mentioning it to you.’

‘If it be a just way, fear not. If it be any thing I can do for you out of my own single purse, without asking any second or third person to contribute to it, command me.’—He hesitated.

‘If it be any thing, my cousin,’ said I, ‘that you think I ought not, in justice, in honour, to comply with, do *not*, for your own sake, mention it. Let me see that your calamity has had a proper effect upon you. Let not the *just* man be sunk in the man in adversity; and then open your mind freely to me.’

He could not, he said, trust the mention of the expedient to me, till he had given it a farther consideration.

‘Well, Sir, be pleased to remember, that I will never *ask* you to mention it; because I cannot doubt but you *will*, if, on consideration, you think it a *proper* expedient.’

When some friends, who came to visit me on my arrival, were gone, my cousin resumed the former subject: but he offered not to mention his expedient. I hope it was not, that he had a view to my Emily. I am very jealous for my Emily. If I thought poor Everard had but an imagination of retrieving his affairs by her fortune, nothing but his present calamity should hinder me from renouncing for ever my cousin.

I enquired particularly into the situation he was in; and if there were a likelihood of doing any thing with the gamesters. But he could not give me room for such an expectation. I find he has lost all his estate to them, Dunton Farm excepted; which, having been much out of repair, is now sitting up for a new tenant; and will not, for three or four years to come, bring him in a clear fifty pounds a year.

I have known more men than one, who could not live upon fifteen hundred a year, bring themselves to be contented with fifty. But Mr. Grandison is so fallen in spirit, that he never will be able to survive such a change in fortune, if I do not befriend him. Poor man! he is but the shadow of what he was. The *first* formerly in the fashion: in body and face so erect; his steps so firm, gait so assured, air so genteel, eye so lively—But now, in so few months, gaunt sides; his half-worn tarnished laced coat, big enough to lap over him; hollow cheeks, puling voice, sighing

fighting heart, creeping feet—O my Dr. Bartlett, how much does it behove men so little able to *bear* distress, to avoid falling into it by their own extravagance! But for a man to fall into indigence through *avarice*, (for what is a spirit of gaming, but a spirit of avarice, and that of the worst sort?) how can such a one support his own reflections?

I had supposed, that he had no reason, in this shattered state of his affairs, to apprehend any thing from the prosecution set on foot by the woman who claimed him on promise of marriage; but I was mistaken; he has, or pretends to have, he told me, witnesses of the promise. Poor shameful man! What witnesses *needed* she, if he *knows* he made it, and received the profligate consideration?

I am not happy, my dear friend, in my mind. I hope to be tolerably so, if my next letters from Bologna are favourable, as to the state of health of the beloved brother and sister there.

It would have been no disagreeable amusement to me, at this time, to have proceeded directly to Ireland; the rather, as I hope a visit to my estate there is become almost necessary, by the forwardness the works are in which I set on foot when I was on that more than agreeable spot. But the unhappy situation of Mr. Grandison's affairs, and my hopes of bringing those of Lady Mansfield to an issue, together with the impatience I have to see my English friends, determine me to the contrary. To-morrow will be the last day of my stay in this city; and the day after, my cousin and I shall set out for Calais.—Very quickly, therefore, after the receipt of this letter, which shuts up the account of my foreign excursions, will you, by your paternal goodness, if in London, help to calm the disturbed heart of *your*

CHARLES GRANDISON.

LETTER XLIII.

LADY G. TO MISS BYRON.

LONDON, TUESDAY, SEPT. 5.

CONGRATULATE us, my dearest Miss Byron, on the arrival of my brother. He came last night. It was late. And he sent to us this morning;

and to others of his friends. My lord and I hurried away to breakfast with him. Ah, my dear! we see too plainly that he has been very much disturbed in mind. He looks more wan, and is thinner, than he was: but he is the same kind brother, friend, and good man.

I expected a little hint or two from him on my past vivacities; but not a word of that nature. He felicitated my good man and me; and when he spoke of Lord and Lady L. and his joy in their happiness, he put two sisters and their good men together, as two of the happiest pairs in England. Politick enough; for as we sat at breakfast, two or three *toy*some things were said by my lord, (no ape was ever so fond!) and I could hardly forbear him: but the reputation my brother *gave* me, was a restraint upon me. I see, one may be flattered, by undeserved compliments, into good behaviour, when we have a regard to the opinion of the complimenter.

Aunt Nell was all joy and gladness: she was in raptures last night, it seems, at her nephew's first arrival. He rejoiced to see her; and was so thankful to her for letting him find her in town, and at his house, that she resolves she will not leave him till he is married. The good old soul imagines she is of importance to him, in the direction of the family matters, now I have left him—I, Harriet! there's self-importance!—But, good creatures, these old virgins! they do *so* love to be thought useful.—Well, and is not that a good sign, on aunt Nell's part? Does it not look as if she would have been an useful creature in the days of nightrail and notableness, had she been a wife in good time? I always think, when I see those badgerly virgins fond of a parrot, a squirrel, a monkey, or a lap-dog, that their imagination makes out husband and children in the animals—Poor things!—But as to her care, I dare say, that will only serve to make bustle and confusion, where else would be order and regularity; for my brother has the best of servants.

I wished her in Yorkshire fifty times, as we sat at breakfast; for when I wanted to ask my brother twenty thousand questions, and to set him on talking, we were entertained with her dreams of the night before his arrival.

and

and last night—Seas crossed, rivers forded—Dangers escaped by the help of angels and saints, were the reveries of the former night; and of the last, the musick of the spheres, heaven, and joy, and festivity.—The plump creature loves good cheer, Harriet. In short, hardly a word could we say, but what put her upon recollecting a part of one of her dreams: yet some excuse lies good, for an old soul, whose whole life has been but one dream, a little fal-lal-ishly varied.—And, would you think it? (yes, I believe you would) *my* odd creature was once or twice put upon endeavouring to recollect two or three dreams of his own, of the week past; and would have gone on, if I had not silenced him by a frown, as he looked upon me for his cue, as a tender husband ought.

Beauchamp came in, and I thought would have relieved us: but he put *my* aunt in mind of an almost forgotten part of her dream; for *just* such a joyful meeting, *just* such expressions of gladness, did she dream of, as she now beheld, and heard, between my brother and him felicitating each other. Deuce take these dreaming souls, to remember their reveries, when realities infinitely more affecting are before them! But reflection and prognostick are ever inspiriting parts of the pretension of people who have lived long; dead to the present; the past and the future filling their minds: and why should not they be indulged in the thought that they know something more than those who are less abstracted; and who are contented with looking no farther than the present?

Sir Charles enquired after Sir Harry's health. Mr. Beauchamp, with a concern that did him credit, lamented his declining way; and he spoke so respectfully of Lady Beauchamp, and of her tenderness to his father, as made my brother's eyes glisten with pleasure.

Lord and Lady L. Dr. Bartlett, and Emily, were at Colnebrook: but as they had left orders to be sent for, the moment my brother arrived, (for you need not doubt but his last letter prepared us to expect him soon) they came time enough to dine with us. There was a renewal of joy among us.

Emily, the dear Emily, fainted away, embracing the knees of her guar-

dian, as she, unawares to him, threw herself at his feet, with joy that laboured for expression, but could not obtain it. He was affected. So was Beauchamp. So were we all. She was carried out, just as she was recovering to a shame and confusion of face, for which only her own modesty could reproach her.

There are susceptibilities which will shew themselves in outward acts; and there are others which cannot burst out into speech. Lady L.'s joy was of the former, mine of the latter sort. But she is used to tenderness of heart. My emotions are ready to burst my heart, but never hardly can rise to my lips.—My eyes, however, are great talkers.

The pleasure that Sir Charles, Lord L. and Dr. Bartlett, mutually expressed to see each other, was great, tender, and manly. My bustling, nimble lord, enjoyed over again his joy, at that of every other person; and he was ready, good-naturedly, to sing and dance—That's *his* way, poor man, to shew his joy; but he is honest, for all that. Don't despise him, Harriet! He was brought up as an only son, and to know that he was a lord, or else he would have made a better figure in *your* eyes. The man wants not sense, I assure you. You may think me partial; but I believe the most foolish thing he ever did in his life, was at church, and that at St. George's, Hanover Square. Poor soul! he *might* have had a wife better suited to his taste, and then his very foibles would have made him shine. But, Harriet, it is not always given to us to know what is best for ourselves. Black women, I have heard remarked, like fair men; fair men, black women; and tempers suit best with contraries. Were we all to like the same person or thing equally, we should be for ever engaged in broils: as it *is*, human nature (*wile rogue!* as I have heard it called) is quarrelsome enough; so, my lord, being a soft man, *fell in love*, if it please you, with a saucy woman. He *ought* to be meek and humble, you know. He would not let me be quiet, till I was his. We are often to be punished by our own choice. But I am very good to him *now*. I don't know, Harriet, whether it is best for me to break him of his trifling, or not: unless one were sure, that

that he could creditably support the alteration. Now can I laugh at him; and if the baby is froppish, can coax him into good humour. A sugar-plum, and a curtsy, will do at any time; and, by setting him into a broad grin, I can laugh away his anger. But should I endeavour to make him wise, as the man has not been used to it, and as his education has not given him a turn to significance, don't you think he would be awkward; and, what is worse, assuming? Well, I'll consider of this, before I attempt to new-cast him. Mean time, I repeat—'Don't you, my dear, for *my* sake, think meanly of Lord G.'—Ha, ha, ha, hah!—What do I laugh at, do you ask me, Harriet?—Something so highly ridiculous—I have—I have—sent him away from me, *so* much ashamed of himself—He bears any thing from me *now*, that he knows I am only in play with him, and have so *very* right a heart—I must lay down my pen—Poor soul!—Hah, hah, hah, hah! I do love him for his simplicity!

WELL, I won't tell you what I laughed at just now, for fear you should laugh at us both. My brother's arrival has tuned every string of my heart to joy. The holding up of a straw will throw me into a *titteration*.—I can hardly forbear laughing again, to think of the shame the poor soul shewed, when he slunk away from me. After all, he ill brooks to be laughed at. Does not that look as if he were conscious?—But what, Harriet, (will you ask) mean I, by thus trifling with you, and at *this* time particularly?—Why, I would be glad to make you smile, either *with* me, or *at* me: I am indifferent which, so that you do but smile—You do!—I protest you do!—Well! now that I have obtained my wishes, I will be serious.

We congratulated my brother on the happy turn in the healths of his Italian friends, without naming names, or saying a word of the sister we had like to have had. He looked earnestly at each of us; bowed to our congratulations; but was silent. Dr. Bartlett had told us, that he never, in his letters to my brother, mentioned your being not well; because he knew it would disturb him. He had many things to order and do; so that, except at breakfast, when aunt

Nell invaded us with her dreams, and at dinner, when the servants attendance made our discourse general, we had hardly any opportunity of talking to him. But in the space between tea-time and supper, he came and told us, that he was devoted to us for the remainder of the day. Persons present were, Lord and Lady L. myself, and my good man, Dr. Bartlett, Mr. Beauchamp, and Emily, good girl, quite recovered, and blyth as a bird, attentive to every word that passed the lips of her guardian.—O, but aunt Nell was also present!—Poor soul! I had like to have forgot her!

In the first place, you must take it for granted, that we all owned, we had seen most of what he had written to Dr. Bartlett.

'What troubles, what anguish of mind, what a strange variety of conflicts, has your heart had to contend with, my dear Sir Charles,' began Mr. Beauchamp; 'and, at last, what a strange disappointment, from one of the noblest of women!'

'Very true, my Beauchamp!' He then said great and glorious things of Lady Clementina. We all joined in admiring her. He seemed to have great pleasure in hearing us praise her—'Very true,' Harriet!—But you have generosity enough to be pleased with him for that.

Aunt Eleanor (I won't call her aunt Nell any more if I can help it) asked him, if he thought it were possible for the lady to hold her resolution! 'Now you have actually left Italy, nephew, and are at such a distance, don't you think her love will return?'

Good soul! she has *substantial* notions still left, I find, of *ideal* love! Those notions, I fancy, last a long time, with those who have not had the opportunity of gratifying the *jilly* passion!—Be angry, if you will, Harriet, I don't care.

Well, but, thus gravely, as became the question, answered my brother—'The favour which this incomparable lady honoured me with, was never disowned: on the contrary, it was always avowed, and to the very last. She had, therefore, no uncertainty to contend with: she had no balancings in her mind. Her contention, as she supposed, was altogether in favour of her duty to Heaven. She is extremely

'plarily pious. While she remains
'a zealous Roman catholick, she must
'persevere; and I dare say she will.'

'I don't know what to make of these
'*papists*,' said our old protestant aunt
Nell—(Aunt Nell, did I say? Cry
mercy!)—'Thank God you are come
'home safe and sound, and without a
'*papistical* wife!—It is very hard, if
'England cannot find a wife for you,
'nephew.'

We all smiled at aunt Nell—The
deuce is in me, I believe!—Aunt Nell
again!—But let it go.

'When, Lady G.' (asked Lady L.)
'saw you, or heard you from, the
'dowager Countess of D.?'

'Is there any other Countess of D.
'Lady L.?' said Sir Charles; a fine
glow taking possession of his cheeks.

'Your servant, brother,' thought I;
'I am not sorry for your charming
'apprehensiveness.'

'No, Sir,' replied Lady L.

'Would you, brother,' said *bold-
face*, (you know who that is, Harriet)
'that there should be another Countess
'of D.?'

'I wish my Lord D. happy, Char-
'lotte. I hear him as well spoken of
'as any of our young nobility.'

'You don't know what I mean, I
'warrant, Sir Charles!' resumed, with
an intentional archness, your saucy
friend.

'I believe I do, Lady G. I wish
'Miss Byron to be one of the happiest
'women in the world, because she is
'one of the best.—My dear,' to Emi-
ly, 'I hope you have had nothing to
'disturb or vex you, from your mo-
'ther's husband—'

'Nor from my mother, Sir—All is
'good, and as it should be. You have
'overcome—'

'That's well, my dear—Would not
'the Bath waters be good for Sir Har-
'ry! my dear Beauchamp.'

'A second remove!' thought I.
'But I'll catch you, brother, I'll war-
'rant, (as rusticks sometimes, in their
'play, do a ball) on the rebound.'

Now, Harriet, you will be piqued,
I suppose. Your delicacy will be of-
fended, because I urged the question.
I see a blush of disdain arising in your
lovely cheek, and conscious eye, re-
storing the roses to the one, and it's
natural brilliancy to the other. Indeed
we all began to be afraid of a little

affectation in my brother. But we
needed not. He would not suffer us
to put him upon the subject again.
After a few other general questions
and answers, of *who* and *who*; and
how and *how*; and *what*, and *when*,
and so forth; he turned to Dr. Bartlett.

'My dear friend,' said he, 'you
'gave me pain a little while ago, when
'I asked you after the health of Miss
'Byron, and her friends: you evaded
'my question, I thought, and your
'looks alarmed me. I am afraid poor
'Mrs. Shirley—Miss Byron spoke of
'her always as in an infirm state—
'How, Charlotte, would our dear Miss
'Byron grieve, were she to lose so good
'a relation!'

'I intended not,' answered the doc-
tor, 'that you should *see* I was con-
'cerned; but I think it impossible,
'that a father can love a daughter
'better than I love Miss Byron.'

'You would alarm me indeed, my
'dear friend, if Lady G. had not, by
'her usual *liveliness* just now, put me
'out of all apprehensions for the health
'of Miss Byron. I hope Miss Byron
'is well.'

'Indeed she is not,' said I, with a
gravity becoming the occasion.

'God forbid!' said he; with an
emotion that pleased every body.

Not for *your* sake, Harriet—Be not
affectedly nice now; but for our own.

His face was in a glow—'What,
'Lady L.—what, Charlotte,' said he,
'—ails Miss Byron?'

'She is not well, brother,' replied
I; 'but the most charming sick woman
'that ever lived. She is chearful, that
'she may give no uneasiness to her
'friends. She joins in all their con-
'versations, diversions, amusements.
'She would fain be well; and likes
'not to be thought ill. Were it not
'for her faded cheeks, her pale lips,
'and her changed complexion, we
'should not know from herself that
'she ailed any thing. Some people
'reach perfection sooner than others;
'and are as swift in their decay.—
'Poor Miss Byron seems not to be
'built for duration.'

But should I write these things to
you, my dear? Yet I know that Lady
Clementina and you are sisters in mag-
nanimity.

My brother was quite angry with
me—'Dear Dr. Bartlett,' said he,
'explain

‘explain this speech of Charlotte.
 ‘She loves to amuse.—Miss Byron is
 ‘blessed with a good constitution: she
 ‘is hardly yet in the perfection of her
 ‘bloom. Set my heart at rest. I love
 ‘not either of my sisters, more than I
 ‘do Miss Byron.—Dear Charlotte, I
 ‘am really angry with you.’

My good-natured lord reddened up
 to his naked ears, at hearing my brother
 say he was angry with me.—‘Sir
 ‘Charles,’ said he, ‘I am sorry you
 ‘are so soon angry with your sister.
 ‘It is too true, Miss Byron is ill: she
 ‘is, I fear, in a declining way.’

‘Pardon me, my dear Lord G.—
 ‘Yet I am ready to be angry with any
 ‘body that shall tell me, Miss Byron
 ‘is in a declining way.—Dr. Bart-
 ‘lett—Pray—’

‘Indeed, Sir, Miss Byron is not
 ‘well.—Lady G. has mingled her
 ‘fears with her love, in the descrip-
 ‘tion. Miss Byron cannot but be
 ‘lovely: her complexion is still fine.
 ‘She is cheerful, serene, resigned.’

‘Resigned, Dr. Bartlett!—Miss By-
 ‘ron is a faint. She cannot but be
 ‘resigned, in the solemn sense of the
 ‘word.—Resignation implies hopeles-
 ‘ness. If she is so ill, would not you,
 ‘my dear Dr. Bartlett, have informed
 ‘me of it?—Or was it from tenderness—
 ‘You must be kind in all you do.’

‘I did not apprehend,’ said Lady L.
 ‘that Miss Byron was so very much
 ‘indisposed.—Did you, my lord?’
 (to Lord L.)—‘Upon my word, doc-
 ‘tor—sister—it was unkind, if so,
 ‘that you made me not acquainted—’
 And then her good-natured eye dropt
 a tear of love for her Harriet.

I was sorry this went so far. My
 brother was very uneasy. So was Mr.
 Beauchamp, for him, and for you,
 my dear.

‘That she is, and endeavours to be,
 ‘so cheerful,’ said Beauchamp, ‘shews,
 ‘that nothing lies upon her mind.—
 ‘My father’s illness can only more af-
 ‘fect me, than Miss Byron’s.’

Emily wept for her Miss Byron.
 She has always been afraid that her
 illness would be attended with ill con-
 sequences.

My dear love, my Harriet, you must
 be well. See how *every body* loves you.
 I told my brother, that I expected a
 letter from Northamptonshire, by the
 next post; and I would inform him

truly of the state of your health, from
 the contents of it.

I would not for the world have you
 think, my Harriet, that I meant to
 excite my brother’s attention to you,
 by what I said. Your honour is the
 honour of the sex. For are you not
 one of the most delicate-minded, as
 well as frankest, of it? It is no news
 to say, that my brother dearly loves
 you. I did not want to know his so-
 licitude for your health. Where he
once loves, he *always* loves. Did you
 not observe, that I supposed it a *natu-
 ral* decline? God grant that it may *not*
 be so. And thus am I imprudently
 discouraging you, in mentioning my
 apprehensions of your ill health, in or-
 der to shew my regard for your punc-
 tilio: but you *shall*, you *will*, be well;
 and the wife of—the best of men.—
 God grant it may be so!—But, how-
 ever that is to be, we have all laid our
 heads together, and are determined,
 for your delicacy sake, to let this mat-
 ter take it’s course; since, after an
 opening so undesignedly warm, you
 might otherwise imagine our solicitude
 in the affair capable of being thought
 too urgent. I tell you, my dear, that,
 worthy as Sir Charles Grandison is of
 a princess, he shall not call you by his
 name, but with all his soul.

As my brother laid it out to us this
 evening, I find we shall lose him for
 some days. The gamesters whom Mr.
 Grandison permitted to ruin him, are
 at Winchester; dividing, I suppose,
 and rejoicing over, their spoils of the
 last season. Whether my brother in-
 tends to see them or not, I cannot tell.
 He expects not to do any thing with
 them. They, no doubt, will shew the
 foolish fellow, that *they* can keep what
he could not: and Sir Charles aims
 only at practicable and legal, not at
 romantick redresses.

Sir Charles intends to pay his re-
 spects to Lord and Lady W. at Wind-
 sor; and to the Earl of G. and Lady
 Gertrude, who are at their Berkshire
 seat. My honest lord has obtained my
 leave, at the first asking, to attend him
 thither.—My brother will wait on Sir
 Harry, and Lady Beauchamp, in his
 way to Lady Mansfield’s.—Beauchamp
 will accompany him thither. Poor
 Grandison, as humble as a mouse,
 though my brother does all he can to
 raise him, desires to be in his *train*, as

he calls it, all the way; and never to be from under his wing. My brother intends to make a short visit to Grandison Hall, when he is so near as at Lady Mansfield's: Dr. Bartlett will accompany him thither, as all the way; and hopes he will approve of every thing he has done there, and in that neighbourhood, in his absence. The good man has promised to write to me. Emily is sometimes to be with me, sometimes with aunt Eleanor, at the ancient's request; though Lord and Lady L. mutter at it. My brother's trusty Saunders is to be left behind, in order to dispatch to his master, by man and horse, any letters that may come from abroad; and I have promised to send him an account of the healths, and so-forth, of our Northamptonshire friends. I think it would be a right thing in him to take a turn to Selby House. I hope you think so too. Don't fib, Harriet.

Adieu, my dear. For God's sake be well, prays your sister, your friend, and the friend of all your friends, *ever affectionate and obliged,*

CHARLOTTE G.

LETTER XLIV.

MISS HARRIET BYRON, TO LADY G.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 7.

I Will write to your letter as it lies before me.

I do most heartily congratulate you, my dear Lady G. on the arrival of your brother. I do not wonder that his fatigues, and his disappointment, have made an alteration in his person and countenance. Sir Charles Grandison would not be the man he is; if he had not sensibility.

You could not know your brother, my dear, if you expected from him recriminations on your past odd behaviour to Lord G. I hope he does not yet know a tenth part of it: but if he did, as he hoped you saw your error, and would be good for the future, he was right surely to forget, what you ought not, but with contrition, to remember. You are very naughty in the letter before me; and I love you too well to spare you.

What can you mean, my dear, by exulting so much over your aunt, for living, to an advanced age, a single woman? However ineffectual, let me add to my former expostulatory chidings on this subject: would you have one think you are overjoyed, that you have so soon put it out of any one's power to reproach you on the like account? If so, you ought to be more thankful than you seem to be, to Lord G. who has extended his generosity to you, and kept you from the odium. Upon my word, my dear Lady G. I think it looks like a want of decency in women, to cast reflections on others of their sex, possibly for their prudence and virtue. Do you consider, how you exalt, by your ludicrous freedoms, the men whom sometimes you affect to despise. No wonder if *they* ridicule old maids. It is their interest to do so. '*Lords of the creation,*' sometimes you derisively call the insulters; lords of the creation, indeed, you make them!—And pray, do you think, that the same weakness which made your aunt Grandison tell her dreams, in the joy of her heart; as an old maid, might not have made her guilty of the same foible, had she been an old wife? Joy is the parent of many a silly thing. Don't you own, that the arrival of your brother, which made your aunt break out into dream-telling, made you break into laughter; (even in a letter) of which you were ashamed to tell the cause?—*Wives*, my dear, should not fall into the mistakes, for which they would make *maids* the subject of their ridicule. You *know* better; and therefore should be above joining the foolish multitude, in a general cry to hunt down an *unfortunate* class of people (as you reckon them) of your own sex. Your aunt Grandison's dreams, let me add, were more innocent, than your waking mirth—You *must* excuse me—I could say a great deal more upon the subject; but if I have not said enough to make you sorry for your fault, a great deal more would be ineffectual—So much, therefore, for this subject.

Poor dear Emily!—I wonder not at the effect the arrival, and first sight of her guardian, had upon her tender heart.

But how wickedly do you treat your lord!—

lord!—Fie upon you, Charlotte!—And fie upon you again, for writing what I cannot, for your credit sake, read out to my friends. I wish, my dear, I could bring you to think, that there cannot be wit without justice; nor humour without decorum: my lord has some few foibles; but shall a wife be the first to discover them, and expose him for them? Cannot you cure him of them, without treating him with a ridicule which borders upon contempt?—O my dear, you shew us much greater foibles in yourself than my lord ever yet had, when you make so bad an use of talents that were given you for better purposes. One word only more on this subject—You cannot make me smile, my dear, when you are thus unseasonable in your mirth. Henceforth, then, remember, that your *excursions* (allow me the word, I had a rather in my head) upon old maids, and your lord, can only please *yourself*; and I will not accept of your compliment. Why? Because I will not be a partaker in your fault; as I should be, if I could countenance your levity.

‘Levity, Harriet!’

Yes, *levity*, Charlotte—I will not spare you. Whom do you spare?

But do you really think me so ill as you represented me to be, to your brother? I do not think I am. If I did, I am sure I should endeavour to put my thoughts into an absolutely new train: nor would I quit the hold which at proper times I do let go, to re-enter the world, as an individual, who imagines herself of some little use in it; and who is, therefore, obliged to perform, with cheerfulness, her allotted offices, however *generally* insignificant I may comparatively be.

You say, you had no thoughts of exciting your brother’s ‘*attention*,’ by your strong colouring, when you described the effects of my indisposition to him. ‘*Attention!*—*Compassion* you might as well have said—I hope *not*. And I am obliged to Mr. Beauchamp for his inference, from my cheerfulness, that nothing lay upon my mind. Now, though that inference seemed to imply, that he thought, if he had not made the observation, something *might* have been supposed to lie upon my

mind, I am much better satisfied that *he* made it, than if Sir Charles had.

Upon the whole, I cannot but be pleased at two things in your letter: the one, that Sir Charles expressed so great a concern for my health; the other, that you have all promised, and that voluntarily, and from a sense of the fitness of the measure, that every thing shall be left to its natural course.—For my sake, and for goodness’ sake, pray let it be so. I think the opening, as you call it, was much, *very* much, too *warm*. Bless me, my dear, how I trembled as I read that part!—I am not, methinks, quite satisfied with it, though I am with your intention.

Consider, my dear, half a heart—A preferred lady!—For quality, fortune, and every merit, so greatly preferable.—O my Charlotte! I cannot, were the *best* to happen that *can*, take such *exceeding* great joy, as I once could have done, in the prospect of that *best*.—I have pride—But let us hear what the next letters from Italy say; and it will be then time enough (if the truly admirable lady shall adhere to her resolution) to come with my scruples and drawbacks. Your aunt Grandison is of opinion, that she will *not* adhere. Who can tell what to say? Imagination, unnaturally heightened, may change into one altitude from another. I myself sincerely think (and have so often said it, that an uncharitable mind would perhaps charge me with affectation) that Lady Clementina, and no other woman, can deserve Sir Charles Grandison.

Adieu, my dear. Pray tell your brother that I never thought myself so ill as your friendly love made you apprehend me to be: and that I congratulate you with all my heart, and him also, (it would be an affectation to forbear it, which would imply too much) on his safe arrival in England. But be sure remember, that I look upon you and your lord, upon my Lord and Lady L. and upon my sweet Emily, if she sees what I write, as guardians of the honour (of the *punctilio*, if you please, since no *dis*-honour can be apprehended from Sir Charles Grandison) of *your* and *their*

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XLV.

DR. BARTLETT, TO LADY G.

MONDAY, SEPT. II.

IN obedience to your ladyship's commands I write, but it must be briefly on account of our motions.

Sir Charles would not go out of town, till he had made a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Reeves, and enquired after Miss Byron's health, of which he received an account less alarming, than we, from our love and our fears, had given him.

We arrived at Windsor on Wednesday evening.

My Lord and Lady W. expected him not till the next day.

I cannot find words to express the joy with which they received him. My lord acknowledged, before us all, that he owed it to God, and to him, that he was the happiest man in the world. My lady called herself, with tears of joy, a happy woman: and Sir Charles told me, that when he was led by her to her closet, to talk about the affairs of her family, she exceedingly abashed him, by expressing her gratitude to him for his goodness to them all, on her knees; while he was almost ready, on *his*, he said, to acknowledge the aunt, that had done so much honour to his recommendation, and made his uncle so happy.

Sir Charles, in order to have leave to depart next morning, as soon as he had breakfasted, promised to pass several days with them, when he could think himself a *settled Englishman*.

You, Madam, and Lady L. equally love and admire Lady W. I will not, therefore, enlarge to you on her excellences. Every body loves her. Her servants, as they attend, look at their lady, with the same delight, mingled with reverence, as those of my patron look upon him.

Poor Mr. Grandison could not help taking notice to me, with tears, on the joint acknowledgments of my lord and lady made to my patron, that goodness and beneficence brought with them their own rewards. 'Saw you not, my good Dr. Bartlett,' said he, 'how my cousin's eyes shone with modest joy, as my lord and lady ran over with their gratitude? I thought

'of him, as an angel among men—
'What a wretch have I been! How
'can I sit at table with him! Yet
'how he overwhelms me with his
'goodness!'

Sir Charles having heard, that Sir Hargrave Pollexfen was at his house on the foret, he rode to make him a visit, though some few miles out of his way. I attended him.

Sir Hargrave is one of the most miserable of men. He is not yet fully recovered of the bruises and rough treatment he met with near Paris: and he is so extremely sunk in his spirits, that my patron could not but be concerned for him. He received him with grateful acknowledgments, and was thankful for his visit: but he told him, that he was so miserable in himself, that he could hardly thank him for saving a life so wretched.

Mr. Merceda, it seems, died about a fortnight ago.

The poor man was thought to be pretty well recovered, and rode out several times; but was taken, on his return from one of his rides, with a vomiting of blood, the consequence, as imagined, of some inward bruises; and died miserably. His death, and the manner of it, have greatly affected Sir Hargrave.—'And poor Bagenhall, Sir Charles,' said he, 'is as miserable a dog as I am!'

Sir Hargrave, understanding, as he said, that I was a *parson*, begged me to give him *one prayer*.

He was so importunate, and for Sir Charles to join in it, that we both kneeled with him.

Sir Hargrave wept. He called himself a hardened dog.

Strange man!—But I think I was still *more* affected (Sir Hargrave *shocked* me!) by your noble brother's humanity, than by Sir Hargrave's wretchedness; tears of compassion for the poor man stealing down his manly cheek—'God comfort you, Sir Hargrave!' said he, wringing his hands. 'Dr. Bartlett is a good man. You shall have the prayers of us both.'

He left him. He *could* stay no longer; followed by the unhappy man's blessings, interrupted by violent sobbings.

We were both so affected, that we broke not silence, as we rode, till we joined our company at my lord's.

I recounted what passed at this interview to Mr. Grandison. Your ladyship will not want me to be very particular in relating what were his applications to, and reflections on, himself, when I tell you, that he could not have been more concerned, had he been present on the occasion.

Mr. Beauchamp was with us when I gave this relation to Mr. Grandison. He was affected at it, and with Mr. Grandison's sensibility: but how happy for himself was it, that his concern had in it no mixture of self-reproach? It was a generous and humane concern, like that of his dear friend.

Sir Charles's next visit was to the good Earl of G. And here we left my Lord G. the best-natured, and one of the most virtuous and prudent young noblemen in the kingdom. Your ladyship will not accuse me of flattery, when you read this; but you will, perhaps, of another view—Yet, as long as I know that you love to have justice done to my lord; and in your heart are sensible of the truth of what I say, and I am sure rejoice in it; I give cheerful way to the justice; and the rather, as you look upon my lord as so much *yourself*, that if you receive his praises with some little reluctance, it is with such a modest reluctance as you would receive your own; glad, at the same time, that you were so justly complimented.

My lord will acquaint your ladyship with all that passed at the good earl's; and how much overjoyed he and Lady Gertrude were at the favour they thought your brother did them in dining with them. His lordship will tell you also, how much they wish for you; for they propose to winter there, and not in Hertfordshire, as once they thought to do.

Here Sir Charles enquired after their neighbour Mr. Bagenhall.

He is become a very melancholy man. His wife is as obliging as he will let her be; but he hates her; and the less wonder, for he hates himself.

Poor woman! she could not expect a better fate. To yield up her chastity; to be forced upon him afterwards, by way of doing her poor justice; what assistance can he have in her virtue, were she to meet with a trial?

But that is not all; for though nobody questions her fidelity, yet what weight with him can her arguments have, were she to endeavour to enforce upon his mind those doctrines, which, were they to have proceeded from a pure heart, might, now and then, have let in a ray of light on his benighted soul? A gloomy mind must occasionally receive great consolation from the interposal and soothing of a companionable love, when we know it comes from an untainted heart!

Poor Mr. Grandison found in *this* case also great room for self-application and regret, without my being so officious as to remind him of the similitude; though the woman who is endeavoured to be imposed on him for a wife, is a more guilty creature than ever Mrs. Bagenhall was.

And here, Madam, allow me to observe, that there is such a sameness in the lives, the actions, the pursuits of libertines, and such a likeness in the accidents, punishments, and occasions for remorse, which attend them, that I wonder they will not be warned by the beacons that are lighted up by every brother libertine whom they know; and that they will so generally be driven on the same rock, overspread and surrounded as it is, in their very sight, by a thousand wrecks!—Did such know your brother, and learn from his example and history, what a *variety* there is in goodness, as he passes on from object to object, exercising, not officiously, but as opportunity offers, his noble talents to the benefit of his fellow creatures, surely they would, like honest Mr. Sylvester, the attorney, endeavour to give themselves solid joy, by following what that gentleman justly called *so self-rewarding* an example.

Forgive me, Madam, if sometimes I am ready to preach: it is my province. Who but your brother can make every province his, and accommodate himself to every subject?

We reached Sir Harry Beauchamp's that night; and there took up our lodgings.

Sir Harry seems to be in a swift decay; and he is very sensible of it. He rejoiced to see your brother. 'I was afraid, Sir Charles Grandison,' said he, 'that our next meeting would have been in another world. May it be

'in the *same* world, and I shall be 'happy!'

This was a wish, a thought, not to be discouraged in a dying man. Sir Charles was affected with it. You know, Madam, that your brother has a heart 'the most tender, and at the same time, the most intrepid, of human hearts. I have learned much from him. He preaches by *action*. Till I 'knew him, young man as he then was, and still is, my preaching was by *words*: I was contented, that my actions disgraced not my words.

Lady Beauchamp, as my patron afterwards told me, confessed in tears, that she should owe to him all the tranquillity of mind which she can hope for, if she survive Sir Harry. 'O 'Sir,' said she, 'till I knew you, I 'was a narrow selfish creature. I was 'jealous of a father's love to a worthy son; whose worthiness I knew 'not, as a son, and as a friend: that 'was the happiest day of our Beauchamp's life, which introduced him 'to an intimacy with you.'

Here, on Friday morning, we left Mr. Beauchamp, sorrowing for his father's illness, and endeavouring by every tender act of duty, to comfort his mother-in-law on a deprivation, with which, I am afraid, she will soon be tried.

'My Beauchamp loves you, Sir Charles,' said Sir Harry, at parting in the morning after breakfast: 'and so 'he *ought*. Wherever you are, he 'wants to be; but spare him to his 'mother and me for a few days: he is 'her comforter, and mine. Fain, very 'fain, would I have longer rejoiced, 'if God had seen fit, in the love of 'both. But I resign to the Divine 'will. Pray for me—you also, Dr. Bartlett, pray for me. My son tells 'me what a good man you are—And 'may we meet in Heaven!—I am afraid, 'Sir Charles, that I never shall see 'you again in this world—But why 'should I oppress your noble heart? 'God be your guide and protector! 'Take care of your precious health.

'You have a great deal to do, before 'you finish your glorious course, and 'come to this last period of human 'vanity.'

My patron was both grieved and rejoiced—Rejoiced to see Sir Harry in a frame of mind so different from that to which he had been a witness in Sir Hargrave Wollaston; and grieved to find him past all hopes of recovery.

Sir Charles pursued his journey cross the country, to Lady Mansfield's. We found no convenient place for dining, and arrived at Mansfield House about five on Friday afternoon.

My Lady Mansfield, her daughter and sons, were overjoyed to see my patron. Mr. Grandison told me, that he never, from infancy till this time, shed so many tears as he had shed on this short tour, sometimes from joy, sometimes from grief. I don't know, Madam, whether one should wish him re-established in his fortune, if it could be done; since a lamity, rightly supported, is a blessing.

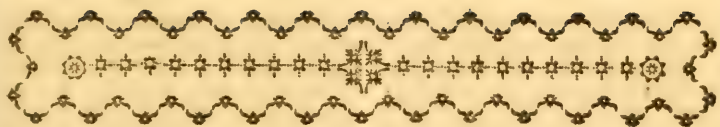
Here I left my patron, and proceeded on Saturday morning, with Mr. Grandison, to the Hall. If Sir Charles finds matters ripened for a treaty between the Mansfields and their adversaries, as he has been put in hopes, he will go near to stay at Mansfield House, and only visit us at the Hall incognito, to avoid neighbourly congratulations, till he can bring things to bear.

Mr. Grandison just now told me, that Sir Charles, before he left town, gave him a 400l. bank note, to enable him to pay off his debts to tradesmen; of which, at his desire, he had given him in a list; amounting to 360l.

He owes, he says, 100l. more to the widow of a wine-merchant; but being resolved to pay it the moment money comes into his hands, he would not acquaint Sir Charles with it.

I have the honour to be *your ladyship's most faithful and obedient servant,*

AMBROSE BARTLETT.




THE
HISTORY
OF
SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, BART.
VOLUME THE SIXTH.

LETTER I.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, TO DR.
BARTLETT.

MANSFIELD HOUSE, THURSDAY,
SEPT. 14.

OU will be so good, my dear friend, as to let my neighbours, particularly the gentlemen you mention, know, that the only reason I forbear paying my compliments to them, now I am so near, is, because I cannot as yet enjoy their company with that freedom and ease which I hope in a little while to do. Tell them, that I purpose, after some particular affairs are determined, (which will for a little while longer engross me) to devote the greatest part of my time to my native place; and that then I will endeavour to make myself as good a neighbour, and as social a friend, as they can wish me to be.

On Sunday I had a visit from the two Hartleys.

They gave me very satisfactory proofs of what they were able, as well as willing, to do, in support of the right of the Mansfields to the estate of which they had been despoiled; and shewed me a paper, which nobody thought was in being, of the utmost consequence in the cause.

On Monday, by appointment, I attended Sir John Lambton. Two lawyers of the Keelings were with him. They gave in their demands. I had mine ready; but theirs were so extravagant, that I would not produce them: but, taking Sir John aside, 'I love not,' said I, 'to affront men of a profession; but I am convinced, that we never shall come to an understanding; if we consider ourselves as lawyers and clients. I am no lawyer; but I know the strength of my friends cause, and will risk half my estate upon the justice of it. The Mansfields will commission me, if the Keelings will you; and we perhaps may do something. If not, let the law take it's course. I am now come to reside in England. I will do nothing for myself, till I have done what *can* be done to make all my friends easy.'

Sir John owned, that he thought the Mansfields had hardships done them. Mr. Keeling senior, he said, had heard of the paper in the Hartleys hands; and, praising his honesty, told me, in confidence, that he had declared, that if such a paper could have been produced in time, he would not have prosecuted the suit, which he had carried. But Sir John said, that the younger Keeling was a furious young man, and would oppose a compromise on the terms he supposed the Mansfields would

would expect to be complied with.

‘But what are your proposals, Sir?’

‘These, Sir John: the law is expensive; delays may be meditated; appeals may be brought, if we gain our point. What I think it may cost us to establish the right of the injured, which cannot be a small sum, that will I prevail upon the Mansfields to give up to the Keelings. I will trust you, if you give me your honour, with our proofs; and if you and your friends are satisfied with them, and will consent to establish our right by the form only of a new trial; then may we be agreed: otherwise, not. And I leave you and them to consider of it. I shall hear from you within two or three days.’

Sir John promised I should; but hoped to have some talk first with the Hartleys, with whom, as well as with me, he declared he would be upon honour.

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

I HAD a message from Sir John last night, requesting me to dine with him and the elder Mr. Keeling this day; and to bring with me the two Mr. Hartleys, and the proofs I had hinted at.

Those gentlemen were so obliging as to go with me; and took the important paper with them, which had been deposited with their grandfather, as a common friend; and contained a recognition of the Mansfields right to the estates in question, upon an amicable reference to persons long since departed: an attested copy of which was once in the Mansfields possession, as by a memorandum that came to hand; but which never could be found. The younger Keeling was not intended to be there: but he forced himself upon us. He behaved very rudely. I had once like to have forgotten myself. This meeting produced nothing: but as the father is a reasonable man; as we have obtained a re-hearing of the cause; as he is much influenced by Sir John Lambton, who seems convinced; and to whose honour I have submitted an abstract of our proofs; I am in hopes that we shall be able to accommodate.

I have Bolton's proposals before me. The first child is dead; the second cannot live many months. He trembles

at the proofs he knows we have of his villainy. He offers, on the death of this second child, to give us possession of the estate, and a large sum of money, (but thought not to be half of what the superannuated Calvert left) if we will give him general releases. The wretch is not, we believe, married to the relict of Calvert.

I am loth, methinks, to let him escape the justice which his crimes call for: but such are the delays and chicaneries of the law, when practisers are found who know how to perplex an honest pursuer; and as we must have recourse to low and dirty people to establish our proofs; the vile fellow shall take with him the proposed spoils: they may not be much more than would be the lawyers part of the estate, were we to push the litigation.

As to our poor Everard, nothing, I fear, can be done for him, with the men who are revelling on *his* spoils. I have seen one of them. The unhappy man has signed and sealed to his own ruin. He regrets, that a part of the estate which has been so long in the family and name should go out of it. What an empty pride is that of name! The general tenor of his life was not a credit to it; though he felt not that, till he felt distress. The disgrace is actually incurred. Does not all the world know his loss, and the winners triumph? And if the world did *not*, can he conceal from himself those vices, the consequences of which have reduced him to what he is? But perhaps the unhappy man puts a value upon the name, in compliment to me. Mention not to him what I write. The poor man is sensible enough of his folly, to engage pity: whether from a right sense, or not, must be left to his own heart.

As to the woman's claim: what, in honour, can I do, against a promise that he owns may be proved upon him? He did not condition with her, that she was to be a spotless woman. If he thought she was so when he solicited her to yield to his desires, he is the *less* to be excused: vile as she comes out to be, he had proposed to make her as vile, if he had found her not so. He promised her marriage: meant he only a promise? *She* is punished in being what she is: *his* punishment cannot be condign, but by his being obliged to perform

perform his promise. Yet I cannot bear to think, that my cousin Grandison should be made, for life, the dupe of a successful and premeditated villainy; and the less, as, in all likelihood, the profligate Lord B. would continue to himself, from the merit with her of having vindicated her claim, an interest in the bad woman's favour, were she to be the wife of our poor Everard.

But certainly this claim must be prosecuted with a view only to extort money from my cousin; and they know him to be of a family jealous of its honour. I think she must be treated with for releases. I could not bear to appear in such a cause as this, in open court, in support of my cousin, against a promise made by him. He is of age, and thought to be no novice in the ways of the town. I am mistaken in Mr. Grandison's spirit, if it do not lead him to think himself very severely punished (were he to have no *other* punishment) by the consequence of those vices which will bring an expence upon *me*.

But if I should be able to extricate the unhappy man from this difficulty, what can next be done for him? The poor remains of his fortune will not support one who has always lived *more* than genteelly. Will he be able, think you, to endure the thoughts of living in a constant state of dependence, however easy and genteel I should endeavour to make it to him? There may be many ways (in the publick offices, for example) of providing for a broken tradesman: but for a man who calls himself, and is, a gentleman; who will expect, as such, to rank with his employer; who knows nothing of figures, or business of any kind; who has been brought up in idleness, and hardly knows the meaning of the word *diligence*; and never could bear confinement; what can be done for such a one in the publick offices, or by any other employment that requires punctual attendance?

But to quit this subject, for a more agreeable one.

I have for some time had it in my thoughts to ask you, my dear friend, whether your nephew is provided for to *your* liking and his *own*? If not, and he would put it in *my* power to

serve *him*, by serving *myself*, I should be obliged to *you* for permitting him so to do, and to *him*, for his consent. I would not affront him, by the offer of a salary: my presents to him shall be such as besit the services done.—Sometimes as my amanuensis; sometimes as a transcriber and methodizer of papers and letters; sometimes in adjusting servants accounts, and sitting them for my inspection. You need not fear my regard to *myself* in my acknowledgments to be made to *him*, (that, I know, will be all your fear;) for I have always considered profusion and parsimony as two extremes, equally to be avoided. You, my dear Dr. Bartlett, have often enforced this lesson on my mind. Can it then ever be forgotten by *your affectionate friend and servant*,

CHARLES GRANDISON?

LETTER II.

SIGNOR JERONYMO DELLA PORRETTA, TO SIR CHARLES GRANDISON.

BOLOGNA, MONDAY, SEPT. 15. N.S.

YOUR kind letters from Lyons, my dearest friend, rejoiced us extremely. Clementina languished to hear from you. How was it possible for you to write with so much warmth of affection to her, yet with so much delicacy, that a rival could not have taken exceptions at it?

She writes to you. It is not for me, it is not for any of us, I think, to say one word to the principal subject of her letter. She shewed it to me, and to her mother, only.

Dear creature! *could* she but be prevailed upon!—But how can *you* be asked to support the family-wishes? Yet if you think them just, I know you will. You know not *self*, when justice and the service of your friend stand in opposition to it. All that I am afraid of, is, that we shall be too precipitate for the dear creature's head.

Would to God, you could have been my brother! That was the first desire of my heart!—But you will see by her letter, (the least flighty that she has written of a long time) that she has no thoughts of that: and she declares to

us, that she wishes you happily married to an English woman. Would to Heaven, we might plead *your* example to her.

I will certainly attend you in your England.—If one thing, that we all wish, could happen, you would have the whole family, as far as I know. We think, we talk, of nobody but you. We look out for Englishmen, to do them honour for your sake.

Mrs. Beaumont is with us. Surely she is your near relation. She advises caution; but thinks that our present measures are not wrong ones, as we never can give into my sister's wishes to quit the world.—Dear Grandison! love not Mrs. Beaumont the less for her opinion in our favour.

Mr. Lowther writes to you: I say nothing, therefore, of that worthy man.

I am wished to write more enforcingly to you, on a certain important subject: but I say, I cannot, dare not, will not.

Dear Grandison, love still your Jeronymo! Your friendship makes life worthy of my wish. It has been a consolation to me, when every other failed, and all around me was darkness, and the shadow of death. You will often be troubled with letters from me. My beloved, my dearest friend, my Grandison, adieu!

JERONYMO DELLA PORRETTA.

LETTER III.

LADY CLEMENTINA, TO SIR CHARLES GRANDISON.

BOLOGNA, MONDAY, SEPT. 15. N. S.

HOW welcome to me was your letter from Lyons! My good Chevalier Grandison, my heart thanks you for it: yet it was possible that heart could have been still more thankful, had I not observed in your letter an air of pensiveness, though it is endeavoured to be concealed. What pain would it give me to know, that you suffer on my account!—But no more in this strain: a complaining one must take place.

O chevalier, I am persecuted! And by whom? By my dearest, my nearest friends. I was afraid it would be so. Why would you deny me your influ-

ence, when I importuned you for it? Why would you not stay among us, till you saw me professed? Then had I been happy!—In time, I should have been happy!—Now am I beset with entreaties, with supplications, from those who ought to command—yet unlawfully, if they did: I presume to think so; since parents, though they ought to be consulted in the change of condition, as to the *person*; yet surely should not oblige the child to marry, who chuses to be single all her life. A more cogent reason may be pleaded, and I do plead it to my relations, as catholicks, since I wish for nothing so much as to assume the veil.—But you are a protestant: you favour not a divine dedication, and would not plead for me. On the contrary, you have strengthened their hands!—O chevalier! how could you do so, and ever love me! Did you not know, there was but one way to escape the grievous consequences of the importunities of those who justly lay claim to my obedience?—And they *do* claim it.

And in what forcible manner, claim it?—Shall I tell you? Thus, then; my father, with tears in his eyes, beseeches me! My mother gently reminds me of what she has suffered for me in my illness; and declares, that it is in my power to make the rest of her days happy: nor shall she think my own tranquillity of mind secured, till I oblige her!—O chevalier, what pleas are these from a father, whose eyes plead more strongly than words; and from a mother, on whose bright days I cast a cloud?—The bishop pleads: how can a catholick bishop plead, and not for me? The general declares, that he never wooed his beloved wife for her consent with more fervour than he does me for mine, to oblige them all. Nay, Jeronymo! Blush sisterly love! to say it—Jeronymo, your friend Jeronymo, is solicitous on the same side—Even Father Marescotti is carried away by the example of the bishop.—Mrs. Beaumont argues with me in their favour—And Camilla, who was ever full of your praises, teazes me continually.

They name not the man: they pretend to leave me free to chuse through the world. They plead, that, zealous as they are in the catholick faith, they were *so* earnest for me to enter into the state,

state, that they were desirous to see me the wife even of a protestant, rather than I should remain single; and they remind me, that it was owing to *my* scruple only, that this was not effected.—But why will they weaken, rather than strengthen my scruple? Could I have got over three points—The sense of my own unworthiness, after my mind had been disturbed; the *insuperable* apprehension, that, drawn aside by your love, I should probably have ensnared my own soul; and that I should be perpetually lamenting the certainty of the loss of his whom it would be my duty to love as my own; their importunity would hardly have been wanted.

Tell me, advise me, my good chevalier, my fourth brother, [You are not now *interested* in the debate.] if I may not lawfully stand out? Tell me, as I know that I cannot answer their views, except I marry, and yet cannot consent to marry, whether I may not as well sequester myself from the world, and, *insist* upon so doing?

What *can* I do?—I am distressed—O thou, my *brother*, my friend, whom my heart ever must hold dear, advise me! To you I have told them I will appeal. They are so good as to promise to suspend their solicitations, if I will hold suspended my thoughts of the veil till I have your advice.—But give it not against me—If you ever valued Clementina, *give it not against her!*

LETTER IV.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, TO LADY CLEMENTINA.

LONDON, MONDAY, SEPT. 18-29.

WHAT can I say, most excellent of women, to the contents of the letter you have honoured me with? What a task have you imposed upon me! You take great, and, respecting your intentions, I will call it, *kind* care, to let me know that I can have no *interest* in the decision of the case you refer to me. I repeat my humble acquiescence; but must again declare, that it would have been next to impossible to do so, had you not made a point of conscience of your scruples.

But what weight is my advice likely to have with a young lady, who repeatedly, in the close of her letter, desires me not to give it *for* her parents?

I, Madam, am *far* from being unprejudiced in this case: for, can the man who once himself hoped for the honour of your hand, advise you against marriage?—Are not your parents generously indulgent, when they name not any particular person to you? I applaud both their wisdom and their goodness, on this occasion. Possibly you *guess* the man whom they would recommend to your choice. And I am sure, Lady Clementina would not refuse their recommendation merely because it was *theirs*. Nor indeed upon any less reason than an unconquerable aversion, or a preference to some other catholic. A protestant, it seems, it *cannot* be.

But let me ask my sister, my friend, what answer can I return to the lady who had shewn, in *one* instance, that she had not an insuperable aversion to matrimony; yet, on conscientious reasons, refusing one man, and not particularly favouring any, can scruple to oblige (*obey* is not the word they use) a father, who with tears in his eyes beseeches her; a mother, who gently reminds her of what she has suffered for her; who declares, that it is in her power to make the rest of her days happy; and who urges a still stronger plea, respecting them both, and the whole family, to engage the attention of the beloved daughter?—O Madam, what pleas are those [Let me still make use of your own pathetic words.] from a father whose eyes plead more strongly than words! and from a mother, over whose bright days you had (though involuntarily) cast a cloud!—Your brother the bishop, a man of piety; your confessor, a man of equal piety; your two other brothers, your disinterested friend Mrs. Beaumont; your faithful Camilla; all wholly disinterested.—What an enumeration against yourself!—Forbidden, as I am, to give the cause *against* you, what can I say? Dearest Lady Clementina, can I, on your own representation, give it *for* you?

You know, Madam, the sacrifice I have made to the plea of *your* conscience, not *my* own. I make no doubt, but parents so indulgent as

yours will yield to your reasons, if you can plead *conscience* against the performance of the *filial duty*; the more a duty, as it is so gently urged: nay, hardly urged; but by tears and wishes, which the eyes, not the lips, express; and which if you will perform, your parents will think themselves under an obligation to their child.

Lady Clementina is one of the most generous of women: but consider, Madam, in this instance of preferring your own will to that of the most indulgent of parents, whether there is not an apparent selfishness, inconsistent with your general character, even were you to be as happy in a convent, as you propose. Would you not, in that case, live to yourself, and renounce your parents and family, as parts of that world which you would vow to despise?—Dear lady! I asked you once before, is there any thing sinful in a sacrament? Such all good catholicks deem matrimony. And shall I ask you, whether, as self-denial is held to be meritorious in your church, there is not a merit in denying yourself in the case before us, when you can, by performing the filial duty, oblige your whole family?

Permit me to say, that, though a protestant, I am not an enemy to such foundations in general. I could wish, under proper regulations, that we had nunneries among us. I would not, indeed, have the obligation upon nuns be perpetual: let them have liberty, at the end of every two or three years, to renew their vows, or otherwise, by the consent of friends. Celibacy in the clergy is an indispensable law of your church: yet a cardinal has been allowed to lay down the purple, and marry. You know, Madam, I must mean Ferdinand of Medicis. Family reasons, in that case, preponderated, as well at Rome, as at Florence.

Of all the women I know, Lady Clementina della Porretta should be the last who should be earnest to take the veil. There can be but two persons in the world, besides herself, who will not be grieved at her choice. We know *their* reasons. The will of her grandfather, now with God, is against her; and her living parents, and every other person of her family, those *two* excepted, would be made unhappy, if she sequestered herself from the world

and them. Clementina has charity: she wishes, she once said, to take a great revenge upon Laurana. Laurana has something to repent of: let *her* take the veil. The fondness she has for the world, a fondness which could make her break through all the ties of relation and humanity, requires a check: but are any of those in convents more pious, more exemplarily pious, than Clementina is out of them?

Much more could I urge on the same side of the question; but what I *have* urged has been a task upon me; a task which I could not have performed, had I not preferred to my own, the happiness of you and your family.

May both earthly and heavenly blessings attend your determination, whatever it be, prays, dearest Madam, *your ever-faithful friend, affectionate brother, and humble servant,*

CH. GRANDISON.

LETTER V.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, TO SIGNOR JERONYMO DELLA PORRETTA.

LONDON, SAT. SEPT. 18-29.

I Have written, my beloved friend, to Lady Clementina; and shall enclose a copy of my letter.

I own, that, till I received hers, I thought there was a possibility, though not a probability, that she might change her mind in my favour. I *fore-saw* that you would all join, for family reasons, to press her to marry: 'and when,' thought I, 'she finds herself very earnestly urged, it is possible that she will forego her scruples, and proposing some conditions for herself, will honour with her hand the man whom she has avowedly honoured with a place in her heart, rather than any other.' The malady she has been afflicted with, often leaves, for some time, an unsteadiness in the mind: my absence, as I proposed to settle in my native country, never more, perhaps, to return to Italy; the high notions she has of obligation and gratitude; her declared confidence in my honour and affection; all co-operating, 'she may,' thought I, 'change her mind; and, if she does, I cannot doubt

'doubt the favour of her friends.' It was not, my Jeronymo, presumptuous to *hope*. It was *justice* to Clementina to attend the event, and to wait for the promised letter: but now, that I see you are all of one mind, and that the dear lady, though vehemently urged by all her friends to marry some other man, can appeal to me, only as to her *fourth brother*, and a man *not interested* in the event—I give up all my hopes.

I have written accordingly to your dear Clementina; but it could not be expected, that I should give the argument all the weight that might be given it: yet, being of opinion that she was in duty obliged to yield to the entreaties of all her friends, I have been honest. But surely no man ever was involved in so many difficult situations as your Grandison; who yet never, by enterprize or rashness, was led out of the plain path into difficulties so uncommon.

You wish, my dear friend, that I would set an example to your excellent sister. I will unbosom my heart to you.

There is a lady, an English lady, beautiful as an angel, but whose beauty is her least perfection, either in my eyes, or her own; had I never known Clementina I could have loved her, and *only* her, of all the women I ever beheld. It would not be doing her justice, if I could not say, I *do* love her; but with a flame as pure as the heart of Clementina, or as her own heart, can boast. Clementina's distressed mind affected me: I imputed her sufferings to her esteem for me. The farewell interview denied her, she demonstrated, I thought, so firm an affection for me, at the same time that she was to me, what I may truly call, a first love; that, though the difficulties in my way seemed insuperable, I thought it became me, in honour, in gratitude, to hold myself in suspense, and not offer to make my addresses to any other woman, till the destiny of the dear Clementina was determined.

It would look like vanity in me to tell my Jeronymo how many proposals, from the partial friends of women of rank and merit superior to my own, I thought myself obliged, in honour to the ladies themselves, to decline: but my heart never suffered uneasiness from the uncertainty I was in of ever suc-

ceeding with your beloved sister, but on this lady's account. I presume not, however, to say, I could have succeeded, had I thought myself at liberty, to make my addresses to her: yet, when I suffered myself to balance, because of my uncertainty with your Clementina, I had hopes from the interest my two sisters had with her, (her affections disengaged) that, had I been at liberty to make my addresses to her, I might?

Shall I, my dear Jeronymo, own the truth?—The two noblest minded women in the world, when I went over to Italy, on the invitation of my lord the bishop, held almost an equal interest in my heart; and I was thereby enabled justly, and with the greater command of myself, to declare to the marchioness, and the general, at my last going over, that I held myself bound to you; but that your sister, and you all, were free. But when the dear Clementina began to shew signs of recovery, and seemed to confirm the hopes I had of her partiality to me; and my gratitude and attachment seemed of importance to her compleat restoration; then, my Jeronymo, did I content myself with wishing another husband to the English lady, more worthy of her than my embarrassed situation could have made me. And when I farther experienced the condescending goodness of your whole family, all united in my favour; I had not a wish but for your Clementina.

What a disappointment, my Jeronymo, was her rejection of me!—obliged, as I was, to admire the noble lady the more for her *motives* of rejecting me.

And now, my dear friend, what is your wish?—That I shall set your sister an example? How can I? Is marriage in my power? There is but one woman in the world, now your dear Clementina has refused me, that I can think worthy of succeeding her in my affections, though there are thousands of whom I am not worthy. And ought that lady to accept of a man whose heart had been another's, and that other living, and single, and still honouring him with so much of her regard, as may be thought sufficient to attach a grateful heart, and occasion a divided love? Clementina herself is not more truly delicate than this lady.

Indeed,

Indeed, Jeronymo, I am ready, when I contemplate my situation, on a *supposition* of making my addressee to her, to give up myself, as the unworthiest of her favour of all the men I know; and she has for an admirer almost every man who sees her—Even Olivia admires her! Can I do justice to the merits of both, and yet not *appear* to be divided by a double love?—For I will own to all the world, my affection for Clementina; and, as once it was encouraged by her whole family, glory in it.

You see, my Jeronymo, how I am circumstanced. The example, I fear, must come from Italy; not from England. Yet say I not this for punctilio sake; it is not in my *power* to set it, as it is in your Clementina's: it would be presumption to suppose it is. Clementina has not an aversion to the *state*: she cannot to the *man* you have in view, since prepossession in favour of another is over.—This is a hard push upon me. I presume not to say what Clementina *will*, what she *can* do: but she is naturally the most dutiful of children, and has a high sense of the more than common obligations she owes to parents, to brothers, to whom she has as unhappily as involuntarily given great distress; difference in religion, the motive of her rejecting *me*, is not in the question: filial duty is an article of religion.

I do myself the honour of writing to the marchioness, to the general, to Father Marescotti, and to Mr. Lowther. May the Almighty perfect your recovery, my Jeronymo; and preserve in health and spirits the dear Clementina!—and may every other laudable wish of the hearts of a family so truly excellent, be granted to them!—prays, my dearest Jeronymo, the friend who expects to see you in England; the friend who loves you, as he loves his own heart; and equally honours all of your name; and *will*, so long as he is

CHARLES GRANDISON.

LETTER VI.

MRS. REEVES, TO MISS BYRON.

TUESDAY. SEPT. 5.

O My dear cousin! I am now sure you will be the happiest of women! Sir Charles Grandison made

us a visit this very day.—How Mr. Reeves and I rejoiced to see him! We had but just before been called upon by a line from Lady G. to rejoice with her on her brother's happy arrival. He said, he was under obligation to go to Windsor and Hampshire, upon extraordinary occasions; but he could not go, till he had paid his respects to us, as well for our own sakes, as to enquire after your health. He had received, he said, some disagreeable intimations in relation to it. We told him you were not well: but we hoped not dangerously ill. He said so many kind, tender, yet respectful things of you—O my Harriet! I am sure, and so is Mr. Reeves, he loves you dearly. Yet we both wondered that he did not talk of paying you a visit. But he may have great matters in hand.—But what matters can be so great as not to be postponed, if he loves you?—and that he certainly does. I should not have known how to contain my joy before him, had he declared himself your lover.

He condescendingly asked to see my little boy—Was not that very good of him? He would have won my heart by this condescension, had he not had a great share of it before—For *your* sake, my cousin.—You know I cannot mean otherwise: and you know, that, except Mr. Reeves and my little boy, I love my Harriet better than any body in the world. Nobody in Northamptonshire, I am sure, will take exception at this.

I thought I would write to you of this kind visit: be well, now, my dear; all things, I am sure, will come about for good; God grant they may!—I dare say, he will visit you in Northamptonshire; and if he does, what can be his motive? *Not* mere friendship: Sir Charles Grandison is no trifle!

I know you will be sorry to hear that Lady Betty Williams is in great affliction. Miss Williams has run away with an ensign, who is not worth a shilling: he is, on the contrary, *over head and ears*, as the saying is, in debt. Such a mere girl!—But what shall we say?

Miss Cantillon has made as foolish a step. Lord bless me! I think girls, in these days, are bewitched. A nominal captain too! Her mother vows, they shall both starve, for her; and they have no other dependence. She

cannot

cannot live without her pleasures; neither can he without his. A Ranelagh fop. Poor wretches! What will become of them? For every thing is in her mother's power, as to fortune.—She has been met by Miss Allestree; and looked *so* shy! *so* silly! *so* stat-ternly! Unhappy coquettish thing!

Well, but God bless you, my dear!—My nursery calls upon me: the dear little soul is *so* fond of me!—Adieu. Compliments to every body I have so much reason to love: Mr. Reeves's too. Once more, adieu.

ELIZA REEVES.

LETTER VII.

MISS BYRON, TO MRS. REEVES.

SELBY HOUSE, FRIDAY, SEPT. 8.

YOUR kind letter, my dear cousin, has, at the same time, delighted and pained me. I rejoice in the declared esteem of one of the best of men; and I honour him for his friendly love expressed to you and my cousin, in the visit he made you: but I am pained at your calling upon me (in pity to my weakness, shall I call it? a weakness so ill concealed) to rejoice, that the excellent man, when he has dispatched all his affairs of consequence, and has nothing *else* to do, may *possibly*, for you cannot be certain, make me a visit in Northamptonshire.—O my cousin! And were his absence, and the apprehension of his being the husband of another woman, think you, the *occasion* of my indisposition; that I must now, that the other affair seems determined in a manner so unexpected, be bid at once to be well?

Sir Charles Grandison, my dear cousin, may honour us with the *prognosticated* visit, or not, as he pleases: but were he to declare himself my lover, my heart would not be so joyful as you seem to expect, if Lady Clementina is to be unhappy. What though the refusal of marriage was hers; was not that refusal the greatest sacrifice that ever woman made to her superior duty? Does she not still avow her love to him? And *must* he not, *ought* he not, ever to love her? And here my pride puts in its claim to attention—Shall your Harriet sit down

and think herself happy in a second-place love? Yet let me own to you, my cousin, that Sir Charles Grandison is dearer to me than all else that I hold most dear in this world: and if Clementina could be not *unhappy*, [Happy I have no notion she can be without him.] and he were to declare himself my lover; 'affectation, be gone!' I would say; I will trust to my own heart, and to my future conduct, to make for myself an interest in his affections, that should enrich my content; in other words, that should make me *more* contented.

But time will soon determine my destiny: I will have patience to wait its determination. I make no doubt but he has sufficient reasons for all he does.

I am as much delighted, as you could be, at the notice he took of your dear infant. The brave must be humane: and what greater instance of humanity can be shewn, than for grown persons to look back upon the state they were once themselves in, with tenderness and compassion?

I am very sorry for the cause of Lady Betty's affliction. Pity! the good lady took not—But I will not be severe, after I have said, that children's faults are not always *originally* their own.

Poor Miss Cantillon!—But she was not under age; and *as* her punishment was of her own chusing—I am sorry, however, for both. I hope, after they have smarted, something will be done for the poor wretches. Good parents *will* be placable; bad ones, or such as have not given good example, *ought* to be so.

God continue to you, my dear cousins both, your present comforts, and increase your pleasures! for all your pleasures are innocent ones; prays *your* ever obliged and affectionate

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER VIII.

MISS BYRON, TO LADY G.

SELBY HOUSE, WEDN. SEPT. 20.

MY DEAREST LADY G.

DO you know what is become of your brother? My grandmamma Shirley has seen his ghost; and talked with

with it near an hour; and then it vanished. Be not surprized, my dear creature. I am still in amaze at the account my grandmamma gives us of it's appearance, discourse, and vanishing! Nor was the dear parent in a reverie. It happened in the middle of the afternoon, all in broad day.

Thus she tells it—

‘I was sitting,’ said she, ‘in my own drawing-room, yesterday, by myself; when, in came James, to whom it first appeared, and told me, that a gentleman desired to be introduced to me. I was reading *Sherlock upon Death*, with that cheerfulness with which I always meditate the subject. I gave orders for his admittance: and in came, to appearance, one of the handsomest men I ever saw in my life, in a riding-dress. It was a courteous ghost: it saluted me; or at least I thought it did; for in answering to the description that you, my Harriet, had given me of that amiable man, I was surprized. But, contrary to the manner of ghosts, it spoke first—“Venerable lady,” it called me; and said, it's name was Grandison, in a voice—so like what I had heard you speak of his, that I had no doubt but it was Sir Charles Grandison himself; and was ready to fall down to welcome him.

‘It took it's place by me: “You, Madam,” said it, “will forgive this intrusion;” and it made several fine speeches, with an air *so* modest, *so* manly—It had almost all the talk to itself. I could only bow, and be pleased; for still I thought it was corporally and indeed Sir Charles Grandison. It said, that it had but a very little while to stay: it must reach I don't know what place that night—“What,” said I, “will you not go to Selby House? Will you not see my daughter Byron? Will you not see her aunt Selby?” No, it desired to be excused. It talked of leaving a packet behind it; and seemed to pull out of it's pocket a parcel of letters sealed up. It broke the seal, and laid the parcel on the table before me. It refused refreshment. It desired, in a courtly manner, an answer to what it had discoursed upon—made a profound reverence—and—vanished.’

And now, my dear Lady G. let me repeat my question; What is become of your brother?

Forgive me, this light, this amusing manner. My grandmamma speaks of this visit as an appearance, so sudden, and so short, and nobody seeing him but she; that it gave a kind of amusing levity to my pen, and I could not resist the temptation I was under to surprize you, as he has done us all. How could he take such a journey, see nobody but my grandmamma, and fly the country? Did he do it to spare us, or to spare himself?

The direct truth is this: my grandmamma was sitting by herself, as above; James told her, as above, that a gentleman desired to be introduced to her. He *was* introduced. He called himself by his own name; took her hand; saluted her—‘Your character, Madam, and mine,’ said he, ‘are so well known to each other, that though I never before had the honour of approaching you, I may presume upon your pardon for this intrusion.’

He then launched out in the praises of your happy friend. With what delight did the dear, the indulgent parent, repeat them from his mouth! I hope she mingled not her own partialities with them, whether I deserve them, or not; for sweet is praise, from those we wish to love us. And then he said, ‘You see before you, Madam, a man glorying in his affection to one of the most excellent of your sex! an Italian lady; the pride of Italy! And who, from motives which cannot be withstood, has rejected him, at the very time that, all her friends consenting, and innumerable difficulties overcome, he expected that she would yield her hand to his wishes—And they *were* his wishes. My *friendship* for the dear Miss Byron [*You and she must authorize me to call it by a still dearer name, before I dare do it*] is well known: that also has been my pride. I know too well what belongs to female delicacy in general, and particularly to that of Miss Byron, to address myself first to her, on the subject which occasions you this trouble. I am not accustomed to make professions, not even to ladies. —Is it consistent with your notions of delicacy, Madam? Will it be

‘with

* with Mr. and Mrs. Selby's; to give your interest in favour of a man who is thus situated?—A rejected man! A man who dares to own, that the rejection was a disappointment to him; and that he tenderly loved the fair rejecter? If it will, and Miss Byron can accept the tender of a heart, that has been divided, unaccountably so, (the circumstances, I presume, you know) then will *you*, then will *she*, lay me under an obligation, that I can only *endeavour* to repay by the utmost gratitude and affection.—But if not, I shall admire the delicacy of the *second* refusal, as I do the piety of the *first*, and, at least, *suspend* all thoughts of a change of condition.*

'Noblest of men—' And my grand-mamma was proceeding in high strains, but very sincere ones; when, interrupting her, and pulling out of his pocket the packet I mentioned above; 'I presume, Madam,' said he, 'that I see favour, and goodness to me, in your benign countenance: but I will not even be *favoured*, but upon your full knowledge of all the facts I am master of myself. I will be the guardian of the delicacy of Miss Byron and all her friends in this important case, rather than the discourager, though I were to suffer by it. You will be so good as to read these letters to your daughter Byron, to her Lucy, to Mr. and Mrs. Selby, and to whom else you will think fit to call to the consultation: they will be those, I presume, who already know something of the history of the excellent Clementina. If, on the perusal of them, I may be admitted to pay my respects to Miss Byron, consistently, as I hinted, with *her* notions and *yours* of that delicacy by which she was always directed, and at the same time be received with that noble frankness which has distinguished her in my eye above all women but one, [Excuse me, Madam, I must always put these sister-souls upon an equal footing of excellence;] then shall I be a happier man than the happiest. Your answer, Madam, by pen and ink, will greatly oblige me; and the more, the sooner I can be favoured with it: because, being

'requested by my friends abroad to set an example to their beloved Clementina, as you will see in more than one of these letters; I would avoid all punctilio, and let them know, that I had offered myself to Miss Byron, and have not been mortified with absolute denial; if I may be so happy as to be allowed to write so.'

Thus did this most generous of men prevent, by this reference to the letters, my grandmamma's heart overflowing to her lips. He should directly, he said, proceed on his journey to London; and was in such haste to be gone, when he had said what he had to say, that it precipitated a little my grandmamma's spirits: but the joy she was filled with, on the occasion, was so great, that she only had a concern upon her, when he was gone, as if something was left by her undone or unsaid, which she thought should have been said and done to oblige him.

The letters he left on the table, were copies of what he wrote from Lyons to the marquis and marchioness, the bishop, the general, and Father Marscotti; as also to Lady Clementina, and her brother, the good Jeronymo†. That to the lady cannot be enough admired, for the tenderness, yet for the acquiescence with her will expressed in it. Surely they were born for each other, however it happens, that they are not likely to come together.

A letter from Signor Jeronymo, in answer to his from Lyons, I will mention next. In this Sir Charles is wished to use his supposed influence upon Lady Clementina, (what a hard task upon him!) to dissuade her from the thoughts of going into a nunnery, and to resolve upon marriage‡.

Next is a letter of Lady Clementina to Sir Charles, complaining tenderly of persecution from her friends, who press her to marry; while she contends to be allowed to take the veil, and applies to Sir Charles for his interest in her behalf.

The next is Sir Charles's reply to Lady Clementina.

Then follows a letter from Sir Charles to Signor Jeronymo. I have copied these three last, and inclosed them in confidence‡:

* These letters are omitted in this collection.

† See Letter II.

‡ See Letters III. IV. V.

By these you will see, my dear, that the affair between this excellent man and woman is entirely given up by both; and also, in his reply to Signor Jeronymo, that your Harriet is referred to as his next choice. And how can I ever enough value him, for the dignity he has given me, in putting it, as it should seem, in my power to lay an obligation upon him; in making for me my own scruples; and now, lastly, in the method he has taken in the application to my grandmamma, instead of to me; and leaving all to our determination? But thus should the men give dignity, even for their own sakes, to the women whom they wish to be theirs. Were there more Sir Charles Grandisons, would not even the female world (much better, as I hope it is, than the male) be amended?

My grandmamma, the moment Sir Charles was gone, sent to us, that she had some very agreeable news to surprise us with; and therefore desired the whole family of us, her Byron particularly, to attend her at breakfast, the next morning. We looked upon one another, at the message, and wondered. I was not well, and would have excused myself; but my aunt insisted upon my going. Little did I or any body else think of your brother having visited my grandmamma in person. When she acquainted us that he *had*, my weakened spirits wanted support: I was obliged to withdraw with Lucy.

I thought I could not bear, when I recovered myself, that he should be so near, and not *once* call in, and enquire after the health of the creature for whom he professed so high an esteem, and even affection: but when, on my return to company, my grandmamma related what passed between them, and the letters were read; then again were my falling spirits unable to support me. They all gazed upon me, as the letters were reading, as well as while my grandmamma was giving the relation of what he said; and of the noble, the manly air with which he delivered himself.—With joy and silent congratulation they gazed upon me, while I felt such a variety of sensibilities in my heart, as I never felt before; sensibilities mixed with wonder; and I was sometimes ready to doubt whether I were not in a reverie; whether indeed

I was in this world or another; whether I was Harriet Byron—I know not how to describe what I felt in my now fluttering, now rejoicing, now dejected heart.

Dejected?—Yes, my dear Lady G. Dejection was a strong ingredient in my sensibilities. I know not why. Yet may there not be a fulness in joy, that will mingle dissatisfaction with it? If there may, shall I be excused for my solemnity, if I deduce from thence an argument, that the human soul is not to be fully satisfied by worldly enjoyments; and that therefore the completion of its happiness must be in another, a more perfect state? You, Lady G. are a very good woman, though a lively one; and I will not excuse *you*, if on an occasion that bids me look forward to a very solemn event, you will not forgive my *seriousness*—That *bids me look forward*, I repeat; for Sir Charles Grandison cannot alter his mind: the world has not wherewith to tempt him to alter it, after he has made *such* advances; except I misbehave.

Well, my dear, and what was the result of our conference?—My grandmamma, my aunt, and Lucy, were of opinion, that I ought no more to revolve the notions of a divided or second-placed love: that every point of female delicacy was answered; that he ought not only *still* to be allowed to love Lady Clementina, but that I and all her sex should revere her; that my grandmamma, being the person applied to, should answer for me, for us all, in words of her own chusing.

I was silent. ‘What think *you*, my dear?’ said my aunt, with her accustomed tenderness.

‘Think!’ said my uncle, with his usual facetiousness; ‘do you think, if Harriet had *one* objection, she would have been silent?—I am for sending up for Sir Charles out of hand. Let him come the first day of next week, and let them be married before the end of it.’

‘Not quite so hasty, neither, Mr. Selby,’ said my grandmamma, smiling: ‘let us send to Mr. Deane. His love for my child, and regard for us all, deserve the most grateful returns.’

‘What a deuce, and defer an answer to Sir Charles, who gives a generous reason, for the sake of the lady’

‘ lady abroad, and her family, (and
‘ I hope he thinks a little of his *own*
‘ sake) for wishing a speedy answer?’

‘ No, Mr. Selby: not defer writ-
‘ ing, neither. We know enough of
‘ Mr. Deane’s mind already. But,
‘ for my part, I don’t know what
‘ terms, what conditions, what addi-
‘ tions, to my child’s fortune, to pro-
‘ pose.’

‘ Additions! Madam—Why, aye;
‘ there must be some, to be sure—And
‘ we are able, and as willing as able,
‘ let me tell you, to make them.’

‘ I beseech you, Sir,’ said I—‘ Pray,
‘ Madam—No more of this—Surely
‘ it is time enough to talk of these
‘ subjects.’

‘ So it is, niece. Mr. Deane is a
‘ lawyer. God help me! I never was
‘ brought up to any thing but to live
‘ on the fat of the land, as the saying
‘ is. Mr. Deane and Sir Charles shall
‘ talk this matter over by themselves.
‘ Let us, as you say, send for Mr.
‘ Deane—But I will myself be the
‘ messenger of these joyful tidings.’

My uncle then tuned out, in his
gay manner, a line of an old song;
and then said, ‘ I’ll go to Mr. Deane;
‘ I will set out this very day.—Pull
‘ down the wall, as one of our kings
‘ said; the door is too far about.—I’ll
‘ bring Mr. Deane with me to-mor-
‘ row, or it shall cost me a fall!’

You know my uncle, my dear. In
this manner did he express his joy.

My grandmother retired to her clo-
set; and this that follows is what she
wrote to Sir Charles. Every body is
pleased whenever she takes up the pen.
No one made objection to a single
word in it.

‘ DEAR SIR,

‘ **R**ESERVE would be unpardon-
‘ able on our side, though the
‘ woman’s, to a man who is above re-
‘ serve, and whose offers are the result
‘ of deliberation, and an affection, that,
‘ being founded in the merit of our
‘ dearest child, cannot be doubted.
‘ We all receive as an honour the offer
‘ you make us of an alliance which
‘ would do credit to families of the
‘ first rank. It will perhaps be one
‘ day owned to you, that it was the
‘ height of Mrs. Selby’s wishes and
‘ mine, that the man who had rescued

‘ the dear creature from insult and
‘ distress, might be at liberty to intitle
‘ himself to her grateful love.

‘ The noble manner in which you
‘ have explained yourself on a subject
‘ which has greatly embarrassed you,
‘ has abundantly satisfied Mrs. Selby,
‘ Lucy, and myself: we can have no
‘ scruples of delicacy. Nor am I afraid
‘ of suffering from yours by my frank-
‘ ness. But, as to our Harriet—You
‘ may perhaps meet with some (not
‘ affectation; she is above it) difficulty
‘ with her, if you expect her *whole*
‘ heart to be yours. She, Sir, ex-
‘ perimentally knows how to allow
‘ for a double, a divided love—Dr.
‘ Bartlett, perhaps, should not have
‘ favoured her with the character of a
‘ lady whom she prefers to herself;
‘ and Mrs. Selby and I have some-
‘ times, as we read her melancholy
‘ story, thought, not unjustly. If she
‘ can be induced to love, to honour,
‘ the man of her choice, as much as
‘ she loves, honours, and admires, La-
‘ dy Clementina; the happy man will
‘ have reason to be satisfied. You see,
‘ Sir, that we, who were able to give
‘ a preference to the same lady against
‘ ourselves, [Harriet Byron is ourself]
‘ can have no scruples on your giving
‘ it to the same incomparable woman.
‘ May that lady be happy! If she were
‘ *not* to be so, and her unhappiness
‘ were to be owing to our happiness;
‘ that, dear Sir, would be all that
‘ could pain the hearts of any of us,
‘ on an occasion so very agreeable to
‘ *your sincere friend and servant,*

‘ HENRIETTA SHIRLEY.’

But, my dear Lady G. does your
brother tell you and Lady L. nothing
of his intentions? Why, if he does,
do not you?—But I *can* have no doubt.
Is not the man Sir Charles Grandison?
And yet, methinks, I want to know
what the contents of his next letters
from Italy will be.

You will have no scruple, my dear
Lady G. to shew my whole letter to
Lady L. and, if you please, to my
Emily.—But only mention the con-
tents, in your own way, to the gentle-
men. I beg you will yourself shew it
to Mrs. Reeves: she will rejoice in
her *progressions*. Use that word

to her: she will understand you. Your brother must now, less than ever, see what I write. I depend upon your discretion, my dear Lady G.

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER IX.

LADY G. TO MISS BYRON.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 23.

EXCELLENT Mrs. Shirley! Incomparable woman! How I love her! If I were such an excellent ancient, I would no more wish to be young, than she has so often told us, she does. What my brother once said, and you once wrote to your Lucy, is true, (in *her* case at least;) that the maturely and advanced time of life, in a woman, is far from being the *least* eligible part of it; especially, I may add, when health and a good conscience accompany it. What a spirit does she, at her time of life, write with!—But her heart is in her subject—I hope I may say *that*, Harriet, without offending you.

Not a word did my brother speak of his intention, till he received that letter: and then he invited Lady L. and me, and our two honest men, to afternoon tea with him—[O but I have not reckoned with you for your saucy rebukes in your last of the 7th, I owe you a spite for it; and, Harriet, depend on myre:—What was I writing.—I have it.—] And when it was over, he, without a blush, without looking down, as a girl would do in this situation—[but who is, Harriet? Is a woman, on such occasions, to act a part as if she supposed herself to be the greatest gainer by matrimony; and therefore was ashamed of consenting to accept of an honourable offer? As if, in other words, she was to be the self-denying receiver rather than conferrer of an obligation?—Lord, how we ramble-headed creatures break in upon ourselves!] with a good grace he told us of his intention to marry; of his sudden vanishing; and all that—And then he produced Mrs. Shirley's letter, but just received.

And do you think we were not over-joyed?—Indeed we were. We con-

gratulated him; we congratulated each other; Lord L. looked as he did when Caroline gave him his happy day; Lord G. could not keep his seat; he was tipsy, poor man, with his joy; aunt Nell pranked herself, stroked her ribbands of pink and yellow, and chuckled and mumped for joy, that her nephew at last would not go out of Old England for a wife. She was *mightily* pleased too with Mrs. Shirley's letter. It was just such a one as she herself would have written upon the occasion.

I potted afterwards to Mrs. Reeves, to shew her, as you requested, your letter: and when we had read it, there was, 'Dear Madam!' and, 'Dear Sir!' and now this, and now that; and, 'Thank God!'—three times in a breath: and we were 'Cousins,' and 'Cousins,' and 'Cousins:' and, 'O blessed!' and, 'O be joyful!'—And, 'Hail the day!'—And, 'God grant it to be a short one!'—And, 'How will Harriet answer to the question? Will not her frankness be tried? He despises affectation: so he thinks 'does she!—Good Sirs!' and, 'O dears!'—How things are brought about!—O my Harriet, you never heard or saw such congratulations between three gossips, as were between our two cousin Reeves's and me: and not a little did the good woman pride herself in her *propaganda*; for me explained that matter to me.

Dr. Barnett is at Grandison Hall, with our unhappy cousin. How will the good man rejoice!

Now, you will ask, what became of Emily:—

By the way, do you know that Mrs. O'Hara is turned *methodist*? True as you are alive. And she labours hard to convert her husband. Thank God she is any thing that is serious! Those people have really great merit with me, in *her* conversion—I am sorry that our own clergy are not as zealously in earnest as they. They have, really, my dear, if we may believe aunt Eleanor, given a face of religion to subterranean colliers, tinnors, and the most profligate of men, who hardly ever before heard either of the word, or thing. But I am not turning *methodist*, Harriet. No, you will not suspect me.

Now Emily, who is at present my visiter, had asked leave before my brother's invitation (and was gone, my

January

Jenny attending her) to visit her mother, who is not well. My brother was engaged to sup abroad, with some of the Danbys, I believe: I therefore made Lord and Lady L. cousin Reeves and cousin Reeves, and my aunt Grandison, sup with me.

Emily was at home before me—Ah, the poor Emily!—I'll tell you how it was between us—

'My lovely girl, my dear Emily,' said I, 'I have good news to tell you, about Miss Byron.'

'O thank God!—And is she well? Pray, Madam, tell me, tell me; I long to hear good news of my dear Miss Byron.'

'Why, she will shortly be married, Emily!'

'Married, Madam!'

'Yes, my love!—And to your guardian, child!'

'To my guardian, Madam!—Well, but I hope so—'

I then gave her a few particulars.

The dear girl tried to be joyful, and burst into tears!

'Why weeps my girl?—O fie! are you sorry that Miss Byron will have your guardian? I thought you loved Miss Byron.'

'So I do, Madam, as my own self, and more than myself, if possible— But the surprize, Madam—Indeed I am glad!—What makes me such a fool? Indeed I am glad!—What ails me to cry, I wonder! It is what I wished, what I prayed for, night and day. Dear Madam, don't tell any body. I am ashamed of myself.'

The sweet April-faced girl then smiled through her tears.

I was charmed with her innocent sensibility; and if you are not, I shall think less of you than ever I did yet.

'Dear Madam,' said she, 'permit me to withdraw for a few minutes: I must have my cry out—And I shall then be all joy and gladness.'

She tript away; and in half an hour came down to me with quite another face.

Lady L. was then with me. I had told her of the girl's emotion. 'We are equally lovers of you, my dear,' said I; 'you need not be afraid of Lady L.'

'And have you told, Madam?— Well, but I am not a hypocrite.

'What a strange thing! I, who have always been so much afraid of another lady, for Miss Byron's sake, to be so oddly affected, as if I were sorry!—Indeed I rejoice.—But if you tell Miss Byron, she won't love me: she won't let me live with her and my guardian, when she is happy, and has made him so. And what shall I do then? for I have set my heart upon it.'

'Miss Byron, my dear, loves you so well, that she will not be able to deny you any thing your heart is set upon, that is in her power to grant.'

'God bless Miss Byron as I love her, and she will be the happiest of women!—But what was the matter with me?—Yet I believe I know— My poor mother had been crying sadly to me, for her past unhappy life. She kissed me, as she said, for my father's sake: she had been the worst of wives to the best of husbands.'

Again the good girl wept at her mother's remembered remembrance.—'My guar—my guardian's goodness, my mother said, had awakened her to a sense of her wickedness. My poor mother did not spare herself: and I was all sorrow; for what could I say to her on such a subject?—And all the way that I came home in the coach, I did nothing but cry. I had but just dried my eyes, and tried to look cheerful, when you came in. And then, when you told me the good news, something struck me all at once, struck my very heart; I cannot account for it: I know not what to liken it to—and had I not burst into tears, I believe it would have been worse for me. But now I am myself; and if my poor mother could pacify her conscience, I should be a happy creature—because of Miss Byron's happiness. You look at each other, ladies: but if you think I should not, bid me be gone from your pretence for a false girl, and never see you more.'

Now, Harriet, this emotion of Emily appears to me as a sort of phenomenon. Do you account for it as you will; but I am sure Emily is no hypocrite; she has no art; she believes what she says, that her sudden burst of tears was owing to her heart being affected by her mother's confession; and I am
also

also sure that she loves you above all the women in the world. Yet it is possible that the subtle thief, cycled love, had got very near her heart; and just at the moment threw a dart into one angle of it, which was the *something* that struck her, all at once, as she phrased it, and made her find tears a relief. 'This I know, my dear, that we may be very differently affected by the same event, when judged of at a distance, and near. If you don't already, or if you soon will not, experience the truth of this observation in the great event before you, I am much mistaken.

But you see, Harriet, what joy this happy declaration of my brother, and the kind reception it has met with from Northamptonshire, has given us all. We will keep your secret, never fear, till all is over; and, when it is, you shall let my brother know, from the letters we have had the favour of seeing, as much as we do. Till he does, excellent as he thinks you, he will not know one half of your excellences, nor the merit which your love and your suspenses have made you with him.

But, with you, I long for the arrival of the next letters from Italy. God grant that Lady Clementina hold her resolution, now that she sees it is almost impossible for her to avoid marrying! If she should relent, what would be the consequence, to my brother, to herself, to you! And how shall all we, his friends and yours, be affected? You think the lady is obliged, in duty to her parents, to marry. Lady L. and I are determined to be wife, and not give our opinions till the events which are yet in the bosom of fate, disclosing themselves, shall not leave us a possibility of being much mistaken. And yet, as to what the filial duty requires of her, we think she ought to marry. Mean time, I repeat, God grant that Lady Clementina now hold her mind!



LADY L. sends up her name. Formality in *her*, surely. I will chide her. But here she comes—I love, Harriet, to write to the moment; that's a knack I had from you and my brother; and be sure continue it, on every occasion; no *pathetick* without it.

'Your servant, Lady L.'

'And your servant, Lady G.—
'Writing? to whom?'

'To our Harriet—'

'I will read your letter—Shall I?'

'Take it; but read it out, that I may know what I have written.

'Now give it me again. I'll write down what you say to it, Lady L.'

LADY L. 'I say you are a whimsical creature. But I don't like what you have *last* written.

CHARLOTTE. "*Last written*—"
'Tis down—But why so, Lady L?'

LADY L. 'How can you thus tease our beloved Byron, with your conjectural evils?'

CH. 'Have I supposed an impossibility?—But 'tis down—"Conjectural evils."

LADY L. 'If you are so whimsical, write—"My dear Miss Byron—"

CH. "*My dear Miss Byron*—" 'Tis down.'

LADY L. [Looking over me] "Do not let what this strange Charlotte has written, grieve you."

CH. 'Very well, Caroline!—"grieve you."

LADY L. "Sufficient to the day is the evil thereof."

CH. 'Well observed—Words of Scripture, I believe—Well—"evil thereof."

LADY L. 'Never, surely, was there such a creature as you, Charlotte.'

CH. 'That's down, too.'

LADY L. 'Is that down?' laughing—'That should not have been down—Yet 'tis true.'

CH. "Yet 'tis true—" What's next?'

LADY L. 'Pish—'

CH. "*Pish*."

LADY L. 'Well, now to Harriet—
'Clementina cannot alter her resolution: her objection still subsisting.
'Her love for my brother—'

CH. 'Hold, Lady L. Too much at one time—"Her love to my brother—"

LADY L. "On which her apprehensions that she shall not be able, if she be his wife—"

CH. 'Not so much at once, I tell you: it is too much for my giddy head to remember—"if she be his wife—"

LADY L. —"to adhere to her own religion, are founded—"

CH. —"*Grandison*."

LADY L. "Is a security for her adherence to a resolution so glorious to herself."

CH. "Well said, Lady L.—May it be so, say, and pray, I!—Any more Lady L.?"

LADY L. "Therefore—"

CH. "*Therefore*—"

LADY L. "Regard not the perplexing Charlotte—"

CH. "I thank you, Caroline—"*perplexing Charlotte*—"

LADY L. "Is the advice of your ever-affectionate sister, friend, and servant."

CH. "So!—"*Friend and servant*—"

LADY L. "Give me the pen—"

CH. "Take another." She did—and subscribed her name, "C. L."

With all my heart, Harriet. And here, after I have repeated my hearty wishes, that nothing of this that I have so sagely apprehended may happen, (for I desire not to be dubbed a witch so much at my own, as well as at your, expence) I will also subscribe that of *your no less affectionate sister, friend, and servant,*

CHARLOTTE G.

My brother says, he has sent you a letter, and your grandmamma another—Full of grateful sensibilities, both, I make no question.—But no flight, or goddess-making absurdity, I dare say. You will give us copies, *if you are as obliging as you used to be.*

LETTER X.

MISS BYRON, TO LADY G.

MONDAY, SEPT. 25.

WHAT have I done to my Charlotte? Is there not something cold and particular in your stile, especially in that part of your letter preceding the entrance of my good Lady L.? And in your postscript—"You *wilt give us copies, if you are as obliging as you used to be.*"—Why should I, when likely to be more obliged to you than ever, be less obliging than before? I can't bear it from Lady G. Are you giving me a proof of the truth

of your own observation? "That we 'may be very differently affected by 'the same event, when judged of at 'a distance, and near."—I could not support my spirits, if the sister of Sir Charles Grandison loved me the less for the distinction her brother pays me.

And what, my dear, if Lady Clementina *should* RELENT, as you phrase it?—My friends might be now grieved.—Well, and I might be affected too, more than if the visit to my grandmamma had not been made. I own it.—But the high veneration I truly profess to have for Lady Clementina, would be parade and pretension, if, whatever became of your Harriet, I did not resolve, in that case, to *try*, at least, to make myself easy, and give up to her prior and worthier claim: and I should consider her *effort*, though unsuccessful, as having intitled her to my highest esteem. To what we know to be right, we ought to submit; the more difficult, the more meritorious: and, in this case, your Harriet would conquer, or die. If she conquered, she would then, in *that* instance, be greater than even Clementina. O my dear, we know not, till we have the trial, what emulation will enable a warm and honest mind to do.

I will send you inclosed, the two letters transcribed by Lucy*. I am very proud of them both; perhaps too proud; and it may be necessary that I should be pulled down; though I expected it not from my Charlotte. To be complimented in so noble and sincere a manner as you will see I am, with the power of laying an obligation on him, (instead of owing it to his compassionate consideration for a creature so long labouring in suspense, and then despairing that her hopes could be answered) is enough at the same time to flatter her vanity, and gratify the most delicate sensibility.

You will see how gratefully he takes my grandmamma's hint, that I knew how by experience to account for a double, a *divided* love, as she is pleased to call it—and the preference my aunt, and herself, and I, have given to the claim of Lady Clementina. You, my dear, know our sincerity in this particular. There is some merit in owning

* These letters do not appear. The contents may be gathered from what she here says of them.

a truth when it makes against us. To do justice in another's case, against one's self, is, methinks, making at least a *second* merit for one's self. He asks my leave to attend me at Selby House.—I should rejoice to see him.—But I could wish, methinks, that he had first received letters from abroad. But how can I hint my wishes to him without implying either doubt or reserve?—*Reserve* in the delay of his visit implied by such hint; *doubt*, of his being at liberty to pursue his intentions; that would not become me to shew; as it might make him think that I wanted protestations and assurances from him, in order to *bind* him to me; when, if the situation be such as obliges him to balance but in *thought*, and I could know it, I would die before I would accept of his hand: he has confirmed and established, as I may say, my pride, (I had always some) by the distinction he has given me; yet I should despise myself, if I found it gave me either arrogance, or affectation. He is so considerate as to dispense with my answering his letters; for he is pleased to say, that if I do not *forbid* him to come down, by my aunt Selby, or my grandmamma, he will presume upon my leave.

My uncle set out for Peterborough, in order to bring Mr. Deane with him to Selby House. Poor Mr. Deane kept his chamber for a week before; yet had not let us know he was ill. He was forbid to go abroad for two days more; but was so overjoyed at what my uncle communicated to him, that he said, he was not sensible of ailing any thing; and he would have come with my uncle next day; but neither he nor the doctor would permit it: but on Tuesday he came—Such joy! Dear good man! Such congratulations!—How considerable to their happiness, do they all make that of their Harriet!

They have been in consultation often; but they have excluded me from some particular ones. I guess the subject; and beg of them that I may not be *too much* obliged. What critical situations have I been in! When will it be at an end?

Mr. Deane has written to Sir Charles. I am not to know the contents of his letter.

The hearts of us women, when we

are urged to give way to a *clandestine* and *unequal* address, or when inclined to favour such a one, are apt, and are pleaded with, to rise against the notions of bargain and sale. *Smithfield bargains*, you Londoners call them: but unjust is the intended odium, if preliminaries are necessary in all treaties of this nature. And surely previous stipulations are indispensably so among us changeable mortals, however promising the sun-shine may be at our setting out on the journey of life; a journey too that will not be ended but with the life of one of the travellers.

If I ever were to be tempted to wish for great wealth, it would be for the sake of Sir Charles Grandison; that I might be a means of enlarging his power: since I am convinced, that the necessities of every worthy person within the large circle of his acquaintance, would be relieved, according to his ability.

My dear Emily!—Ah, Lady G. ! Was it *possible* for you to think, that my pity for the amiable innocent should not increase my love of her! I will give you leave *indeed* to despise me, if you ever find any thing in my behaviour to Emily, let me be circumstanced as I will, that shall shew an abatement of that tender affection which ever must warm my heart in her favour. Whenever I can promise any thing for myself, then shall Emily be a partaker of my felicity, in the way her own heart shall direct. I hope, for *her own* sake, that the dear girl puts the matter right, when she attributes her sudden burst of tears to the weakness of her spirits occasioned by her mother's remorse: but let me say one thing; it would grieve me as much as it did Sir Charles, in the Count of Belvedere's case, to stand in the way of any body's happiness. It is not, you see, your *brother's* fault, that he is not the husband of Lady Clementina: she wishes him to marry an English woman.—Nor is even the hope of Lady Olivia frustrated by me. You know I always pitied her; and that before I knew, from Sir Charles's letter to Signor Jeronymo, that she thought kindly of me.—Lady Anne S. do you think, my dear, that worthy woman could have hopes, were it *not* for me? And could my Emily have any; were I out of the world?—No, surely:
the

the very *wardship*, which he executes with so much indulgent goodness to her, would exclude all such hopes, considerable enough as his estate is, to answer a larger fortune than even Emily's. Were her's not half so much as it is, it would perhaps be more likely than now, that his generous mind might be disposed in her favour, some years hence.

Let me, however, tell you, that true sisterly pity overwhelmed my heart, when I first read that part of your letter which so pathetically describes her tender woe. Be the occasion her duty, or her love, or owing to a mixture of both, I am charmed with her beautiful simplicity: I wept over that part of your letter for half an hour; and more than once I looked round and round me, wishing for the dear creature to be near me, and wanting to clasp her to my bosom.

Love me still, and that as well as ever, my dear Lady G. or I shall want a great ingredient of happiness, in whatever situation I may be. I have written to thank my dear Lady L. for her goodness to me, in dictating to your pen; and I thank you, my dear, for being dictated to. I cannot be well. Send me but one line; ease my overburdened heart of one of it's anxieties, by telling me that there has nothing passed of littleness in me, that has abated your love to *your ever grateful, ever affectionate*

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XI.

LADY G. TO MISS BYRON.

GROSVENOR SQUARE, WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 27.

FLY, *Script*, of one line; on the wings of the wind, fly, to acquaint my Harriet, that I love her above all women—and all *men* too; my brother excepted. Tell her, that I now love her with an increased love; because I love her for *his* sake, as well as for her own.

Forgive, my dear, all the carelessnesses, as you always did the slippancies, of my pen. The happy prospect that all our wishes would be succeeded to us, had given a levity, a wanton-

ness, to it. Wicked pen!—But I have burnt the whole parcel from which I took it!—Yet I should correct *myself*; for I don't know whether I did not intend to tease a little: I don't know whether my compassion for Emily did not make me more silly. If that were so, (for really I suffered my pen to take it's course at the time; therefore burnt it) I know you will the more readily forgive me.

Littleness, Harriet! You are all that is great and good in woman. The littleness of others add to your greatness. Have not my foibles always proved this?—No, my dear! you are as great as—Clementina herself: and I love you better, if possible, than I love myself.

A few lines more on other subjects; for I can't write a short letter to my Harriet.—

The Countess of D. has made my brother a visit. I happened to be at his house. They were alone together near an hour. At going away, he attending her to her chair, she took my hand; 'All my hopes are over,' said she; 'but I will love Miss Byron, for all that.—Nor shall *you*, Sir Charles, in the day of your power, deny me my correspondent—nor must you, Madam, and Lady L. a friendship with Sir Charles Grandison's two sisters.'

Lady W. and my sister and I correspond. I want you to know her, that you may love her as well as we do. Love matches, my dear, are foolish things. I know not how you will find it some time hence: no general rule, however, without exceptions, you know. Violent love on one side, is enough in conscience, if the other party be not a fool, or ungrateful: the *lover* and *lovée* make generally the happiest couple. Mild, sedate convenience, is better than a stark staring-mad passion. The wall-climbers, the hedge and ditch-leapers, the river-forders, the window-droppers, always find reason to think so. Who ever hears of darts, flames, Cupids, Venus's, Adonis's, and such-like nonsense in matrimony?—Passion is transitory; but discretion, which never boils over, gives durable happiness. See Lord and Lady W. Lord G. and his good woman, for instances.

O my mad head! And why, think
5 E you,

you, did I mention my corresponding with Lady W?—Only to tell you (and I had like to have forgot it) that she felicitates me in her last, on the likelihood of a happy acquisition to our family, from what my brother communicated of his intention to make his addressee to Somebody—I warrant you guesses to whom.

Lady Anne S.—Poor Lady Anne S!—I dare not tell my brother how much she loves him: I am sure it would make him uneasy.

Beauchamp desires his compliments to you. He is in great affliction. Poor Sir Harry is thought irrecoverable. Different physicians have gone their rounds with him: but the new ones only ask what the old ones did, that they may *guess* at something else to make trial of. When a patient has money, it is difficult, I believe, for a physician to be honest, and to say, till the last extremity, that the parson and sexton may take him.

Adieu, my love!—Adieu, all my grandmamas, aunts, cousins, and kin's kin in Northamptonshire—Adieu!

CHARLOTTE G.

LETTER XII.

MISS BYRON, TO LADY G.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 3.

A Thousand thanks to you, my dear Lady G. for the favour of your last: you have re-assured me in it. I think I could not have been happy even in the affection of Sir Charles Grandison, were I to have found an abatement in the love of his two sisters. Who, that knows you both, and that had been favoured with your friendship, could have been satisfied with the least diminution of it?

I have a letter from the Countess of D*. She is a most generous woman. She even congratulates me, on your brother's account, from the conversation that passed between him and her. She gives me the particulars of it. Exceedingly flattering are they to my vanity. I *must*, my dear, be happy, if you continue to love me; and if I

can know that Lady Clementina is not unhappy. This latter is a piece of intelligence, necessary, I was going to say, for my tranquillity: for can your brother be happy, if *that* lady be otherwise, whose grievous malady could hold in suspense his generous heart, when he had no prospects at that time of ever calling her his?

I pity from my heart Lady Anne S. What a dreadful thing is hopeless love; the object so worthy, that every mouth is full of his praises! How many women will your brother's preference of *one*, be she who she will, disappoint in their first loves! Yet out of a hundred women, how few are there, who, for one reason or other, have the man of their first choice!

I remember you once said, it was well that love is not a passion absolutely invincible: but however, I do not, my dear, agree with you in your notions of all love-matches. Love merely *personal*, that sort of love which commences between the years of fifteen and twenty; and when the extraordinary *merit* of the object is not the foundation of it; may, I believe, and perhaps generally *ought* to, be subdued. But love that is founded on a merit that every-body acknowledges—I don't know what to say to the vincibility of *such* a love. For myself, I think it impossible that I ever could have been the wife of any man on earth but one, and given him my affection in so *entire* a manner, as should, on reflection, have acquitted my own heart; though I hope I should not have been wanting in my general duties—And why impossible? Because I must have been conscious, that there was another man whom I would have preferred to him. Let me add, that when prospects were darkest with regard to my wishes, I promised my grandmama and aunt to make myself easy, at least to endeavour to do so, if they never would propose to me the Earl of D. or any other man. They *did* promise me.

Lady D. in her letter to me, is so good as to claim the continuance of my correspondence. Most ungrateful, and equally self-denying, must I be if I were to decline my part of it.

I have a letter from Sir Rowland

* This letter does not appear.

Meredith*. You, who have seen his former letters to me, need not be shewn this. The same honest heart appears in them all; the same kind professions of paternal love.

You love Sir Rowland; and will be pleased to hear that his worthy nephew is likely to recover his health. I cannot, however, be joyful that they are resolved to make me soon one more visit. But you will see that Mr. Fowler thinks, if he could be allowed to visit me once more, he should, though hoping nothing from the visit, be easier for the rest of his life. A strange way of thinking! supposing love to be his distemper: is it not?

I have a letter from Mr. Fenwick. He has made a very short excursion abroad. He tells me in it, that he designs me a visit on a particular subject. If it be, as I suspect, to engage my interest with my Lucy, he shall *not* have her: he is not worthy of her.

The friendship and favour of Lady W. is one of the greatest felicities which seem to offer to bless my future lot.

Mr. Greville is the most persevering, as well as most audacious of men. As other men endeavour to gain a woman's affections by politeness; he makes pride, ill-nature, and impetuosity, the proofs of his love; and thinks himself ill used, especially since his large acquisition of fortune, that they are not accepted as such. He has obliged Mr. Deane to hear his pleas; and presumed to hope for his favour. Mr. Deane frankly told him that his interest lay quite another way. He then insolently threatened with destruction, the man, be he who he will, that shall stand in his way. He doubts not, he says, but Sir Charles Grandison is the man designed: but if so *cool* a lover is to be encouraged against so *fervent* a one as himself, he is mistaken in all the notions of women's conduct and judgments in love-matters. A *discreet* lover, he says, is an unnatural character: women, the odious wretch says, love to be devoured. [Is he not an odious wretch?] And if Miss Byron can content herself with another woman's *leavings*, for that, he says, he is well informed is the case, he knows what he shall think of her spirit. And then he threw

out, as usual, reflections on our sex, which had malice in them.

This man's threats disturb me. God grant that your brother may not meet with any more embarrassments from insolent men, on my account!

If these men, this Greville in particular, would let me be at peace, I should be better, I believe, in my health: but Lady Frampton is his advocate, by letter. He watches my footsteps, and in every visit I make, throws himself in the way: and on Sundays he is always ready with his officious hand, as I alight to enter the church; and to lead me back to my uncle's coach. My uncle cannot affront him, because he will not be affronted by him. He raillies off, with an intrepidity that never was exceeded, all that my aunt says to him. I repulse him with anger every where but in a place so publick, and so sacred. He disturbs my devotion, with his bold eyes, always fixed on our pew; which draw every one's after them. He has the assurance, when he intrudes himself into my company, to laugh at my anger; telling me, that it is what he has long wished for; and that now he is so much used to it, that he can live on my frowns, and cannot support life without them. He plainly tells me, that Mr. Fenwick's arrival from abroad, and another certain person's also, are the occasion of his resumed sedulity.

Every body about us, in short, is interested for or against him. He makes me appear coy and ridiculous. He—But no more of this bold man. Would to Heaven that some one of those who like such, would relieve me from him!

Visitors, and the post, oblige me; sooner than I otherwise should, to conclude myself, my dear Lady G. *ever yours*,

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XIII.

MR. DEANE, TO SIR CHARLES GRANDISON.

SELBY HOUSE, TUESDAY, OCT. 3.

AN alliance more acceptable, were it with a prince, could not be proposed, than that which Sir Charles

* This letter appears not.

Grandison, in a manner so worthy of himself, has proposed with a family who have thought themselves under obligation to him, ever since he delivered the darling of it from the lawless attempts of a savage libertine. I know to whom I write; and will own, that it has been *my* wish, in a most particular manner.

As to the surviving part of the family, *exclusive* of Miss Byron, (for I will mention her parents bye and bye) it is, in all it's branches, worthy: indeed, Sir, your wish of a relation to *them*, is not a discredit to your high character. As to the young lady—I say nothing of her—Yet how shall I forbear—O Sir, believe me! she will dignify your choice. Her duty and her inclination through every relation of life, were never divided.

Excuse me, Sir—No parent was ever more fond of his child than I have been, from her infancy, of this my daughter by adoption. Hence, Sir, being consulted on this occasion, as my affection I will say for the whole family deserves, I take upon me to acquaint you, before any farther steps are taken, what our dear child's fortune will be: for it has been always my notion, that a young gentleman, in such a case, should, the moment he offers himself, if his own proposals are acceptable, be spared the *indelicacy* of asking questions as to fortune. We know, Sir, yours is great: but as your spirit is princely, you ought to have something worthy of your own fortune with a wife. But here, alas! we must fail, I doubt; at least, in hand.

Mr. Byron was one of the best of men; his lady a most excellent woman: there never was a happier pair. Both had reason to boast of their ancestry. His estate was upwards of four thousand pounds a year; but it was entailed, and, in failure of male heirs, was to descend to a second branch of the family, which had made itself the more unworthy of it, by settling in a foreign country, renouncing, as I may say, it's own. Mr. Byron died a young man, and left his lady *ensient*; but grief for losing him, occasioned first her miscarriage, and then her death; and the estate followed the name. Hence, be pleased to know, that Miss Byron's fortune, in her own right, is no more than between thirteen and

fourteen thousand pounds. It is chiefly in the funds. It has been called 15,000*l.* but is not much more than thirteen. Her grandmother's jointure is between 4 and 500*l.* a year. We none of us wish to see my god-daughter in possession of it: she herself least of all. Mrs. Shirley is called, by every one that knows her, or speaks of her, the ornament of old age. Her husband, an excellent man, desired her to live always in the mansion-house, and in the hospitable way he had ever kept up, if what he left her would support her in it. She has been longer spared to the prayers of her friends, and to those of the poor, than was apprehended; for she is infirm in health. She therefore can do but little towards the increase of her child's fortune. But Shirley Manor is a fine old seat, Sir!—And there is timber upon the estate, which wants but ten years growth, and will be felled to good account. Mr. Selby is well in the world. He proposes, as a token of his love, to add 3000*l.* in hand to his niece's fortune; and by his will, something very considerable, farther expectant on his lady's death; who being Miss Byron's aunt, by the father's side, intends by her will to do very handsomely for her.—By the way, my dear Sir, be assured, that what I write is absolutely unknown to Miss Byron.

There is a man who loves her as he loves himself. This man has laid by a sum of money every year for the advancing her in marriage, beginning with the fifth year of her life, when it was seen what a hopeful child she was: this has been put at accumulated interest; and it amounts, in sixteen years, or thereabouts, to very near 8000*l.* This man, Sir, will make up the eight thousand ten, to be paid on the day of marriage: and I hope, without promising for what this man will do farther at his death, that you will accept of this five or six and twenty thousand pounds, as the chearfullest given and best bestowed money that ever was laid out.

Let not these particulars pain you, Sir: they should not; the subject is a necessary one. You, who ought to give way to the increase of that power which you so nobly use, must not be pained at this mention, once for all. Princes, Sir, are not above asking money

ney of their people as free gifts, on the marriage of their children. He that would be greater than a prince, may, before he is aware, be less than a gentleman. Of this ten thousand pounds, eight is Miss Byron's due, as she is likely to be so happy with all our consents; else it would not: for that was the man's *reserved* condition; and the sum, or the designation of it, was till this day only known to himself.

As to settlements in return, I would have acted the lawyer, but the *honest* lawyer, with you, Sir, and made demands of you; but Mr. and Mrs. Selby, and Mrs. Shirley, unanimously declared, that you shall not be prescribed in this case. 'Were you not Sir Charles Grandison?' was the question. I was against leaving it to you, for that *very* reason. 'It will be,' said I, 'to provoke such a man as Sir Charles to do too much. Most other men ought to be spurred; but *this* must be held in.' But, however, I acquiesced; and the more easily, because I expect that the deeds shall pass through my hands; and I will take care that you shall not, in order to give a proof of love where it is not wanted, exert an inadequate generosity.

These matters I thought it was absolutely necessary to apprize you of: you will have the goodness to excuse any imperfections in my manner of writing. There are none in my heart, when I assure you, that no man breathing can more respect you, than, Sir, *your most faithful and obedient humble servant,*

THOMAS DEANE.

LETTER XIV.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, TO
THO. DEANE, ESQ.

THURSDAY, OCT. 5.

YOU know not, my dear Mr. Deane, upon what an unthankful man you would bestow your favours. I pretend not to be above complying with the laudable customs of the world. Princes are examples to themselves. I have always, in things indifferent, been willing to take the world as I find it; and conform to it.

To say Miss Byron is a treasure in herself, is what every man would say,

who has the honour to know her: yet I would not, in a vain ostentation, as the interest of a man and his wife is one, make a compliment to my affection, by resigning or giving from her her natural right; especially as there is no one of her family that wants to be benefited by such gifts or resignations. But then I will not allow, that any of her friends shall part with what is theirs, to supply—What? A *supposed* deficiency in her fortune. And by *whom*, as implied by you, supposed a deficiency—By me; and it is left to me to *confirm* the imputation by my acceptance of the addition so generously, as to the *intention*, offered. Had I incumbrances on my estate, which, undischarged, would involve in difficulties the woman I love; I know not what, for *her* sake, I might be tempted to do. But avarice only can induce a man, who wants it not, to accept of the bounty of a lady's friends, in their life-time especially—When those friends are not either father or mother; one of them not a relation by blood, though he is by a nearer tie, that of love: and is not the fortune which the lady possesses in her own right, an ample one?

I am as rich as I wish to be, my dear Mr. Deane. Were my income *less*, I would live within it: were it *more*, it would increase my duties. Permit me, my good Sir, to ask, has the MAN, as you call him, (and a MAN indeed he appears to me to be) who intends to make so noble a present to a stranger, no relations, no friends, who would have reason to think themselves unkindly treated, if he gave from them such a large portion of his fortune?

I would not be thought romantick; neither aim I at ostentation. I would be as glad to *follow*, as to *set*, a good example. Can I have a nobler, if Miss Byron honours me with her hand, than she, in *that* case, will give in preferring me to the Earl of D. a worthy man, with a much more splendid fortune than mine? Believe me, my dear Mr. Deane, it would, on an event so happy, be a restraint to my own joy before friends so kindly contributing to the increase of her fortune, lest they should imagine that their generosity, on the occasion, was one of the motives of my gratitude to her for her goodness to me.

You

You tell me, that Miss Byron knows nothing of your proposals: I beseech you, let her *not* know any thing of them: abate not so much, in her eyes, the man who presumes on her favour for the happiness of the rest of his life, by supposing (*your supposition, Sir, may have weight with her*) he could value her the more for such an addition to her fortune. No, Sir: let Miss Byron, (satisfied with the consciousness of a worth which all the world acknowledges) in one of the most solemn events of her life, look round among her congratulating friends with that modest confidence which the sense of laying a high obligation on a favoured object gives to dissident merit; and which the receiving of favours from all her friends, as if to supply a supposed defective worth, must either abate; or, if it do not, make her think less of the interested man, who could submit to owe such obligations.

If these friendly expostulations conclude against the offer of your *generous friend*, they equally do so against that of Mr. Selby. Were that gentleman and his lady the *parents* of Miss Byron, the case would be different: but Miss Byron's fortune is an *ascertained* one; and Mr. Selby has relations who stand in an equal degree of consanguinity to him, and who are all intitled, by their worthiness, to his favour. My best respects and thanks are, however, due; and I beg you will make my acknowledgments accordingly, as well to your *worthy friend*, as to Mr. Selby.

I take the liberty to send you down the rent-roll of my English estate. Determine for *me* as you please, my dearest Mr. Deane: only take this caution—Affront me not a second time; but let the settlements be such, as may be fully answerable to my fortune; although, in the common methods of calculation, it may exceed that of the dear lady. That you may be the better judge of this, you will find a brief particular of my Irish estate subjoined to the other.

I was intending, when I received yours, to do myself the honour of a visit to Selby House. I am impatient to throw myself at the feet of my dear Miss Byron, and to commend myself to the favour of Mr. and Mrs. Selby, and every one of a family I am prepared by their characters, as well as

by their relation to Miss Byron, to revere and love: but as you seem to chuse that the requisite preliminaries should be first adjusted by pen and ink, I submit, though with reluctance, to that course; but with the less, as I may, in the interim, receive letters from abroad, which, though they can now make no alteration with regard to the treaty so happily begun, may give me an opportunity of laying the whole state of my affairs before Miss Byron; by which means she will be enabled to form a judgment of them, and of the heart of, dear Sir, *her and your most affectionate, obliged, and faithful humble servant,*

CHARLES GRANDISON.

LETTER XV.

MISS BYRON, TO LADY G.

[WITH THE TWO PRECEDING LETTERS.]

SELBY HOUSE, SAT. OCT. 7.

WELL did you observe, my dear, that we may be very differently affected by the same event, when judged of at a distance, and near. May I, in the present situation, presume to say, *near?* Mr. Deane has entered into the particulars of my fortune with Sir Charles. The letter was not shewn me before it went; and I was not permitted to see the copy of it till your brother's answer came; and then they shewed me both.

O my dear Mr. Deane!—my ever-kind uncle and aunt Selby!—was not your Harriet Byron too much obliged to you before?—As to your brother, what, my love, shall I do with my *pride?* I did not know I had so much of that bad quality. My poverty, my dear, has added to my pride. Were my fortune superior to that of your brother, I am sure I should not be so proud as I now, on this occasion, find I am. How generously does he decline accepting the goodness that was offered to give me more consideration with him, (as kindly intended by them!) What can I say to him, but that his heart, still prouder than my own, and more generous than that of any other person breathing, will not permit me to owe uncommon obligations to any but himself?

He desires that I may not know any thing of this transaction: but they thought the communication would give me pleasure. However, they wish me not to take notice to him, when he visits Selby House, that they have communicated it to me. If I did, I should think myself obliged to manifest a gratitude that would embarrass me in my present situation, and seem to fetter the freedom of my will. Millions of obligations should not bribe me to give up even a corner of my heart, to a man to whom I could not give the whole. Your brother, my dear, is in possession of the whole.

You know that I hate affectation: but must I not have great abatements in my prospects of happiness, because of Lady Clementina? And must they not be still greater, should she be unhappy, should she repent of the resolution, she so nobly took, for his saying, that whatever be the contents of his next letters from Italy, they can make no alteration with regard to the treaty begun with us?—Dear, dear Clementina! most excellent of women! can I bear to stand in the way of your happiness?—I cannot.—My life, any more than yours, may not be a long one; and I will not sully the whiteness of it, (pardon my vanity; I presume to call it so, on retrospecting it, regarding my *intentions* only) by giving way to an act of injustice, though it were to obtain for me the whole heart of the man I love.

Yet think you, my dear, that I am not mortified? How can I look round upon my congratulating friends, in one of the most solemn events of my life, with that modest confidence which the sense of laying an obligation on a favoured object (you know in whose generous words I express myself) gives to diffident merit?—O my Charlotte! I am *afraid* of your brother! How shall I look up to him, when I next see him?—But I will give way to this new guest, my *pride*. What other way have I!—Will you forgive me, if I try to look upon your brother's generosity to me and my friends, in declining so greatly their offers, as a bribe to make me sit down satisfied with half, nay, *not* half a heart?—And now will you not say, that I am proud indeed? But his is the most delicate of human minds: and shall not the woman pre-

tend to some delicacy who has looked up to him?

I thought of writing but a few lines in the cover of the two letters. I hope I should not incur displeasure from any body here, were they to know I send them to you for your perusal. But let only Lord G. your other self, and Lord and Lady L. read them, and return them by the next post. I know you four will pity the poor and proud girl, who is so inexpressibly obliged almost to every one she knows; but who, believe her, proud as she is, never will be ashamed to own her obligations to you, and Lady L. *Witness,*

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XVI.

LADY G. TO MISS BYRON.

GROSVENOR SQUARE, TUESDAY, OCT. 10.

I Return your two letters: very good ones both. I like them. Lord L. and Lord G. thank you for allowing them to peruse them. We will know nothing of the matter.

My brother will soon be with you, I believe. I wish Dr. Bartlett were in town: one should then know something of the motions of my brother—Not that he is reserved, neither. But he is so much engaged, that I go four times to St. James's Square, and perhaps do not see him once. My lord had the assurance to say, but yesterday, that I was there more than at home. He is very impertinent: I believe he has taken up my fauciness. I laid it down, and thought to resume it occasionally; but when I came to look for it, behold! it was gone!—But I hope, if he has it not, it is only mislaid. I intend, if it come not soon to hand, to set the parish-crier to proclaim the loss, with a reward for the finder. It might be the ruin of some indiscreet woman, should such a one meet with it, and try to use it. Aunt Eleanor [There I remembered myself: no more aunt Nell!] is as joyful, to think her nephew will soon be married, and to an *English* woman, as if she were going to be married herself. Were there to be a wedding in the family, or among her acquaintance, once a year! what with preparation,

preparation, what with solemnization, good old soul! she would live for ever. Chide again, Harriet; I value it not. Yet in your last chiding you were excessively grave: but I forgive you. Be good, and write me every thing how and about it; and write to the moment: you cannot be too minute.

I want you to see Lady Olivia's presents: they are princely. I want to see a letter she wrote to my brother; he mentioned it as something extraordinary. When you are his, you must shew me all he writes, that you are permitted to have in your power long enough to transcribe. He and she correspond. Do you like that, Harriet?—Lady L. writes: Emily writes. So I have only to say, I am *your humble servant, and so forth,*

CH. G.

LETTER XVII.

MISS BYRON, TO LADY G.

SELBY HOUSE, THURSDAY, OCT. 12.

MY DEAR LADY G.

I Expect your brother every hour. I hope he comes in pursuance of letters from Italy!—May it be so! and such as will not abate his welcome!

We heard by accident of his approach, by a farmer, tenant to my uncle; who saw a fine gentleman, very handsomely attended, alight, as he left Stratford, at the *very* inn where we baited on our return from London. As a dinner was preparing for him, perhaps, my dear, he will dine in the *very* room we dined in at that time. The farmer had the curiosity to ask who he was; and was answered by the most courteous gentleman's servants he ever spoke to, that they had the honour to serve Sir Charles Grandison. And the farmer having said he was of Northampton; one of them asked him, how far Selby House was from that town? The farmer was obliged to hurry home on his own affairs; and meeting my uncle with Mr. Deane, and my cousin James Selby, taking an airing on horseback, told him the visiter he was likely to have. My uncle instantly dispatched his servant to us with the tidings, and that he was gone to meet him, in hopes of conducting him hither.

This news gave me such emotion,

being not well before, that my aunt advised me to retire to my closet, and endeavour to quiet my spirits.

Here then I am, my dear Lady G. and the writing implements being always at hand in this place, I took up my pen. It is not possible for me to write at this time, but to you, and on this subject. It is good for a busy mind to have something to be employed in; and I think, now I am amusing myself on paper, my heart is a little more governable than it was.

I am glad we heard of his coming before we saw him. But surely Sir Charles Grandison should not have attempted to *surprize* us: should he, my dear? Does it not look like the pride of a man assured of a joyful welcome? I have read of princes, who, acquainted with their ladies by picture only, and having been married by proxy, have set out to their frontiers *incognito*, and in disguise have affected to surprize the poor apprehensive bride.—But here, not only circumstances differ, since there has been no betrothment; but were he of princely rank, I should have expected a more delicate treatment from him.

* * *

How will the consciousness of inferiority and obligation set a proud and punctilious mind upon hunting for occasions to justify it's caprices!—A servant of Sir Charles is just arrived with a billet directed for my uncle Selby. My aunt opened it. It is dated from Stratford. The contents are, after compliments of enquiry of our healths, to acquaint my uncle, that he shall put up at the George at Northampton, this night; and hopes to be allowed to pay his compliments to us to-morrow morning, at breakfast; so he did not intend to give himself the consequence, of which my capricious heart was so apprehensive. Yet then, as if resolved to find fault, 'Is not this a little too parading for his natural freedom?' thought I: 'or does he think we should not be able to outlive our joyful surprize, if he gave us not notice of his arrival in these parts before he saw us? O Clementina! goddess! angel! What a mere mortal, what a woman dost thou make the poor Harriet Byron appear in her own eyes! How apprehensive of coming after thee!' The sense I have of my





my own littleness, will make me little indeed.

Well, but I presume, that if my uncle and Mr. Deane meet him, they will prevail upon him to come hither this night: yet I suppose he must be allowed to go to the proposed inn afterwards—But here, he is come! Come indeed! My uncle in the chariot with him! My cousin and Mr. Deane, Sally tells me, just alighted. Sally adores Sir Charles Grandison—Be gone, Sally. Thy emotions, foolish girl, add to those of thy mistress!

* * *

THAT I might avoid the appearance of affectation, I was going down to welcome him, when I met my uncle on the stairs. ‘Niece Byron,’ said he, ‘you have not done justice to Sir Charles Grandison. I thought your *love-sick heart*,’ [What words were these, my dear! and at that moment too!] ‘must have been partial to him. He prevailed on me to go into his chariot. You may think yourself very happy. For fifteen miles together did he talk of nobody but you. Let me go down with you: let me present you to him.’

I had before besought my spirits to befriend me, but for one half hour, surely there is nothing so unwelcome as an unreasonable jest. ‘Present me to him!—*Love-sick heart*!’—‘O my uncle!’ thought I. I was unable to proceed. I hastened back to my closet, as much disconcerted as a child could be, who, having taken pains to get it’s lesson by heart, dashed by a chiding countenance, forgot every syllable of it when it came to say it. You know, my dear, that I had not of some time been well. My spirits were weak, and joy was almost as painful to me as grief could have been.

My aunt came up—‘My love, why don’t you come down?—What now! Why in tears?—You will appear, to the finest man I ever saw in my life, very particular!—Mr. Dean is in love with him: your cousin James—’ ‘Dear Madam, I am already, when I make comparisons between him and myself, humbled enough with his excellences. I did intend to avoid particularity; but my uncle has quite disconcerted me—Yet he always

means well: I ought not to complain. I attend you, Madam.’

Can you, Lady G. forgive my pride, my petulance?

My aunt went down before me. Sir Charles hastened to me, the moment I appeared, with an air of respectful love.

He took my hand, and bowing upon it, ‘I rejoice to see my dear Miss Byron; and to see her so well. How many sufferers must there be, when you suffer!’

I bid him welcome to England. I hope he heard me; I could not help speaking low; he must observe my discomposure. He led me to a seat, and sat down by me, still holding my hand. I withdrew it not presently, lest he should think me precise: but, as there were so many persons present, I thought it was free in Sir Charles Grandison. Yet perhaps he could not well quit it, as I did not withdraw it; so that the fault might be rather in my passiveness, than in his forwardness.

However, I asked my aunt afterwards, if his looks were not those of a man assured of success; as indeed he might be from my grandmother’s letter, and my silence to *his*. She said, there was a manly freedom in his address to me; but that it had such a mixture of tenderness in it, that never, in *her* eyes, was freedom so becoming. ‘While he was restrained by his situation,’ added she, ‘no wonder that he treated you with respect only as a friend; but now he finds himself at liberty to address you, his behaviour ought, as a *lover*, to have been just what it was.’

Sir Charles led me into talk, by mentioning you and Lady L. your two lords, and my Emily.

My uncle and aunt withdrew, and had some little canvassings, it seems, [All their canvassings are those of assured lovers] about the propriety of my uncle’s invitation to Sir Charles to take up his residence, while he was in these parts, at Selby House. My uncle, at coming in, had directed Sir Charles’s servant to put up their horses: but they not having their master’s order to do so, held themselves in readiness to attend him; as they knew that Sir Charles had given directions to his

gentleman, Richard Saunders, who brought the billet to my uncle, to go back to Northampton, and provide apartments for him at the George Inn there.

My aunt, who you know is a perfect judge of points of decorum, pleaded to my uncle, that it was too well known among our select friends, by Mr. Greville's means, that Sir Charles had never before made his addresses to me; and that therefore, though he was to be treated as a man whose alliance is considered as an honour to us; yet that some measures were to be kept, as to the *look* of the thing; and that the world might not conclude that I was to be won at his very first appearance; and the rather, as Mr. Greville's violence, as well as virulence, was so well known.

My uncle was petulant. 'I,' said he, 'am always in the wrong: you women, never.' He ran into all those peculiarities of words, for which you have so often raillied him—His '*ads-heart*,' his '*female scrupulosities*,' his '*What a pize*,' his hatred of '*shilly*,' '*shaily's*,' and '*fiddle-faddles*,' and the rest of our '*female nonjenses*,' as he calls them. He hoped to salute his niece, as Lady Grandison, in a fortnight: what a *deuce* was the matter it could not be so, both sides now of a mind?—He warned my aunt, and bid her warn me, against affectation, now the crisis was at hand. Sir Charles, he said, would think meanly of us, if we were *jilly*; and then came in another of his odd words: Sir Charles, he said, had been so much already *bamboozled*, that he would not have patience with us; and therefore, and for all these *reasons*, as he called them, he desired that Sir Charles might not be suffered to go out of the house, and to an inn; and this as well for the *propriety* of the thing, as for the credit of his own invitation to him.

My aunt replied, that Sir Charles *himself* would expect delicacy from us. It was evident, that he expected not (no doubt for the sake of the world's eye) to reside in the house with *us* on his *first* visit, by his having ordered his servant who brought the billet, to take apartments for him at Northampton, even not designing to visit us over-night, had he not been met by Mr. Deane and himself, and *persuaded* to come.

'In short, my dear,' said my aunt, 'I am as much concerned about Sir Charles's *own* opinion of our conduct, as for that of the world: yet you know that every genteel family around us expects examples from us and Harriet. If Sir Charles is not with us, the oftener he visits us, the more respectful it will be construed. I hope he will live with us all day, and every day: but indeed it must be as a visitor, not as an inmate.'

'Why, then, bring me off somehow, that I may not seem the blunderer you are always making me by your documents—Will you do that?'

When my uncle and aunt came in, they found Sir Charles, and Mr. Deane, and me, talking. Our subject was, the happiness of Lord and Lady W. and the whole Mansfield family, with whom Mr. Deane, who began the discourse, is well acquainted. Sir Charles arose at their entrance. 'The night draws on,' said he—'I will do myself the honour of attending you, Madam—and this happy family—at tea in the morning—My good Mr. Selby, I had a design upon you, and Mr. Deane—and upon you, young gentleman,' (to my cousin James) 'as I told you on the road; but it is now too late. Adieu, till to-morrow—' He bowed to each—to me profoundly, kissing my hand; and went to his chariot.

My uncle whispered my aunt, as we all attended him to that door of the hall which leads into the court-yard, to invite him to stay. 'Hang punctilio!' he said.

My aunt wanted to speak to Sir Charles; yet, she owned, she knew not what to say; such a conscious awkwardness had indeed possession of us both, as made us uneasy: we thought all was not right; yet knew not that we were wrong. But when Sir Charles's chariot drove away with him, and we took our seats, and supper was talked of, we all of us shewed dissatisfaction; and my uncle was quite out of humour. He would give a thousand pounds, he said, with all his heart and soul, to find in the morning, Sir Charles, instead of coming hither to breakfast, had set out on his return to London.

For my part, Lady G. I could not bear these terminations. I begged to

be excused sitting down to supper. I was not well; and this odd situation added *uneasiness* to my indisposition; a dissatisfaction, that I find will mingle with our highest enjoyments: nor were the beloved company I left, happier. They canvassed the matter, with so much good-natured earnestness, that the supper was taken away, as it was brought, at a late hour.

What, my dear Lady G. in your opinion, should we have done? Were we right, or were we wrong? Over-delicacy, as I have heard observed, is under-delicacy. You, my dear, your lord, our Emily, and Dr. Bartlett, all standing in so well known a degree of relation to Sir Charles Grandison, were our most welcome guests: and was not the brother to be received with equal warmth of respect!—O no! Custom, it seems, tyrant custom, and the apprehended opinion of the world, obliged us (especially as so much bustle had been made about me, by men so bold, so impetuous) to shew him—Shew him what?—In effect, that we had expectations upon him, which we could not have upon his brother and sister; and therefore, because we hoped he would be more *near*, we were to keep him at the greater distance!—What an indirect acknowledgment was this in his favour, were there room for him to doubt! Which, however, there could not be. ‘What would I give,’ said my aunt to me, this moment, ‘to know his thoughts of the matter!’

Lucy and Nancy will be here at dinner; so will my grandmamma. She has, with her usual enquiries after my health, congratulated me by this line sealed up—

‘I long, my best love to embrace you, on the joyful occasion. I need say no more, than that I think myself, at this instant, one of the happiest of women. I shall dine with you to day. Adieu, till then, joy of my heart, my own Harriet!’

Lucy, in a billet just now brought, written for herself and Nancy, on the intelligence sent her of Sir Charles’s arrival, expresses herself thus—

‘Our joy is extreme! Blessings on the man! Blessings attend our Harriet! They must, Sir Charles Grandison brings them with himself.

‘Health now will return to our lovely cousin. We long to see the man of whom we have heard so much. We will dine with you. Tell Sir Charles, before we come, that you love us dearly: it shall make us redouble our endeavours to deserve your love; Your declared friendship, and love of us, will give consequence to

‘LUCY }
‘NANCY } SELBY.’

We are now in expectation—My aunt and I, though early risers, hurried ourselves to get every thing, that however is never out of order, in high order. Both of us have a kind of consciousness of defect, where yet we cannot find reason for it: if we did, we should supply it. Yet we are careful that every thing has a natural, not an extraordinary, appearance—Ease, with propriety, shall be our aim. My aunt says, that were the king to make us a visit, she is sure she could not have a greater desire to please—I will go down, that I may avoid the appearance of parade and reserve, when he comes.

* * *

HERE, in her closet again, is your poor Harriet. Surely the determined single state is the happiest of lives, to young women, who have the greatness of mind to be above valuing the admiration and flatteries of the other sex. What tumults, what a contrariety of passions, break the tranquility of the woman who yields up her heart to love?—No Sir Charles Grandison, my dear!—Yet ten o’clock!—He is a very prudent man!—No expectations *hurry or disappoint* him!—Charming *steadiness of soul*! A fine thing for himself, but *far* otherwise for the woman, when a man is *secure*! He will possibly ask me, and hold again my passive hand, in presence of half a score of my friends, whether I was *greatly* uneasy because of his absence?

But let me try to *excuse* him. May he not have *forgot* his engagement? May he not have *overslept* himself?—Some agreeable *arcana* of the Bologna family—I am offended at him—Did he learn his tranquillity in Italy?—O no, no, Lady G.!

I now cannot help looking back for other faults in him with regard to me.

My memory is not, however, so malicious as I would have it be. But do you think every man, in the like situation, would have stopt at Stratford to dine by himself—Not but your brother can be very happy in his *own* company. If *he* cannot, who can? But as to that, his horses might require rest, as well as baiting: one knows not in how short a time he might have prosecuted his journey so far. He who will not suffer the noblest of all animals to be deprived of an ornament, would be merciful to them in greater instances. He says, that he cannot bear indignity from superiors. Neither can we. In that light he appears to us. But why so?—My heart, Lady G. begins to swell, I assure you; and it is twice as big as it was last night.

My uncle, before I came up, set with his watch in his hand, from half an hour after nine, till near ten, telling the minutes as they crept. Mr. Deane often looked at me, and at my aunt, as if to see how we bore it. I blushed; looked silly, as if your brother's faults were mine.—‘Over in a fortnight!’ cried my uncle; ‘adieu, heart, I believe it will be half a year before we shall come to the question. But Sir Charles, to be sure, is offended. Your confounded female niceties!’

My heart rose—‘Let him, if he dare!’ thought the proud Harriet.

‘God grant,’ added my uncle, ‘that he may be gone up to town again!’

‘Perhaps,’ said Mr. Deane, ‘he is gone, by mistake to Mrs. Shirley’s.’

We then endeavoured to recollect the words of his self-invitation thither. My cousin James proposed to take horse, and go to Northampton, to inform himself of the occasion of his not coming: some misfortune, perhaps.

Had he not servants, my aunt asked, one of whom he might have sent?—‘Shall my cousin Jimmy go, however, Harriet,’ said she?

‘No, indeed!’ answered I, with an air of anger. My teasing uncle broke out into a loud laugh, which however had more of vexedness than mirth in it. ‘He is certainly gone to London, Harriet!—Just as I said, dame Selby!—Certainly tearing up the road; his very horses resenting, for their master, your scrupulosity. You’ll hear

‘from him next, at London, my life for yours, niece—Hah, hah, hah!’ ‘What will your *grandmamma* say, bye and bye? Lucy, Nancy, how will *they* stare! Last night’s supper, and this day’s dinner, will be alike served in, and taken away.’

I could not stand all this: I arose from my seat. ‘Are you not unkind, Sir?’ said I to my uncle, curtseying to him, however; and, desiring his and Mr. Deane’s excuse, quitted the breakfasting parlour. ‘Teazing man!’ said my aunt. Mr. Deane also blamed him; gently, however; for every body acknowledges his good heart, and natural good temper.

My aunt followed me to the door; and, taking my hand, ‘Harriet,’ said she, speaking low, ‘not Sir Charles Grandison himself shall call you his; if he is capable of treating you with the least indifference. I understand not this,’ added she: ‘he cannot, surely, be offended.—I hope all will be cleared up before your grandmamma comes: she will be very jealous of the honour of her girl.’

I answered not; I could not answer; but hastened up to my place of refuge; and, after wiping from my cheeks a few tears of real vexation, took up my pen. You love to know my thoughts as occasions arise. You bid me continue to write to the moment—Here comes my aunt.

* * *

My aunt came in, with a billet in her hand—‘Come down to breakfast, my dear: Sir Charles comes not till dinner time. Read this: it was brought by one of his servants. He left it with Andrew. The dunce let him go. I wanted to have asked him a hundred questions.’

“ TO MRS. SELBY.

“ DEAR MADAM,
“ I Am broken in upon by a most “ *impertinent* sister. Such, at this time, must have been the dearest friend I have in the world. You will be so good as to excuse my attendance till dinner time. For the past two hours I thought every moment of disengaging myself, or I should have been sooner. Ever
“ yours, &c.”

• WILK

‘What visiter,’ said I, ‘can make a man stay, against his mind? Who can get rid politely of an *impertinent* visiter, if Sir Charles Grandison cannot, on a previous engagement? But come, Madam, I attend you.’ Down we went.

My uncle was out of patience. I was sorry for it. I tried to make the best of it; yet, but to pacify him, should perhaps have had petulance enough myself to make the worst of it.

‘Oy, oy, with all my heart,’ said he, in answer to my excuses, ‘let us hear what Sir Charles has to say for himself. But, old as I am, were my dame Selby to give me another chance, no man on earth, I can tell you, should keep me from a previous engagement with my mistress.—It is kind of you, Harriet, to excuse him, however: love hides a multitude of faults.’

My aunt said not one syllable in behalf of Sir Charles. She is vexed and disappointed.

We made a very short breakfasting; and looked upon one another as people who would have helped themselves, if they could. Mr. Deane, however, would engage, he said, that we should be satisfied with Sir Charles’s excuses, when we came to hear them.

But, my dear, this man, this visiter, whoever he is, must be of *prodigious* importance, to detain him from an engagement that I had hoped might have been thought a *first* engagement;—yet owned to be *impertinent*. And must not the accident be very uncommon, that should bring such a one, stranger as Sir Charles is, in his way? Yet this might very well happen, my uncle observes, at an *inn*, whither we thought fit to send him.

Now I think of it, I was strangely disturbed last night in my imperfect slumbers: something, I thought, was to happen to prevent me ever being his. But hence, recollection! I chase thee from me. Yet when realities disturb, shadows will officiously intrude on the busy imagination as realities.

FRIDAY, 12 O’CLOCK.

My grandmamma is come.—Lucy, Nancy, are come—O how vexed at our disappointment and chagrin are my two cousins! But my grandmamma joins with Mr. Deane, to think the

best. I have stolen up.—But here, he is come! how shall I do to *keep* my anger? He shall find me below. I will see how he looks, at entrance among us—*If* he be careless—*If* he makes slight excuses—

LETTER XVIII.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

FRIDAY, TWO O’CLOCK.

I Am stolen up again, to tell you how it is. I never will be petulant again—‘Dear Sir, forgive me!’ How wicked in us all, but my grandmamma and Mr. Deane, to blame a man who cannot be guilty of a wilful fault! The fault is all my aunt’s and mine—Was my aunt ever in fault before?

We were all together when he entered. He addressed himself to us, in that noble manner, which engages every body in his favour, at first sight. ‘How,’ said he, bowing to every one, ‘have I suffered, in being hindered by an unhappy man, from doing myself the honour of attending you sooner!’

You see, my dear, he made not apologies to *me*, as if he supposed me disappointed by his absence. I was afraid he would. I know I looked very grave.

He then particularly addressed himself to each; to me first; next to my grandmamma; and taking one of her hands between both his, and bowing upon it, ‘I rejoice to see you, Madam,’ said he—‘Your last favours will ever be remembered by me, with gratitude. I see you well, I hope. You Miss Byron will be well, if you are—and our joy,’ (looking round him) ‘will then be complete.’

She bowed her head, pleased with the compliment. I was still a little fullen; otherwise I should have been pleased too, that he made my health depend on that of my grandmamma.

‘Madam,’ said he, turning to my aunt, ‘I am afraid I made you wait for me at breakfast. A most impertinent visiter! He put me out of humour. I dared not to let you and yours,’ (looking at me) ‘see, how much I *could* be out of humour. I am naturally passionate, but passion is so ugly, to deforming a thing, that

‘that if I can help it, I will never, by those I love, be seen in it.’

‘I am sorry, Sir,’ said my aunt, ‘you met with any thing to disturb you.’

My uncle’s spirit had not come down: he, too, was fullen in behalf of the punctilio of the girl whom he honours with his jealous love. ‘How,’ said he, ‘is that, Sir Charles?’ said he.

My aunt presented Lucy and Nancy to him: but before she could name either—‘Miss Selby,’ said he, ‘Miss Byron’s own Lucy, I am sure.—Miss Nancy Selby?—I know your characters, ladies!’ saluting each; and I know the interest you have in Miss Byron—Honour me with your approbation, and that will be to give me hope of hers.’

He then turning to my uncle and Mr. Deane, and taking a hand of each—‘My dear Mr. Deane smiles upon me,’ said he—‘But Mr. Selby looks grave.’

‘At-ten-tive only, Sir Charles, to the cause of your being put out of humour, that’s all.’

‘The cause, Mr. Selby!—Know, then, I met with a man at my inn, who would force himself upon me: Do you know I am a quarrelsome man? He was so hardy as to declare, that he had pretensions to a lady in this company, which he was determined to assert.’

‘O that Greville!’ said my aunt.

I was ready to sink. ‘Wretched Harriet!’ thought I at the instant: ‘Am I to be for ever the occasion of embroiling this excellent man!’

‘Dear, dear Sir Charles,’ said one, said another, all at once, ‘How, how, was it?’

‘Both safe! Both unhurt,’ replied he. ‘No more of the rash man, at this time. He is to be pitied. He loves Miss Byron to distraction.’

‘This comes of nicety!’ whispered my uncle, to my aunt; ‘*jealous* nicety!—To let such a man as this go to an inn!—Inhospitable! vile punctilio!’ Then turning to Sir Charles—‘Dear Sir, forgive me! I was a little serious, that I must own.’ [I pulled my uncle by the sleeve, fearing he would say too much by way of atonement for his seriousness.] ‘I, I, I, was a little serious, I must own—’ ‘I, I, I, was afraid something was

‘the matter—’ turned he off, what he was going to say—*too* freely, shall I add?—Hardly so! had he said what he would; though habitual punctilio made me almost involuntarily twitch my uncle by the sleeve; for my heart would have directed my lips to utter the kindest things; but my concern was too great to allow them to obey it.

I must go down, Lady G.—I am enquired after; ’tis just dinner time.—Let me only add, that Sir Charles waved farther talk of the affair between him and that wretch, while I staid.—Perhaps they have got it out of him since I came up.

I SHALL be so proud, my dear!—A thousand fine things he has said of your Harriet, in her little absence! How is he respected, how is he admired, by all my friends! My grand-mamma, with all her equanimity, has much ado to suppress her joyful emotions: and he is so respectfully tender to her, that had he not my heart before, he would have won it now.

He had again waved the relation of the insult he met with: Mr. Greville himself, he supposed, would give it. He had a mind to see if the gentleman, by his report of it, was a gentleman. ‘Thank God,’ said he, ‘I have not hurt a man who boasts of his passion for Miss Byron; and of his neighbourhood to this family!’

OUR places were chosen for us at table: Sir Charles’s next me. Can not I be too minute, do you say?—So easy, so free, so polite; something so happily addressed occasionally to each person at table—O my dear! I am abundantly kept in countenance; for every one loves him, as well as I. You have been pleased to take very favourable notice of our servants—‘They are good, and sensible.’ What reverence for him, and joy for their young mistress’s sake, shone in their countenances, as they attended.

My cousin James, who has never been out of England, was very curious to be informed of the manners, customs, diversions, of the people in different countries—Italy, in particular—Ah, the dear Clementina! What abatement from recollection! ‘The fighting heart,’ I remember he says, in one of his let-

ters to Dr. Bartlett, 'will remind us of imperfection, in the highest of our enjoyments.' And he adds, 'It is fit it should be so.' And on what occasion did he write this?—O my Charlotte, I was the occasion. It was in kind remembrance of me. He could not, at that time, have so written, had he been indifferent, even then, to your Harriet.

I am so apprehensive of my uncle's after-remarks, that I am half-afraid to look at Sir Charles: and he must bye and bye return to this wicked inn. —They wonder at my frequent absences. It is to oblige you, Lady G: and, indeed, myself: there is vast pleasure in communicating one's pleasures to a friend who interests herself, as you do, in one's dearest concerns.

* *

You know and admire my grandmamma's chearful compliances with the innocent diversions of youth. She made Lucy give us a lesson on the harpsichord, on purpose, I saw, to draw me in. We both obeyed.

I was once a little out in an Italian song. In what a sweet manner did he put me in! touching the keys himself, for a minute or two! Every one wished him to proceed; but he gave up to me, in so polite a manner, that we all were satisfied with his excuses.

My poor cousin Femmy is on a sudden very earnest to go abroad; as if, silly youth, travelling would make him a Sir Charles Grandison.

I have just asked your brother, if all is over between Mr. Greville and him? He says, he hopes and believes so. God send it may; or I shall hate that Greville!

* *

My uncle, Mr. Deane, and my cousin James, were too much taken with Sir Charles, to think of withdrawing, as it might have been expected they would; and after some general conversation, which succeeded our playing, Sir Charles drew his chair between my grandmamma and aunt, and taking my grandmamma's hand, 'May I not be allowed a quarter of an hour's conversation with Miss Byron in your presence, ladies?' said he, speaking low. 'We have, indeed, only friends and relations present: but it will be most agreeable, I believe, to the dear lady,

that what I have to say to her, and to you, may be rather reported to the gentlemen than heard by them.'

'By all means, Sir Charles,' said my grandmamma. Then whispering to my aunt, 'No man in this company thinks, but Sir Charles. Excuse me, my dear.'

The moment Sir Charles applied himself in this particular manner to them, my heart, without hearing what he said, was at my mouth. I arose; and withdrew to the cedar-parlour, followed by Lucy and Nancy. The gentlemen, seeming to recollect themselves, withdrew likewise, to another apartment. My aunt came to me—'Love!—But ah! my dear, how you tremble!—You must come with me.' And then she told me what he had said to my grandmamma and her.

'I have no courage—None at all,' said I. 'If apprehension, if timidity; be signs of love, I have them all. Sir Charles Grandison has not one.'

'Nay, my dear,' said Lucy, 'impute not to him want of respect, I beseech you.'—'*Respect*, my Lucy! what a poor word!—Had I only respect for him, we should be nearer an equality. Has he said any thing of Lady Clementina?'

'Don't be silly, Harriet,' said my aunt. 'You used to be—'

'Used to be!—Ah, Madam! Sir Charles's heart, at best, a divided heart! I never had a trial till now.'

I tell you all my foibles, Lady G.

My aunt led me in to Sir Charles and my grandmamma. He met me at my entrance into the room, and in the most engaging manner, my aunt having taken her seat, conducted me to a chair which happened to be vacant between her and my grandmother. He took no notice of my emotion, and I the sooner recovered myself; and still the sooner, as he himself seemed to be in some little confusion. However, he sat down, and with a manly, yet respectful air, his voice gaining strength as he proceeded, thus delivered himself—

'Never, ladies, was man more particularly circumstanced than he before you. You know my story: you know what once were the difficulties of my situation with a family that I must ever respect; with a lady of it whom I must ever love.—And you, Madam,

Madam,' (to my grandmamma) 'have had the goodness to signify to me, in a most engaging manner, that Miss Byron has added to the innumerable instances which she has given me of her true greatness of mind, a *kind*, and even a *friendly* concern for a lady who is the Miss Byron of Italy. I ask not excuse for the comparison. —The heart of the man before you, Madam,' (to me) 'in sincerity and frankness emulates your own—'

'You want not excuse, Sir,' said my grandmamma—'We all reverence Lady Clementina: we admire her.'

He bowed to each of us; as my aunt and I looked, I believe, assentingly to what my grandmamma said. He proceeded.

'—Yet in so particular a situation, although what I have to say, may, I presume, be collected from what you know of my story; and though my humble application to Miss Byron for her favour, and to you, ladies, for your interest with her, have not been discouraged; something, however, may be necessary to be said, in this audience, of the state of my own heart, for the sake of this dear lady's delicacy and yours. And I will deliver myself with all the truth and plainness which I think are required in treaties of this nature, equally with those set on foot between nation and nation.

'I am not insensible to beauty: but the beauty of person *only*, never yet had power over more than my eye; to which it gave a pleasure like that which it receives from the flowers of a gay parterre. Had *not* my heart been out of the reach of *personal* attractions, if I may so express myself; and had I been my own master; Miss Byron, in the first hour that I saw her, (for her beauty suffered not by her distress) would have left me no other choice: but when I had the honour of conversing with her, I observed in her mind and behaviour that true dignity, delicacy, and noble frankness, which I ever thought characteristic in the sex, but never met with, in equal degree, but in *one* lady. I soon found, that my admiration of her true qualities was likely to lead me into a gentler, yet a more irresistible passion; for

of the lady abroad I then could have no reasonable, at least no *probable* hope: yet were there circumstances between her and me, which I thought, in strict justice, obliged me to attend the issue of certain events.

'I called myself, therefore, to account, and was alarmed when I found that Miss Byron's graces had stolen so imperceptibly on my heart, as already to have made an impression on it too deep for my tranquillity. I determined therefore, in honour, in justice, to both ladies, to endeavour to restrain a passion so new, yet likely to be so fervent.

'I had avocations in town, while Miss Byron was with my sisters in the country. Almost afraid of trusting myself in her presence, I pursued the *more* willingly those avocations in person, when I could have managed some of them, perhaps, near as well, by other hands. Compassion for the one lady, because of her calamity, might at that time, I found, have been made to give way, *could those calamities have been overcome*, to love for the other. Nor was it difficult for me to observe, that my sisters and Lord L. who knew nothing of my situation, would have chosen for a sister the young lady present, before every other woman.

'Sometimes, I will own to you, I was ready, from that self-partiality and vanity which is too natural to men of vivacity and strong hopes, to flatter myself, that I might, by my *sisters interest*, have made myself *not unacceptable* to a lady, who seemed to be wholly disengaged in her affections; but I would not permit myself to dwell on such hopes: every look of complaisance, every smile, which used to beam over that lovely countenance, I attributed to her natural goodness, and frankness of heart, and to that grateful spirit which made her over-rate a common service that I had been so happy as to render her. Had I even been free, I should have been careful not to deprive myself of that animating sunshine, by a too early declaration. For well did I know, by *other men's* experience, that Miss Byron, at the same time that her natural politeness, and sweetness of manners, engaged

every

every heart, was not, however, easily to be won.

‘But, notwithstanding all my efforts to prevent a competition which had grown so fast upon me, I still found my uneasiness increase with my affection for Miss Byron. I had then but one way left—It was to strengthen my heart in Clementina’s cause, by Miss Byron’s assistance: in short, to acquaint Miss Byron with my situation; to engage her generosity for Clementina, and thereby deprive myself of the encouragement my fond heart might have hoped for, had I indulged my wishes of obtaining her favour. My end was answered, as to the latter. Miss Byron’s generosity was engaged for the lady; but was it possible that my obligations to her for that generosity should not add to my admiration of her?’

‘At the time I laid before her my situation, (it was in Lord L.’s study at Colnebrooke) she saw my emotion. I could not conceal it. My abrupt departure from her must convince her, that my heart was too much engaged for that situation*. I desired Dr. Bartlett to take an airing with me, in hopes, by his counsels, to compose my disordered spirits.†. He knew the state of my heart; he knew, with regard to the proposals I had formerly made to the family at Bologna, relating to religion and residence, (as I had also declared to the brothers of the lady) that no worldly grandeur should ever have induced me to allow, in a *beginning* address, the terms I was willing, as a compromise, to allow to that lady; for thoroughly had I weighed the inconveniences which must attend such an alliance: the lady zealous in her religion; the confessor who was to be allowed her, equally zealous; the spirit of making proselytes so strong, and held by Roman catholicicks to be so meritorious; and myself no less in earnest in my religion; I had no doubt to pronounce, I told the good doctor, in confidence, that I should be much more happy, in marriage with the lady of Selby House, were she to be induced to honour me with her hand, than it was possible I could be with Lady Clementina, even were

‘they to comply with the conditions I had proposed; as I doubted not but that lady would *also* be, were her health restored, with a man of her own nation and religion: and I owned to him, besides, that I could have no hope of conquering the opposition given me by the friends of Clementina; and that I could not at times but think hardly of the indignities cast upon me by some of them.

‘The doctor, I knew, at the same time that he lamented the evil treatment Clementina met with from her mistaken friends, and her unhappy malady; admired her for her manifold excellences; next to adored Miss Byron; and he gave his voice accordingly. “But here, doctor, is the case,” said I—“Clementina is a woman with whom I had the honour of being acquainted before I knew Miss Byron: Clementina has infinite merits; she herself refused me not; *she* consented to accept of the terms I offered; she even besought her friends to comply with them. She has an opinion of my honour and of my tenderness for her. Till I had the happiness of knowing Miss Byron, I was determined to wait either her recovery or release; and will Miss Byron herself, if she knows that, forgive me (the circumstances not changed), for the change of a resolution of which Clementina was so worthy? The treatment the poor lady has met with, *for my sake*, as once she wrote, though virgin modesty induced her to cross out those words, has heightened her disorder. She still, to this moment, wishes to see me: while there is a possibility, though not a probability of my being made the humble instrument of restoring an excellent woman, who in herself deserves from me every consideration of tenderness, *ought* I to wish to engage the heart (were I able to succeed in my wishes) of the *equally* excellent Miss Byron?—Could I be happy in my own mind, were I to try, and to succeed? And if not, must I not be as ungrateful to her, as ungenerous to the other?—Miss Byron’s happiness cannot depend on *me*. She *must* be happy in the hap-

* See Vol. III. p. 394.

† Ibid. p. 395.

“ pines she will give to the man of
 “ her choice, *whoever* shall be the
 “ man !”

We were all silent. My grand-
 mamma and aunt seemed determined
 to be so; and I *could* not speak. He
 proceeded—

“ You knew not, dear Miss Byron,
 “ I wished you *not* to know, the con-
 “ flicts my mind laboured with, when I
 “ parted with you on my going abroad.
 “ My destiny was wrapt up in doubt
 “ and uncertainty. I was invited over;
 “ Signor Jeronimo was deemed irre-
 “ coverable; he wished to see me, and
 “ desired but to *live* to see me. My
 “ presence was requested as a last effort
 “ to recover his noble sister. You
 “ yourself, Madam, applauded my re-
 “ solution to go; but, that I might
 “ not be thought to wish to engage you
 “ in my favour, (so circumstanced as I
 “ was, that to have done so, would
 “ have been to have acted unworthily
 “ to *both* ladies) I insinuated my hope-
 “ lessness of ever being nearer to you
 “ than I was.

“ I was not able to take a formal
 “ leave of you. I went over. Suc-
 “ cess attended the kind, the soothing
 “ treatment which Clementina met with
 “ from her friends. Success also at-
 “ tended the means used for the reco-
 “ very of the noble Jeronimo. Con-
 “ ditions were again proposed. Cle-
 “ mentina, on her restoration, shone
 “ upon us all even with a brighter
 “ lustre than she did before her disor-
 “ der. All her friends consented to
 “ reward with the hand of their be-
 “ loved daughter, the man to whom they
 “ attributed secondarily the good they
 “ rejoiced in. I own to you, ladies,
 “ that what was before *honour* and *com-
 “ passion*, now became *admiration*; and
 “ I should have been unjust to the me-
 “ rits of so excellent a woman, if I
 “ could not say, *love*. I concluded
 “ myself already the husband of Cle-
 “ mentina; yet it would have been
 “ strange, if the welfare and happiness
 “ of Miss Byron were not the next
 “ wish of my heart. I rejoiced that
 “ (despairing as I did of such an event
 “ before I went over, because of the
 “ articles of religion and residence) I
 “ had not sought to engage more than
 “ her friendship; and I devoted my-
 “ self wholly to Clementina—I *own*
 “ it, ladies—And had I thought, angel

“ as she came out, upon proof, that I
 “ could not have given her my heart,
 “ I had been equally unjust, and un-
 “ grateful. For, dear ladies, if you
 “ know all her story, you must know,
 “ that occasion called her out to act
 “ gloriously; and that gloriously she
 “ answered the call.”

He paused. We were still silent. My
 grandmamma and aunt looked at each
 other by turns. But their eyes, as
 well as mine, at different parts of his
 speech, shewed their sensibility. He
 proceeded, gracefully looking down,
 and at first with some little hesitation—

“ I am sensible, it is with a very ill
 “ grace, that, *refused*, as I must in
 “ justice call it, though on the noblest
 “ motives, by Clementina, I come to
 “ offer myself, and so soon after her
 “ refusal, to a lady of Miss Byron’s
 “ delicacy. I should certainly have
 “ acted more laudably, respecting my
 “ own character *only*, had I taken at
 “ least the usual time of a *widow-
 “ love*. But great minds, such as
 “ Miss Byron’s—and yours, ladies—
 “ are above common forms, where de-
 “ corum is not neglected. As to my-
 “ self, what do I, but declare a passion,
 “ that would have been, but for one
 “ obstacle, which is now removed, as
 “ fervent as man ever knew?—Dr.
 “ Bartlett has told me, Madam, [to me]
 “ that you and my sisters have seen the
 “ letters I wrote to him from Italy; by
 “ the contents of some of those—and
 “ of the letters I left with you, Madam,
 “ [to my grandmamma,] ‘you have seen
 “ Clementina’s constant adherence to
 “ the step she so greatly took. In this
 “ letter, received but last Wednesday,
 “ [taking one out of his bosom,] ‘you
 “ will see (my last letters to them un-
 “ received, as they must be) that I am
 “ urged by all her family, for the sake
 “ of setting her an example, to address
 “ myself to a lady of my own country.
 “ —This *impels* me, as I may say, to
 “ *accelerate* the humble tender of my
 “ vows to you, Madam. However
 “ hasty the step may be thought, in my
 “ situation, would not an inexcusable
 “ neglect, or seeming indifference, as
 “ if I were balancing as to the person,
 “ have been attributable to me, had I,
 “ for dull and cold form’s sake, been
 “ capable of postponing the declaration
 “ of my affection to Miss Byron? And
 “ if, Madam, you can so far get over
 “ objections,

observances, which perhaps, on consideration, will be found to be punctilious only, as to give your heart; with your hand, to a man who himself has been perplexed by what some would call (particular as it sounds) a *double love*, (an embarrassment, however, not of his own seeking, or which he could possibly avoid) you will lay him under obligation to your goodness, (to your magnanimity, I will call it) which all the affectionate tenderness of my life to come will never enable me to discharge.'

He then put the letter (a translation of it inclosed) into my hand. 'I have already answered it, Madam,' said he, 'and acquainted my friend, that I have actually tendered myself to the acceptance of a lady worthy of a sisterly relation to their Clementina; and have not been rejected. Your goodness must enable me (I humbly hope it will) to give them still stronger assurances of your favour: on my happiness they have the generosity to build a part of their own.'

Not well before, I was more than once apprehensive of fainting, as he talked; agreeable as was his talk, and engaging as was his manner. My grandmamma and aunt saw my complexion change at his particular address to me, in the last part of his speech. Each put her kind hand on one of mine, and held it on it, as my other hand held my handkerchief now to my eyes, and now as a cover to myself-felt varying check.

At the same moment that he ceased speaking, he took our triply-united hands in both his; and in the most respectful, yet graceful manner, his letter laid in my lap, pressed each of the three with his lips; mine twice. I could not speak. My grandmamma and aunt, delighted, yet tears standing in their eyes, looked upon each other, and upon me; each as expecting the other to speak. 'I have, perhaps,' (said he, with some emotion) 'take up too much of Miss Byron's attention on this my first personal declaration: I will now return to the company below. To-morrow I will do myself the honour to dine with you. We will for this evening postpone the important subject. Miss

Byron, I presume, will be best pleased to have it so. I shall to-morrow be favoured with the result of your deliberations. Mean time, may I meet with an interceding friend in every one I have had the pleasure to see this day! I must flatter myself with the honour of Miss Byron's whole heart, as well as with the approbation of all her friends. I cannot be thought, at *present*, to deserve it; but it shall be the endeavour of my life so to do.'

He withdrew, with a grace which was all his own.

The moment he was gone from us, my grandmamma threw her arms about her Harriet, then about my aunt; and they congratulated me and each other.

We were all pained at heart, when we read the letter. It is from Signor Jeronymo, urging your brother to set the example to his sister, which they so much want her to follow. I send you the translation. Poor Lady Clementina! Without seeing the last letters he wrote to them, she seems to be tired into compliance. I will not say one half that is upon my mind on this occasion, as you will have the letter before you. His last written letters will not favour her wishes. Poor lady! Can I forbear to pity her? And still the more is she to be pitied, as your brother's excellences rise upon us.

I besought my aunt to excuse me to the company.

Sir Charles joined his friends, [*His friends indeed they all are!*] with a vivacity in his air and manner, which charmed every body; while the silly heart of your Harriet would not allow her to enter into company the whole night. Indeed it wanted the inducement of his presence; for, to every one's regret, he declined staying supper; yet my uncle put it to him—'What, Sir, do you chuse to sup at your inn?' My uncle will have it, that Sir Charles *looked* an answer of displeasure for suffering him to go to it at all. My uncle is a good-natured man. He will sometimes concede, when he is not convinced; and on every appearance which makes for his opinion, we are sure to hear of it.

I shall have an opportunity to-morrow morning early [This morning I

might say] to send this long letter by a neighbour, who is obliged to ride post to town on his own affairs.

Had I *not* had this agreeable employment, rest, I am sure, would not have come near me. Your brother, I hope, has found it. Remember, I always mean to include my dear Lady L. in this correspondence: any body else, but discretionally. My dear ladies both, adieu.

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XIX.

SIGNOR JERONYMO DELLA PORRETTA, TO SIR CHARLES GRANDISON.

BOLOGNA, SUNDAY, { SEPT. 24.
OCT. 5.

WE have at last, my Grandison, some hopes given us, that our dear Clementina will yield to our wishes.

The general, with his lady, made us a visit from Naples, on purpose to make a decisive effort, as he called it; and vowed that he would not return till he left her in a disposition to oblige us. The bishop at one time brought the patriarch to reason with her; who told her, that she ought not to think of the veil, unless her father and mother consented to her assuming it.

Mrs. Beaumont was prevailed upon to favour us with her company. She declared for us: and on Thursday last Clementina was still harder set. Her father, mother, the general, and his lady, the bishop, all came into my chamber, and sent for her. She came. Then did we all supplicate her to oblige us. The general was at first tenderly urgent; the bishop besought her; the young marchioness pressed her; my mother took her hand between both hers, and in silent tears could only sigh over it; and, lastly, my father dropt down on one knee to her—'My daughter, my child,' said he, 'oblige me.' Your Jeronymo could not refrain from tears.

She fell on her knees—'O my father,' said she, 'rise, or I shall die at your feet!—Rise, my father!'

'Not, my dear, till you consent to oblige me.'

'Grant me but a little time, my father! my dear, my indulgent father!'

The general thought he saw a flexibility which we had never before seen in her on this subject, and called upon her for her *instant* determination.—'Shall a father kneel in vain?' said he. 'Shall a mother in weeping silence in vain entreat?—Now, my sister, comply—or—' He sternly stooped.

'Have patience with me,' said she, 'but till the chevalier's next letters come: you expect them soon. Let me receive his next letter.' And, putting her hand to her forehead—'Rise, my father, or I die at your feet!'

I thought the general pushed too hard. I begged that the next letters might be waited for.

'Be it so,' said my father, rising, and raising her: 'but whatever be the contents, remember, my dearest child, that I am your father, your indulgent father; and oblige me.'

'Will not this paternal goodness, my dear Clementina,' said the general, 'prevail upon you? Your father, mother, brothers, are all ready to kneel to you: yet are we all to be slighted? And is a foreigner, an Englishman, an heretick, (great and noble as is the man; a man, too, whom you have so gloriously refused) to be preferred to us all? Who can bear the thoughts of such a preference!'

'And remember, my sister,' said the bishop, 'that you already know his opinion. You have already had his advice, in the letters he wrote to you in the month's correspondence which passed between you, before he left Italy. Think you, that the Chevalier Grandison can recede from an opinion solemnly given, the circumstances not having varied?'

'I have not been well. It is wicked to oppose my father, my mother: I cannot argue with my brothers. I have not been well.—Spare me, spare me, my lord,' to the general and the bishop. 'My father gives me time: don't *you* deny it me.'

My mother, afraid of renewing her disorder, said; 'Withdraw, my dear, if you chuse to do so, and compose yourself: the intention is not to compel, but to persuade you.'

'O Madam!'

‘ O Madam!’ said she, ‘ persuasion
‘ so strongly urged by my parents, is
‘ *more* than compulsion.—I take the
‘ liberty you give me.’

She hurried to Mrs. Beaumont;
and, throwing her arms about her,
‘ O Madam, I have been oppressed!
‘ Oppressed by persuasion! by a kneel-
‘ ing father! by a weeping mother!
‘ by entreating brothers!—And this is
‘ but persuasion!—Cruel persuasion!’

Mrs. Beaumont then entered into
argument with her. She represented
to her the general’s inflexibility; her
father’s and mother’s indulgence; the
wishes of her two other brothers: the
pleaded her opinion given as an im-
partial man, not merely as a protest-
ant. She told her of an admirable
young lady of your own country, who
was qualified to make you happy; of
whom she had heard several of your
countrymen speak with great distinc-
tion. This last plea, as the intimate
friendship between you and Mrs. Beau-
mont is so well known, took her atten-
tion. She would not for the world
stand in the way of the Chevalier Gran-
dison. She wished *you* to be happy,
she said, whatever became of *her*. Fa-
ther Marescotti strongly enforced this
point; and advised her to come to some
resolution, *before* your next letters ar-
rived, as it was not to be doubted but
the contents of them would support
your former opinion. The patriarch’s
arguments were re-urged with addi-
tional force. A day was named when
she was again to be brought before her
assembled friends. Mrs. Beaumont ap-
plauded her for the magnanimity she
had already shewn, in the discharge of
her duty to Heaven; and called upon
her to distinguish herself equally in the
filial.

Clementina took time to consider of
these and other arguments; and after
three hours passed in her closet, she
gave the following written paper to
Mrs. Beaumont: which, she said, she
hoped, when read in full assembly,
would excuse her from attending her
friends in the proposed congress.

‘ I Am tired out, my dear Mrs. Beau-
‘ *mont*, with your kindly-meant
‘ importunities.

‘ With the importunities, prayers,
‘ and entreaties, of my *brothers*.

‘ O my *mamma*, how well do you
‘ deserve even implicit obedience, from
‘ a daughter who has overclouded your
‘ happy days! You never knew dis-
‘ comfort till your hapless Clementina
‘ gave it you! The sacrifice of my life
‘ would be a poor atonement for what
‘ I have made you suffer.

‘ But who can withstand a *kneeling*
‘ father? Indeed, my papa, ever good,
‘ ever indulgent, I dread to see you!
‘ Let me not again behold you as on
‘ Thursday last.

‘ I have denied to myself, and *such*
‘ the motive, that I must not, I do not
‘ repent it, the man I esteemed. I
‘ never can be his.

‘ Father Marescotti, though he now
‘ loves the *man*, suggests, that my late
‘ disorder might be a judgment upon
‘ me for suffering my heart to be en-
‘ gaged by the *heretic*.

‘ I am absolutely forbidden to think
‘ of atoning for my fault by the only
‘ measure that, in my opinion, could
‘ have done it.

‘ You tell me, Mrs. Beaumont, and
‘ all my friends join with you, that
‘ honour, generosity, and the esteem
‘ which I avow for the Chevalier Gran-
‘ dison, as my friend, as my fourth
‘ brother, all join to oblige me to pro-
‘ mote the happiness of a man I my-
‘ self have disappointed. And you are
‘ of opinion, that there is one particu-
‘ lar woman of his own country, who
‘ is capable of making him happy—
‘ But do you say, that I ought to give
‘ the *example*?—Impossible. Honour,
‘ and the punctilio of woman, will not
‘ permit me to do *that*!

‘ But thus pressed; thus dreading
‘ again to see a *kneeling* father; a weep-
‘ ing mother; and having reason to
‘ think I may not live long; that a
‘ relapse into my former malady, with
‘ the apprehensions of which Father
‘ Marescotti terrifies me, may be the
‘ punishment of my disobedience;
‘ [Cruel Father Marescotti, to terri-
‘ fy me with an affliction I so much
‘ dread!] and that it will be a conso-
‘ lation to me, in my departing hour,
‘ to reflect that I have obeyed my pa-
‘ rents, in an article on which their
‘ hearts are immoveably fixed; and still
‘ farther being assured, that they will
‘ look upon my resignation as a com-
‘ pensation for all the troubles I have
‘ given

‘given them, for many, many months passed.—God enable me, I pray, to resign to *their* will. But if I *cannot*, shall I be still entreated, still persuaded?—I hope not.—I will do my endeavour to prevail on myself to obey.—But whatever be the event of my self-contendings, Grandison must give the example.’

How, my Grandison, did we congratulate ourselves, when we read this paper, faint as are the hopes it gives us!

Our whole endeavour is now to treat her with tender observance, that she may not think of receding. Nor will we ask her to see the person she knows we favour, till we can assure her, that you will set her the example. And if there be a lady with whom you think you could be happy, may not this, my dear Grandison, pleaded by you, be a motive with her?

The Count of Belvedere has made overtures to us, which are too great for our acceptance, were this alliance to take place. We have been told, but not by himself, the danger to which his despair had subjected him, in more than one visit to you at Bologna, had you not borne with his rashness. You know him to be a man of probity, of piety. He is a zealous catholic; and you must allow, that a religious zeal is a strengthener, a confirmer, of all the social sanctions. He is learned; and, being a domestic man, he, contrary to the Italian custom, admires in a wife those intellectual improvements which make a woman a fit companion for her husband. You know how much the marchioness excels almost all the women of quality in Italy, in a taste for polite literature: you know she has encouraged the same taste in her daughter; and the count considers her as the only woman in Italy with whom he can be happy.

As you, my Grandison, cannot now be my brother by marriage, the Count of Belvedere is the only man in the world I can wish to be so. He is of Italy. My sister, always so dear to us, and he, will be ever with us, or we with them. He knows the unhappy way she has been in; and was so far from making that an objection, that when her malady was at the height, (being encouraged by physicians to

hope that her recovery would be the probable consequence) he would have thought himself the happiest of men, could he have been honoured with her hand. He knows her love of you. He adores her for her motive of refusing you. He loves you: and is confident of the inviolable honour of both: whose alliance, on all these considerations, can be so desirable to us as that with the Count of Belvedere?

Surely, my dear friend, it must be in your power to set the example: in *yours*, who could subdue a whole family of zealous catholics, and keep your own religion; and who could engage the virgin heart of one of the most delicate women in the world. What woman who has a heart to bestow; what family, that has a daughter or sister to give, can withstand you? Religion and country of both the same?

Give us hope, therefore, my dear Grandison, that you will make the effort. Assure us, that you will not scruple, if you can succeed, to set the example; and on this assurance we will claim from Clementina the effects of the hope she has given us: and if we *can* prevail, will in England return you thanks for the numberless favours you have conferred upon us.

Thus earnestly, as well from inclination, as in compliance with the pressing entreaties of every one of a family which I hope are still, and ever will be, dear to you, do I, your Jeronymo, your brother, your friend, solicit you. Mrs. Beaumont joins with us. She scruples not, she bids me tell you, to pronounce, that you and Clementina will both be more happy; she with the Count of Belvedere, [your respective countries so distant, your religion so different;] you with an English woman; than you could have been with each other. Mrs. Beaumont has owned to me in private, that you often, in conversation with her, even while you had hope of calling Clementina yours, lamented, for her sake, as well as your own, the unhappy situation, with respect to religion, you were both in; and that you had declared more than once to her, as indeed you did once to us, that in a *beginning* address you would not have compromised thus with a princess. May we not expect every thing, my Grandison, from your magnanimity? We hope it is in your power,

power, and we doubt not your *will*, to contribute to our happiness. But whatever be the event, I beseech you, my dear friend, continue to love your

JERONYMO.

LETTER XX.

LADY G. TO MISS BYRON.

GROSVENOR SQUARE, SUN-
DAY, OCT. 15.

CAN I forgive your pride, your petulance?—No, Harriet; positively no! I write to scold you; and having *ordered* my lord to sup abroad, I shall perhaps oblige you with a long letter. We honest folks, who have not abundance of love-fooling upon our hands, find ourselves happy in a good deal of quiet leisure; and I love to chide and correct you wise ones.—Thus, then, I begin—

Ridiculous parade among you! I blame you all. Could he not have been Mrs. Shirley's guest, if he was not to be permitted to repose under the same roof with his sovereign lady and mistress? But must you let him go to an inn?—What for? Why, to shew the world he was but on a foot, at present, with your other humble servants; and be *thought* no more, by the insolent Greville, and affronted as an invader of his rights. Our sex is a foolish sex. Too little or too much parade. Yet, Lord help us! were it not that we must be afraid to appear over-forward to the man *himself*, we should treat the opinion of the world with contempt.

And yet, after all, what with Lady Clementina, what with the world, and what with our own punctilio, and palpitating hearts, and so-forth, and all that, and more than all that; I own you are pretty nicely circumstanced. But, my life for yours, you will behave like a simpleton, on occasion of his next address to you: and why? Did you ever know that people did not, who were full of apprehensions, who aimed at being very delicate, who were solicitous to take their measures from the judgment of those without them; pragmatical souls perhaps, who form their notions either on what they have *read*, or by the addresses to them of their own silly fellows, awkward and unmeaning, and by no means to be

compared, for integrity, understanding, politeness, to my brother? Consider, child, that he having seen, in different countries, perhaps a hundred women equally specious with the present mistress of his destiny, were form and outward grace to be the attractives, is *therefore* fitter to give than take the example.

But, Harriet, I write to charge you not to increase your own difficulties by too much parade: your frankness of heart is a prime consideration with him. He expects not to meet with the *girl*, but the *sensible woman*, in his address to you. He is pursuing a laudable end—Don't tease him with pug's tricks—'What, my dear Lady G. 'should I have done?' say you—What signifies asking me now? Did not you lay your heads together? And the wisest which ever were set on women's shoulders? But indeed I never knew consultations of any kind turn to account. It is only a parcel of people getting together, proposing doubts, and puzzling one another, and ending as they began, if not worse. Doctors differ. So many persons, so many minds.

And O how your petulant heart throbbed with indignation, because he came not to breakfast with you! What benefit has a polite man over an unpolite one, where the latter shall have his rusticity allowed for, (*O that is his way!*) and when the other has expectations drawn upon him, which, if not *critically* answered, he is not to be forgiven! He is a prudent man: he may have overslept himself—Might dream of *Clementina*. Then it was a fault in him, that he staid to dine on the road—His horses might want rest, truly!—Upon my word, Harriet, a woman in love, is—a woman in love. Wise or foolish before, we are all equally foolish then: the same forward, petulant, captious, babies—I protest, we are very silly creatures, all of us, in these circumstances; and did not love make men as great fools as ourselves, they would hardly think us worthy of their pursuit. Yet I am so true to the free-masonry myself, that I would think the man who should dare to say half I have written, of our *dollybops*, ought not to go away with his life.

My sister and I are troubled about this Greville. Inform us, the moment you

you can, of the particulars of what passed between my brother and him; pray do. We long also to see the letter he has put into your hands from Bologna. It is on the road, we hope.

Caroline and I are as much concerned for your honour, your punctilio, as you, or any of you, can be. But by the account you give of my brother's address to you in presence of your grandmother and aunt, as well as from our knowledge of his politeness, neither you nor we need to trouble our heads about it: it may be all left to him. He knows so well what becomes the character of the woman whom he hopes to call his wife, that you will be sure of your dignity being preserved, if you place a confidence in him. And yet no man is so much above mere formal regards as he is. Let me enumerate instances, from your letter before me.

His own intention, in the first place, not to surprize you by his visits, as you apprehended he would, which would have made him look like a man of self-imagined consequence to you—His providing himself with accommodations at an inn; and not giving way to the invitation, even of your sagacious uncle Selby—[I must rally him. Does he spare me?]—His singling you out on Friday from your men-friends, yet giving you the opportunity of your aunt's and grandmother's company, to make his personal application to you for your favour—His requesting the interest of your other friends with you, as if he presumed not on your former acquaintance, and this after an application, not discouraged, made to your friends and you.

As to his equanimity in his first address to you; his retaining your hand, forsooth, before all your friends, and so-forth; never find fault with that, Harriet. [Indeed you do make an excuse for the very freedom you blame—So lover-like!] He is the very man, that a conscious young woman, as you are, should wish to be addressed by: so much courage, yet so much true modesty—What, I warrant, you would have had a man chalked out for you, who should have stood at a distance, bowed, scraped, trembled: while you had nothing to do, but bridle, and make stiff curtsies to him, with your hands before you—Plagued with his

doubts, and with your own diffidences; afraid he would *now*, and *now*, and *now*, pop out the question; which he had not the courage to put; and so running on, simpering, fretting, fearing, two parallel lines, side by side, and never meeting; till some interposing friends, in pity to you both, put one's head pointing to the other's head, and stroaking and clapping the shoulders of each, set you at each other, as men do by other dunghill-bred creatures.

You own, he took no notice of your emotion when he first addressed himself to you; so gave you an opportunity to look up, which otherwise you would have wanted. Now, don't you think you know a man creature or two, who would, on such an occasion, have grinned you quite out of countenance, and insulted you with their pity for being modest?—But you own, that he had emotion too, when he first opened his mind to you—What a deuce would the girl have?—Orme and Fowler in your head, no doubt! The tremblings of rejected men, and the fantasies of romantick women, were to be a rule to my brother, I suppose, with your mock-majesty!—Ah, Harriet! did I not say that we women are very silly creatures?—But my brother is a good man—So we must have something to find fault with him for.—Hah, hah, hah, hah! 'What do you laugh at, Charlotte?'—'What do I laugh at, Harriet?'—'Why, at the idea of a couple of lovers, taken each with a violent ague-fit, at their first approach to each other—Hands shaking—Knees trembling—Lips quivering—Tongue faltering—Teeth chattering—I had a good mind to present you with an ague-dialogue between such a trembling couple.—'I, I, I, I,' says the lover—'You, you, you, you,' says the girl, if able to speak at all. But, Harriet, you shall have the whole on demand. Rave at me, if you will: but love, as it is called by boys and girls, shall ever be the subject of my ridicule. Does it not lead us girls into all manner of absurdities, inconveniences, undutifulness, disgrace?—Villainous cupidity!—It does.

To be serious—Neither does my brother address you in a stile that impeaches either his own understanding, or yours.—Another fault, Harriet, is it not?—

not?—But sure you are not so *very* a girl!

The justice he does to Lady Clementina and her family, [let me be very serious, when I speak of Clementina] is a glorious instance as well of his greatness of mind, as of his sincerity. He has no need to depreciate one lady, to help him to exalt (or do justice, I should rather say, to) another. By praising her, he makes noble court to you, in supposing you, as you are, one of the most generous of women. How great is his compliment to *both* ladies, when he calls Clementina the Miss Byron of Italy! Who, my dear, ever courted woman as my brother courts you? Indeed there can be but very few men who have such a woman to court.

He suffers you not to ask for an account of the state of his heart from the time he knew you first, till now. He gives it to you unasked. And how glorious is that account, both to you, and himself!

Let us look back upon his conduct when last in Italy, and when every step seemed to lead to his being the husband of another woman.

The recovery of Clementina, and of her noble brother, seem to be the *consequence* of his friendly goodness. The grateful family all join to reward him with their darling's hand; her heart supposed to be already his. He, like the man of honour he is, concludes himself bound by his former offers. They accept him upon those terms. The lady's merits shine out with transcendent lustre in the eyes of every one, even of us his sisters, and of *you*, Harriet, and your best friends: must they not in *his*, to whom *merit* was ever the *first*, *beauty* but the *second* attractive? He had no tie to any other woman on earth: he had only the tenderness of his own heart, with regard to Miss Byron, to contend with. *Ought* he not to have contended with it? He *did*; and so far conquered, as to enable himself to be *just* to the lady, whose great qualities, and the concurrence of her friends in his favour, had converted compassion for her into love. And who, that hears her story, can forbear to love her? But with what tenderness, with what politeness, does he, in his letter to his chosen correspondent, express himself of Miss Byron! He declares, that if *she* were not to be happy,

it would be a great abatement of his own felicity. You, however, remember how politely he recalls his apprehensions that you may not, on his account, be altogether so happy as he wishes, as the suggestions of his own presumption; and censures himself for barely supposing, that he had been of consequence enough with you to give you pain.

How much to your honour, before he went over, does he account for your smiles, for your frankness of heart, in his company! He would not build upon them: nor indeed could he know the state of your heart, as *we* did; he had not the opportunity. How silly was your punctilio, that made you sometimes fancy it was out of mere compassion that he revealed to you the state of his engagement abroad! You see he tells you, that such was his opinion of your greatness of mind, that he thought he had no other way but to put it in your power to check him, if his love for you should stimulate him to an act of neglect to the lady to whom (she having never refused him, and not being then in a condition either to claim him, or set him free) he thought himself under obligation. Don't you revere him for his honour to her, the nature of her malady considered?—What must he have suffered, in this conflict!

Well, and now, by a strange turn in the lady, but glorious to herself, as he observes, the obstacle removed, he applies to Miss Byron for her favour. How sensible is he of what delicacy requires from her! How justly (respecting his love for you) does he account for not postponing, for the sake of *cold* and *dull* form, as he justly expresses it, his address to you! How greatly does the letter he delivered to you, favour his argument! Ah, the poor Clementina! *Cruel* persuaders her relations! I hate and pity them, in a breath. Never, before, did hatred and pity meet in the same bosom, as they do in mine, on this occasion. Ins difficulties, my dear, and the uncommon situation he is in, as if he were offering you but a divided love, enhance your glory. You are reinstated on the female throne, to the lowermost step of which you once was afraid you had descended. You are offered a man, whose perplexities have not pro-

ceeded from the entanglements of intrigue, inconstancy, perfidy; but from his own compassionate nature: and could you, by any other way in the world than by this supposed divided love, have had it in your power, by accepting his humbly offered hand, to lay him under obligation to you, which he thinks he never shall be able to discharge? 'Lay him—Who?'—Sir CHARLES GRANDISON—For whom so many virgin hearts have sighed in vain!—And what a triumph to our sex is this, as well as to my Harriet!

And now, Harriet, let me tell you, that my sister and I are both in great expectations of your next letter. It is, it must be, written before you will have this. My brother is more than man: you have only to shew yourself to be superior to the *forms* of woman. If you play the fool with him, now, that you have the power you and we have so long wished you—If you give pain to his noble, because sincere heart, by any the least shadow of female affectation; you, who have hitherto been distinguished for so amiable a frankness; you, who cannot doubt his honour—the honour of a man who solicits your favour in even a *great* manner, a manner in which no man before him ever courted a woman, because few men before him have ever been so particularly circumstanced; a manner that gives you an opportunity to outshine, in your acceptance of him, even the noble Clementina in her refusal; as bigotry must have been, in part, her motive—If, I say, you act foolishly, weakly, now—Look to it—You will depreciate, if not cast away, your own glory. Remember you have a man to deal with, who, from the behaviour of us his sisters to Mrs. Oldham, at his first return to England, took measure of our minds, and, without loving us the less for it, looked down upon us with pity; and made us, ever since, look upon ourselves in a diminishing light, and as sisters who have greater reason to glory in their brother, than he has in them. Would you not rather, you who are to stand in a still nearer relation to him, invite his admiration, than his pity? Till last Friday night you had it: what Saturday has produced, we shall soon guess.

Not either Lord L. or Lord G. not Emily, not aunt Eleanor, now, either see or hear read what you write, except here and there a passage, which you yourself would not scruple to hear read to them. Are not you our third sister? To each of us our next self: and, what gives you still more dignity, the elected wife of our brother!

Adieu, my love! In longing expectation of your next, we subscribe
your affectionate

CAROLINE L.
CHARLOTTE G.

LETTER XXI.

MISS BYRON, TO LADY G.

SATURDAY, OCT. 14.

MR. Fenwick has just now been telling us, from the account given him by that Greville, vile man! how the affair was between him and Sir Charles Grandison. Take it briefly, as follows.

About eight yesterday morning, that audacious wretch went to the George at Northampton; and after making his enquiries, demanded an audience of Sir Charles Grandison. Sir Charles was near dressed, and had ordered his chariot to be ready, with intent to visit us early.

He admitted of Mr. Greville's visit. Mr. Greville confesses, that his own behaviour was *peremptory*, (his word for *insolent*, I suppose.) 'I hear, Sir,' said he, 'that you are come down into this county in order to carry off from us the richest jewel in it—I need not say whom. My name is Greville: I have long made my addresses to her, and have bound myself under a vow, that, were a prince to be my competitor, I would dispute his title to her.'

'You seem to be a *princely* man, Sir,' said Sir Charles, offended with his air and words, no doubt. 'You need not, Mr. Greville, have told me your name: I have heard of you. What *your* pretensions are, I know not; your vow is nothing to me. I am master of my own actions: and shall not account to you, or any man living, for them.'

'I presume, Sir, you came down
' with

with the intention I have hinted at? I beg only your answer as to that. I beg it as a favour, gentleman to gentleman.'

'The manner of your address to me, Sir, is not such as will intitle you to an answer for your *own* sake. I will tell you, however, that I am come down to pay my devoirs to Miss Byron. I hope for acceptance; and know not that I am to make allowance for the claim of any man on earth.'

'Sir Charles Grandison, I know your character: I knew your bravery. It is from that knowledge that I consider you as a fit man for me to talk to. I am not a Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, Sir.'

'I make no account of *who* or *what* you are, Mr. Greville. Your visit is not, at this time, a welcome one: I am going to breakfast with Miss Byron. I shall be here in the evening, and at leisure, then, to attend to any thing you shall think yourself authorized to say to me, on this or any other subject.'

'We may be over-heard, Sir—Shall I beg you to walk with me into the garden below? You are going to breakfast, you say, with Miss Byron. Dear Sir Charles Grandison, oblige me with an audience, of five minutes only, in the back-yard, or garden.'

'In the evening, Mr. Greville, command me any where: but I will not be broken in upon now.'

'I will not leave you at liberty, Sir Charles, to make your visit where you are going, till I am gratified with one five minutes conference with you below.'

'Excuse me, then, Mr. Greville, that I give orders, as if you were not here.' Sir Charles rang. Up came one of his servants—'Is the chariot ready?'—'Almost ready,' was the answer.—'Make haste. Saunders may see his friends in this neighbourhood: he may stay with them till Monday. Frederick and you attend me.'

He took out a letter, and read in it, as he walked about the room, with great composure, not regarding Mr. Greville, who stood swelling, as he owned, at one of the windows, till the servant withdrew; and then he

addressed himself to Sir Charles in language of reproach on this contemptuous treatment. 'Mr. Greville,' said Sir Charles, 'you may be thankful, perhaps, that you are in my own apartment: this intrusion is a very ungentlemanly one.'

Sir Charles was angry, and expressed impatience to be gone. Mr. Greville owned, that he knew not how to contain himself, to see his rival, with so many advantages in his person and air, dressed avowedly to attend the woman he had so long—Shall I say, been troublesome to? For I am sure he never had the shadow of countenance from me.

'I repeat my demand, Sir Charles, of a conference of five minutes below.'

'You have no right to make any demand upon me, Mr. Greville: if you think you have, the evening will be time enough. But, even then, you must behave more like a gentleman, than you have done hitherto, to intitle yourself to be considered as on a foot with me.'

'Not on a foot with you, Sir!'—And he put his hand upon his sword. 'A gentleman is on a foot with a prince, Sir, in a point of honour.'

'Go, then, and find out your prince, Mr. Greville; I am no prince: and you have as much reason to address yourself to the man you never saw, as to me.'

His servant just then shewing himself, and withdrawing; 'Mr. Greville,' added he, 'I leave you in possession of this apartment. Your servant, Sir. In the evening I shall be at your command.'

'One word with you, Sir Charles—One word—'

'What would Mr. Greville?' turning back.

'Have you made proposals? Are your proposals accepted?'

'I repeat, that you ought to have behaved differently, Mr. Greville, to be entitled to an answer to these questions.'

'Answer me, however, Sir: I beg it as a favour.'

Sir Charles took out his watch—'After nine: I shall make them wait. But thus I answer you: I have made proposals; and, as I told you before, hope they will be accepted.'

'Were you any other man in the world,

'world, Sir, the man before you might question your success with a woman whose difficulties are augmented by the obsequiousness of her admirers. But such a man as you, would not have come down on a fool's errand. I love Miss Byron to distraction. I could not shew my face in the county, and suffer any man out of it to carry away such a prize.'

'Out of the county, Mr. Greville? What narrowness is this! But I pity you for your love of Miss Byron: and—'

'You pity me, Sir!' interrupted he:—'I bear not such haughty tokens of superiority. Either give up your pretensions to Miss Byron, or make me sensible of it, in the way of a gentleman.'

'Mr. Greville, your servant:' and he went down.

The wretch followed him; and when they came to the yard, and Sir Charles was stepping into his chariot, he took his hand, several persons present—'We are observed, Sir Charles,' whispered he. 'Withdraw with me, for a few moments. By the great God of Heaven, you must not refuse me! I cannot bear that you should go thus triumphantly on the business you are going upon.'

Sir Charles suffered himself to be led by the wretch: and when they were come to a private spot, Mr. Greville drew, and demanded Sir Charles to do the like, putting himself in a posture of defence.

Sir Charles put his hand on his sword, but drew it not. 'Mr. Greville,' said he, 'know your own safety;' and was turning from him, when the wretch swore he would admit of no alternative, but his giving up his pretensions to Miss Byron.

His rage, as Mr. Fenwick describes it from himself, making him dangerous, Sir Charles drew.—'I only defend myself,' said he—'Greville, you keep no guard—' He put by his pass with his sword; and, without making a push, closed in with him; twisted his sword out of his hand; and, pointing his own to his breast, 'You see my power, Sir—Take your life, and your sword—But if you are either wise, or would be thought a man of honour, tempt not again your fate.'

'And am I again master of my sword, and unhurt? 'tis generous—' The evening you say?'

'Still I say, I will be yours in the evening, either at your own house, or at my inn; but not as a duellist, Sir: you know my principles.'

'How can this be?' and he swore. 'How was it done?—Expose me not at Selby House—How the devil could this be?—I expect you in the evening here.'

He went off a back way. Sir Charles, instead of going directly into his chariot, went up to his apartment; wrote his billet to my aunt to excuse himself, finding it full late to get hither in time, and being somewhat discomposed in his temper, as he owned to us: and then he took an airing in his chariot, till he came hither to dine.

But how should we have been alarmed, had we known that Sir Charles declined supping here, in order to meet the violent man again at his inn! And how did we again blame ourselves for taking amiss his not supping with us!

Mr. Fenwick says, that Mr. Greville got him to accompany him to the George.

Sir Charles apologized, with great civility, to Mr. Greville, for making him wait for him. Mr. Greville, had he been disposed for mischief, had no use of his right arm. It was strained by the twisting of his sword from it, and in a sling.

Sir Charles behaved to them both with great politeness; and Mr. Greville owned, that he had acted nobly by him, in returning his sword, even before his passion was calmed, and in not using his own. But it was some time, it seems, before he was brought into this temper. What a good deal contributed to it, was, Sir Charles's acquainting him, that he had not given particulars at Selby House, or to any body, of the affray between them; but referred it to himself to give them, as he should think proper. This forbearance he highly applauded, and was even thankful for it. 'Fenwick shall, in confidence,' said he, 'report this matter to your honour, and my own mortification, as the truth requires, at Selby House. Let me not be hated by Miss Byron, on this account.'

'account. My passion gave me disadvantage. I will try to honour you, Sir Charles: but I must hate you, if you succeed. One condition, however, I make: that you reconcile me to the Selbys, and Miss Byron; and if you are likely to be successful, let me have the credit of reporting, that it is by my consent.'

They parted with civility; but not, it seems, till a late hour. Sir Charles, as Mr. Beauchamp and Dr. Bartlett have told us, was always happy in making by his equanimity, generosity, and forgiveness, fast friends of inveterate enemies. Thank God, the issue was not unhappy!

Mr. Fenwick says, that the ren-counter is very little guessed at, or talked of, [Thank God for that, too!] and to those few, who have enquired of Mr. Greville or Mr. Fenwick about it, it has been denied; and now Greville, as Mr. Fenwick had done before, declares he will give out, that he yields up all his hopes of Miss Byron; but says, that Sir Charles Grandison, of whose address every body already talks, is the only man in England to whom he could resign his pretensions.

He insists upon Sir Charles's dining with him to-morrow; Mr. Fenwick's also. Sir Charles is so desirous that the neighbourhood should conclude, that he and these gentlemen are on a foot of good understanding, that he made the less scruple, for every one's sake, to accept of his invitation.

I am very, very thankful, my dearest Lady G. that the constant blusterings of this violent man, for so many months past, are so happily overblown.

Mr. Fenwick, as I guessed he would, made proposals to my aunt and me for my Lucy. Lucy has a fine fortune; but if she had not, he should not have her; indeed he is not worthy of Lucy's mind. He must be related to me, he said: but I answered, 'No man must call Lucy Selby his, who can have any other motive for his wishes but her merit.'

We hourly expect your brother. The new danger he has been in on my account, endears him still more to us all. 'How, how, will you forbear,' said my uncle, 'throwing yourself into his arms at once, when he demands

'the result of our deliberations?' If I follow Mr. Deane's advice, I am to give him my hand at the *first* word; if Lucy's and Nancy's, he is not to ask me *twice*; if my grandmamma's and aunt's, [They are always good] I am to act as occasion requires, and as my own confided-in prudence will suggest at the time; but to be sure not to be guilty of affectation. But still, my dear ladies, something sticks with me (and ought it not?) in relation to the noble Clementina!

LETTER XXII.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

SATURDAY NIGHT, OCT. 14.
NOW, my dear Ladies L. and G. let me lay before you, just as it happened, for your approbation, or censure, all that has passed between the best of men and your Harriet. Happy shall I be, if I can be acquitted by his sisters.

My grandmamma went home last night, but was here before Sir Charles, yet he came a little after eleven.

He addressed us severally with his usual politeness, and my grandmother, particularly, with such an air of reverence, as did himself credit, because of her years and wisdom.

We all congratulated him on what we had heard from Mr. Fenwick.

'Mr. Greville and I,' said he, 'are on very good terms. When I have the presumption to think *myself* a welcome guest, I am to introduce him as my friend. Mr. Greville, though so long your neighbour, modestly doubts his own welcome.'

'Well he may,' said my aunt Selby, after—'No *afters*, dear Madam, if you mean any thing that has passed between him and me.'

He again addressed himself to me. 'I rejoice, Sir,' said I, 'that you have so happily quieted a spirit always thought uncontrollable.'

'You must tell me, Madam,' replied he, 'when I can be allowed to introduce Mr. Greville to you?'

'Shall I answer for my cousin?' said Lucy. 'I did not, Sir Charles, think you such a designer.—You were not, you know, to introduce

'Mr.

‘ Mr. Greville, till you were assured of being yourself a *very* welcome guest to my cousin.’

‘ I own my plot,’ replied he: ‘ I had an intent to surprize Miss Byron into an implied favour to myself.’

‘ You need not, Sir Charles,’ thought I, ‘ take such a method.’

On his taking very kind notice of my cousin James; ‘ Do you know, Sir Charles,’ said my uncle, (whose joy, when it overflows, seldom suffers the dear man to consult seasonableness) ‘ that that boy is already in love with your Emily?’—The youth blushed.

‘ I am obliged to every body who loves my Emily. She is a favourite of Miss Byron—Must she not then be a good girl?’

‘ She is indeed a favourite,’ said I; ‘ and so great a one, that I know not *who* can deserve her.’

I said this, lest Sir Charles should think (on a supposition that my uncle meant something) that my cousin had my countenance.

Sir Charles then addressed himself to my grandmamma and aunt, speaking low—‘ I hope, ladies, I may be allowed in your presence to resume the conversation of yesterday with Miss Byron?’

‘ No, Sir Charles,’ answered my grandmamma, affecting to look serious, ‘ that must not be.’

‘ *Must not be*, Madam!’ and he seemed surprized, and *affected* too. My aunt was a little startled; but not so much as she would have been, had she not known the lively turns which that excellent parent sometimes gives to subjects of conversation.

‘ *Must not be*, I repeat, Sir Charles: but I will not suffer you to be long in suspense. We have always, when proposals of this kind have been made, referred ourselves to our Harriet. She has prudence: she has gratitude. We will leave her and you together, when she is inclined to hear you on the interesting subject. I know I am right. Harriet is above disguises. She will be obliged to speak for herself, when she has not either her aunt or me to refer to. She and you are not acquaintance of yesterday. You, Sir, I dare say, will not be displeased with the opportunity—’

‘ Neither Miss Byron nor I, Ma-

dam, could wish for the absence of two such parental relations. But this reference, I will presume to construe as a hopeful prognostick.—May I *now*, through your mediation, Madam,’ [*to my aunt*] ‘ hope for the opportunity of addressing myself to Miss Byron?’

My aunt, taking me to the window, told me what had passed. I was a little surprized at my grandmamma’s reference to myself only. I expostulated with my aunt: ‘ It is plain, Madam, that Sir Charles expected not this compliment.’

‘ Your grandmamma’s motion surprized me a little, my dear; it proceeded from the fulness of her joy; she meant a compliment to you both; there is now no receding. Let us withdraw together.’

‘ What, Madam, at *his* proposal? As if *expecting* to be followed?—See how my uncle looks at me! Every one’s eyes are upon me!—In the afternoon, if it must be—as by accident. But I had rather you and my grandmamma were to be present. I mean not to be guilty of affectation to him: I know my own heart, and will not disguise it. I shall *want* to refer to you. I shall be silly: I dare not trust myself.’

‘ I wish the compliment had not been made,’ replied my aunt. ‘ But, my dear, come along with me.’

She went out. I followed her; a little reluctantly, however; and Lucy tells me, that I looked so silly, as was enough of itself, to inform every body of the intent of my withdrawing, and that I expected Sir Charles would follow me.

She was very cruel, I told her; and in my case would have looked as silly as I; while I should have pitied *her*.

I led to my closet. My aunt, seating me there, was going from me. ‘ Well, Madam, and so I am to stay here quietly, I suppose, till Sir Charles vouchsafes to come? Would Clementina have done so?’

‘ No hint to him of Clementina in this way, I charge you: it would look ungrateful, and girlish. I will introduce him to you.’

‘ And stay with me, I hope, Madam, when he is introduced.’ I tell you, Lady G. all my foibles.

Away

Away went my aunt; but soon returned, and with her the man of men.

She but turned herself round, and saw him take my hand, which he did with a compliment that would have made me proud at another time, and left us together.

I was resolved then to assume all my courage, and, if possible, to be present to myself. He *was* to himself; yet had a modesty and politeness in his manner, which softened the dignity of his address.

Some men, I fancy, would have begun with admiring, or pretending to admire, the pieces of my own workmanship, which you have seen hang there: but not he. After another compliment made (as I presume, to re-assure me) on my restored complexion, [I did, indeed, feel my face glow] he spoke directly to his subject.

‘I need not, I am sure,’ said he, repeat to my dear Miss Byron what I said yesterday, as to the delicacy of my situation, with regard to what some would deem a divided or double love. I need not repeat to you the very great regard I have, and ever shall have, for the lady abroad. Her merit, and your greatness of mind, render any apology for so just a regard needless. But it may be necessary to say, what I can with truth say, that I love not my own soul better than I love Miss Byron. You see, Madam, I am wholly free, with regard to that lady—free by her own choice, by her own will.—You see, that the whole family build a part of their happiness on the success of my address to a lady of my own country. Clementina’s wish always was, that I would marry; and only be careful, that my choice should not disgrace the regard she vouchsafed to own for me. Clementina, when she has the pleasure of knowing the dear lady before me, if that *may* be, by the name of Grandison, will confess, that my choice has done the highest credit to the favour she honoured me with.’

And will you not, my dear Lady G. be ready to ask, could Sir Charles Grandison be really in earnest in this humble court (as if he doubted her favour) to a creature, every wish of whose heart was devoted to him? Did he not rather for his own sake, in order to give her the consequence which a wife

of his ought to have, resolve to dignify the poor girl, who had so long been mortified by cruel suspense, and who had so often despaired of ever being happy with the lord of her heart? O no, my dear, your brother *looked* the humble, the modest lover; yet the man of sense, of dignity, in love. I could not but be assured of his affection, notwithstanding all that had passed: and what *had* passed, that he could possibly have helped?—His pleas of the day before, the contents of Signor Jeronymo’s letter, were all in my mind.

He seemed to expect my answer. He only, whose generously-doubting eye kept down mine, can tell how I looked, how I behaved.—But hesitatingly, tremblingly, both voice, and knees, as I sat; thus brokenly, as near as I remember, I answered, not withdrawing my hand, though, as I spoke, he more than once pressed it with his lips—‘The honour of Sir Charles Grandison—Sir Charles Grandison’s honour—no one ever did, or ever can, doubt.—I must own—I must confess—’ There I paused.

‘What does my dear Miss Byron own?—What confess?—Assure yourself, Madam, of my honour, of my gratitude.—Should you have doubts, speak them. I desire your favour but as I clear up your doubts. I *would* speak them for you—I *have* spoken them for you. I own to you, Madam, that there may be force in your doubts, which nothing but your generosity, and assistance in the honour of the man before you, can induce you to get over. And thus far I will own against myself, that were the lady in whose heart I should hope an interest, to have been circumstanced as I was, my own delicacy would have been hurt; owing, indeed, to the high notion I have of the true female delicacy.—Now say, now *own*, now *confess*, my dear Miss Byron—what you were going to *confess*.’

‘This, Sir, is my confession—and it is the confession of a heart which I hope is as sincere as your own—That I am dazzled, confounded, shall I say? at the superior merits of the lady you so nobly, so like yourself, glory still in esteeming, as the well deserves to be esteemed.’

Joy seemed to flash from his eyes—

He bowed on my hand, and pressed it with his lips; but was either silent by choice, or could not speak.

I proceeded, though with a hesitating voice, a glowing cheek, and down-cast eyes—‘I fear not, Sir, any more than *she* did. your honour, your justice, no, nor your indulgent tenderness.—*Your* character, *your* principles, Sir, are full security to the woman who shall endeavour to deserve from you that indulgence.—But so justly high do I think of Lady Clementina, and her conduct, that I fear—ah, Sir, I fear—that it is impossible—’

I stopt—I am sure I was in earnest, and must *look* to be so, or my countenance and my heart were not allied.

‘What *impossible!*—What fears my dear Miss Byron is *impossible?*’

‘Why (thus kindly urged, and by a man of unquestionable honour) shall I not speak all that is in my mind? The poor Harriet Byron fears, *she justly* fears, when she contemplates the magnanimity of that exalted lady, that with all her care, with all her endeavours, she never shall be able to make the figure to *HERSELF*, which is necessary for her own tranquillity, (however *you* might generously endeavour to *assure* her doubting mind.) This, Sir, is my doubt—And *all* my doubt.’

‘Generous, kind, noble Miss Byron!’ in a rapturous accent—‘And is this *all* your doubt? Then must yet the man before you be a happy man; for he questions not, if life be lent him, to make you one of the happiest of women. Clementina has acted gloriously in preferring to all other considerations her religion and her country: I can allow this in her favour, against myself; and shall I not be doubly bound in gratitude to her sister excellence, who, having not those trials, yet the most delicate of human minds, shews in my favour a frankness of heart which sets her above little forms and affectation, and at the same time a generosity with regard to the merits of another lady which has few examples?’

He then, on one knee, taking my passive hand between both his, and kissing it, once, twice, thrice—‘Repeat, dear, and ever-dear, Miss Byron, that this is *all* your doubt.’

[I bowed assentingly: I could not speak.]—‘A happy, an easy task, is mine! Be assured, dearest Madam, that I will disavow every action of my life, every thought of my heart, every word of my mouth, which tends not to dissipate that doubt!’

I took out my handkerchief.

‘My dear Miss Byron,’ proceeded he, with an ardour that bespoke his heart, ‘you are goodness itself. I approached you with diffidence, with more than diffidence, with apprehension, because of your known delicacy; which I was afraid, on this occasion, would *descend* into punctiliousness.—May blessings attend my future life, as my grateful heart shall acknowledge this goodness!’

Again he kissed my hand, rising with dignity. ‘I could have received his vows on my knees; but I was motionless; yet, how was I delighted to be the cause of joy to him!—Joy to your brother!—to Sir Charles Grandison!’

He saw me greatly affected, and indeed my emotion increased on reflection. He considerately said, ‘I will leave you, my dear Miss Byron, to intitle myself to the congratulations of all our friends below. From this moment, after a thousand suspenses, and strange events, which, unfought-for, have chequered my past life, I date my happiness.’

He most respectfully left me.

I was glad he did: yet my eyes followed him. His very shadow was grateful to me, as he went down stairs. And there, it seems, he congratulated himself, and called for the congratulations of every one present, in so noble a manner, that every eye ran over with joy.

‘Was I not right,’ said my grand-mamma to my aunt, (‘you half-blamed me, my dear) in leaving Sir Charles and my Harriet together? Harriet ever was above disguise. Sir Charles might have *guessed* at her heart; but he would not have *known* it from her own lips, had she had you and me to refer to.’

‘Whatever *you* do, Madam,’ answered my aunt, ‘must be right.’

My aunt came up to me. She found me in a very thoughtful mood. I had sometimes been accusing myself of forwardness, and at others was acquitting myself, or endeavouring to do so—yet mingling,

mingling, though thus early, a hundred delightful circumstances with my accusations and acquittals, which were likely to bless my future lot: such as his relations and friends being mine, mine his; and I run them over all by name. But my Emily, my dear Emily! I considered as *my* ward, as well as his. In this way my aunt found me. She embraced me, applauded me, and cleared up all my self-doubtings, as to forwardness; and told me of their mutual congratulations below, and how happy I had made them all. What self-confidence did her approbation give me!—And as she assured me, that my uncle would not rally, but extol me, I went down with spirits much higher than I went up with.

Sir Charles and my grandmamma were talking together, sitting side by side, when I entered the room. All the company stood up at my entrance.—O my dear! what a princess in every one's eye will the declared love of such a man make me! How will all the consequence I had before, among my partial friends and favourers, be augmented!

My uncle said, *sideling* by me, (kindly intending not to dash me) 'My sweet sparkler!' [That was the name he used to call me, before Sir Charles Grandison taught me a lesson that made me thoughtful.] 'You are now again my delight and my joy. I thank you for not being—a fool—that's all. Egad, I was afraid of your *femality*, when you came face to face.'

Sir Charles came to me, and, with an air of the most respectful love, taking my hand, led me to a seat between himself and my grandmamma.

'My ever dear Harriet,' said she, and condescended to lift my hand to her lips, 'I will not abash you; but must just say, that you have acquitted yourself as I wished you to do. I knew I could trust to a heart that ever was above affectation or disguise.'

'Sir Charles Grandison, Madam,' said I, 'has the generosity to distinguish and encourage a doubting mind.'

'Infinitely obliging Miss Byron,' replied he, pressing one hand between both his, as my grandmamma held the other, 'your condescension attracts both my love and reverence. Permit me to say, that had not Heaven given a Miss Byron for the object of my hope, I

'had hardly, after what had befallen me *abroad*, ever looked forward to a wedded love.'

'One favour I have to beg of you, Sir,' resumed my grandmamma: 'it is, that you will never use the word *abroad*, or express *persons* by their *countries*; in fine, that you will never speak with reserve, when the admirable Clementina is in your thoughts. Mention her name with freedom, my dear Sir, to my child, to me, and to my daughter Selby—you may—We always loved and revered her: still we do so. She has given an example to all her sex, of a passion properly subdued—Of temporal considerations yielding to eternal!'

'Sir,' said I, bowing as I sat, 'I join in this request.'

His eyes glistened with grateful joy. He bowed low to each, but spoke not.

My aunt came to us, and sat down by Sir Charles, refusing his seat, because it was next me. 'Let me,' said she, 'enjoy your conversation: I have heard part of your subject, and subscribe to it with all my heart. Lady G. can testify for us all three, that we cannot be so mean, as to intend you a compliment, Sir, by what has been said.'

'Nor can I, Madam, as to imagine it. You exalt *yourself* even more than you do Clementina. I will let my Jeronymo know some of the particulars which have given joy to my heart. They will make *him* happy; and the excellent Clementina (I will not forbear her name) will rejoice in the happy prospects before me.' She wanted but to be assured that the friend she so greatly honoured with her regard, was not likely (either in the qualities of the lady's mind, or in her family-connexions) to be a sufferer by her declining his address.'

May nothing now happen, my dear Lady G. to overcloud—But I will not be apprehensive. I will thankfully enjoy the present moment, and leave the future to the All-wise Disposer of events. If Sir Charles Grandison be mine, and reward by his kindness my love, what can befall me, that I ought not to bear with resignation?

But, my dear ladies, let me here ask you a question, or two.

Tell me, did I ever, as you remem-

ber, suffer by suspenses, by *any* thing?—Was there ever really such a man as Sir Hargrave Pollexfen?—Did I not tell you *my dreams*, when I told you of what I believed I had undergone from his persecuting insults! It is well, for the sake of preserving to me the grace of humility, and for the sake of warning, (for all my days *preceding* that insult had been happy) that I wrote down *at the time* an account of those sufferings, those suspenses, or I should have been apt to forget now, that I ever was unhappy.

And, pray, let me ask, ladies, can you guess what is become of my illness? I was very ill, you know, when you, Lady G. did us the honour of a visit; so ill, that I could not hide it from you, and my other dear friends, as fain I would have done. I did not think it was an illness of such a nature, as that its cure depended on an easy heart. I was so much convinced of the merits of Lady Clementina, and that no other woman in the world ought to be Lady Grandison, that I thought I had pretty tolerably quieted my heart in that expectation. I hope I brag not too soon. But, my dear, I now feel so easy, so light, so happy—that I hardly know what's the matter with me.—But I hope nobody will find the malady I have *lost*. May no disappointed heart be invaded by it! Let it not travel to Italy! The dear lady there has suffered enough from a worse malady: nor, if it stay in the island, let it come near the sighing heart of my Emily! That dear girl shall be happy, if it be in my power to make her so.—Pray, ladies, tell her she shall.—No, but don't: I will tell her so myself by the next post. Nor let it, I pray God, attack Lady Anne S. or any of the half-score ladies, of whom I was once so unwilling to hear.

* * *

OUR discourse at table was on various subjects. My cousin James was again very inquisitive after the principal courts, and places of note, in Italy.

What pleasure do I hope one day to receive from the perusal (if I shall be favoured with it) of Sir Charles's LITERARY JOURNAL, mentioned to Dr. Bartlett, in some of his letters from

Italy! For it includes, I presume, a description of places, cities, cabinets of the curious, diversions, amusements, customs, of different nations. How attentive were we all to the answers he made to my cousin James's questions! My memory serves but for a few generals; and those I will not trouble you with. Sir Charles told my cousin, that if he were determined on an excursion abroad, he would furnish him with recommendatory letters.

Mr. Greville and his insult were one of our subjects after dinner, when the servants were withdrawn. Lucy expressed her wonder, that he was so soon reconciled to Sir Charles, after the menaces he had for years past thrown out against any man who should be likely to succeed with me.

My uncle observed, that Mr. Greville had not for a long time had any hopes; that he always was apprehensive, that if Sir Charles Grandison were to make his addressee, he would succeed: that it had been his and Fenwick's custom, to endeavour to bluster away their competitors*. He possibly, my uncle added, might hope to intimidate Sir Charles; or at least, knowing his principles, might suppose he ran no risque in the attempt.

Mr. Deane said, Mr. Greville had told him, that the moment he knew Miss Byron had chosen her man, he would give up his pretensions; but that, as long as she remained single, he was determined to persecute her, as he himself called it. Perseverance he had known do every thing, after an admired woman had run through a circle of humble servants, and perhaps found herself disappointed in her own choice; and for his part, but with *her*, he had no fondness for the married life; he cared not who knew it.

Sir Charles spoke of Mr. Greville with candour. He thought him a man of rough manners, but not ill-natured. He affected to be a joker, and often, therefore, might be taken for a worse man than he really was. He believed him to be careless of his reputation, and one who seemed to think there was wit and bravery in advancing free and uncommon things; and gloried in bold surprizes. 'For my part,' continued

* See Vol. I. Letter II.

he, 'I should hardly have consented to cultivate his acquaintance, much less to dine with him to-morrow, but as he insisted upon it, as a token of my forgiving in him a behaviour that was really what a gentleman should not have pardoned himself for. I considered him,' proceeded Sir Charles, 'as a neighbour to this family, with whom you had lived, and perhaps chose to live, upon good terms. Bad neighbours are nuisances, especially if they are people of fortune: it is in the power of such to be very troublesome in their own persons; and they will often let loose their servants to defy, provoke, insult, and do mischief to those they love not. Mr. Greville, I thought,' added he, 'deserved to be more indulged, for the sake of his love to Miss Byron. He is a proud man, and must be mortified enough in having it generally known that she had constantly rejected his suit.'

'Why, that's true,' said my uncle. 'Sir Charles, you consider every body. But I hope all's over between you.'

'I have no doubt but it is, Mr. Selby. Mr. Greville's whole aim, now, seems to be, to come off with as little abatement of his pride as possible. He thinks, if he can pass to the world as one who, having no hope himself, is desirous to promote the cause of his friend, as he will acknowledge me to be, it will give him consequence in the eye of the world, and be a gentle method of letting his pride down easy.'

'Very well,' said my uncle; 'and a very good contrivance for a proud man, I think.'

'It is an expedient of his friend Fenwick,' replied Sir Charles; 'and Mr. Greville is not a little fond of it. —And what, ladies and gentlemen, will you say, if you should see me come to church to-morrow with him, sit with him in the same pew, and go with him to dinner, in his coach! It is his request that I will. He thinks this will put an end to the whispers which have passed, in spite of all his precaution, of a rencounter between him and me: for he has given out, that he strained his wrist and arm by a fall from his horse.—Tell me, dear ladies, shall I, or shall I not, oblige

him in this request? He is to be with me to-night, for an answer.'

My grandmamma said, that Mr. Greville was always a very odd, a very particular man. She thought Sir Charles very kind to us in being so willing to conciliate with him. My uncle declared, that he was very desirous to live on good terms with all his neighbours, particularly with Mr. Greville, a part of whose estate being intermixed with his, it might be in his power to be vexatious, at least to his tenants. Mr. Deane thought the compromise was a happy one; and he supposed entirely agreeable to Sir Charles's generous wishes to promote the good understanding of neighbours; and to the compassion it was in his nature to shew to an unsuccessful rival.

Sir Charles then turning to Lucy—'May I, Miss Selby,' said he, 'do you think, without being too deep a designer, ask leave of Miss Byron, on the presumption of her goodness to me, to bring Mr. Greville to drink tea with her to-morrow in the afternoon?'

'Your servant, Sir Charles!' answered Lucy, smiling.—'But what say you, cousin Byron, to this question?'

'This house is not mine,' replied I; 'but I dare say, I may be allowed the liberty, in the names of my uncle and aunt, to answer, that any person will be welcome to Selby House, whom Sir Charles Grandison shall think proper to bring with him.'

'Mr. Greville,' said Sir Charles, 'professes himself unable to see any of you (Miss Byron, in particular) without an introducer. He makes a high compliment to me, when he supposes me to be a proper one.—If you give me leave,' bowing to my uncle and aunt, 'I will answer him to his wishes; and hope, when he comes, every thing will be passed by in silence that has happened between him and me.'

Two or three lively things passed between Lucy and Sir Charles, on his repetition of her word *designer*. She began with advantage, but did not hold it; yet he gave her consequence in the little debate, at his own expence, as he seemed to intend.

My grandmamma will go to her own church; but will be here at dinner,

ner, and the rest of the day. I have a thousand things more to say, all agreeable; but it is now late, and a drowsy fit has come upon me. I will welcome it. Adieu, adieu, my dear ladies! Felicitate, I am sure you will, *your ever obliged, ever devoted,*

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XXIII.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

SUNDAY NOON, OCT. 15.

WE were told, there would be a crowded church this morning, in expectation of seeing the new humble servant of Miss Byron attending her thither: for it is every where known, that Sir Charles Grandison is come down to make his addresses to the young creature who is happy in every one's love and good wishes; and all is now said to have been settled between him and us, by his noble sister, and Lord G. and Dr. Bartlett, when they were with us. You see what credit you did us by your kind visit, my dear.—And we are to be married—O my dear Lady G. you cannot imagine how soon!

Many of the neighbourhood seemed disappointed, when they saw me led in by my uncle, as Mr. Deane led my aunt, and Nancy and Lucy only attended by their brother. But it was not long before Mr. Greville, Mr. Fenwick, and Sir Charles, entered, and went into the pew of the former, which is over-against ours. Mr. Greville and Mr. Fenwick bowed low to us, severally, the moment they went into the pew, and to several others of the gentry.

Sir Charles had first other devoirs to pay: to false shame, you have said, he was always superior. I was delighted to see the example he set. He paid us his second compliments with a grace peculiar to himself. I felt my face glow, on the whispering that went round. I thought I read in every eye, admiration of him, even through the sticks of some of the ladies fans.

What a difference was there between the two men and him in their behaviour, throughout both the service, and sermon! Yet who ever beheld two of the three so decent, so attentive, so re-

verent, I may say, before? 'Were all who call themselves gentlemen,' (thought I, more than once) 'like *this*, the world would yet be a good world.'

Mr. Greville had his arm in a sling. He seemed highly delighted with his guest; so did Mr. Fenwick. When the sermon was ended, Mr. Greville held the pew-door ready opened, to attend our movements; and when we were in motion to go, he taking officiously Sir Charles's hand, bent towards us. Sir Charles met us at our pew-door: he approached us with that easy grace peculiar to himself, and offered, with a profound respect, his hand to me.

This was equal to a publick declaration. It took every body's attention. He is not ashamed to avow in publick, what he thinks fit to own in private.

I was humbled more than exalted by the general notice. Mr. Greville (bold, yet low man!) made a motion, as if he gave the hand that Sir Charles took. Mr. Fenwick offered his hand to Lucy. Mr. Greville led my aunt; and not speaking low, (subtle as a serpent!) 'My plaguy horse,' said he, looking at his sling, 'knew not his master.—I invite myself to tea with you, Madam, in the afternoon. You will supply my lame arm, I hope, yourself.'

There is no such thing as keeping private one's movements in a country-town, if one would. One of our servants reported the general approbation. It is a pleasure, surely, my dear ladies, to be addressed to by a man of whom every one approves. What a poor figure must she make, who gives way to a courtship from a man commonly deemed unworthy of her! Such women, indeed, commonly confess indirectly the folly, by carrying on the affair clandestinely.

SUNDAY EVENING.

O MY dear! I have been strangely disconcerted by means of Mr. Greville. He is a strange man. But I will lead to it in course.

We all went to church again in the afternoon. Every body who knew Mr. Greville, took it for a high piece of politeness in him to his guest, that he came twice the same day to church. Sir Charles edified every body by his cheerful

cheerful piety.—Are you not of opinion, my dear Lady G. that wickedness may be always put out of countenance by a person who has an established character for goodness, and who is not ashamed of doing his duty in the publick eye? Methinks I could wish that all the profligates in the parish had their seats around that of a man who has fortitude enough to dare to be good. The text was a happy one to this purpose: the words of our Saviour—
 ‘ Whosoever shall be ashamed of me
 ‘ and of my words, in this adulterous
 ‘ and sinful generation, of him also
 ‘ shall the Son of Man be ashamed,
 ‘ when he cometh in the glory of his
 ‘ Father, with the holy angels.’

Sir Charles led my aunt to her coach, as Mr. Greville officiously, but properly for his views, did me. We found Mr. Fenwick at Selby House, talking to my grandmamma on the new subject. She dined with us; but, not being very well, chose to retire to her devotions in my closet, while we went to church, she having been at her own in the morning.

We all received Mr. Greville with civility. He affects to be thought a wit, you know, and a great joker. Some men cannot appear to advantage without making their friend a butt to shoot at. Fenwick and he tried to play upon each other, as usual. Sir Charles lent each his smile; and, whatever he thought of them, shewed not a contempt of their great-boy snip-snap. But, at last, my grandmamma and aunt engaged Sir Charles in a conversation, which made the gentlemen so silent, and so attentive, that had they not flashed a good deal at each other before, one might have thought them a little discreet.

Nobody took the least notice of what had passed between Mr. Greville and Sir Charles, till Mr. Greville touched upon the subject to me. He desired an audience of ten minutes, as he said; and, upon his declaration, that it was the last he would ever ask of me on this subject; and upon my grandmamma's saying, ‘ Oblige Mr. Greville, my dear;’ I permitted him to draw me to the window.

His address was nearly in the following words; not speaking so low, but every one might hear him, though he said aloud, nobody must but me.

‘ I must account myself very unhappy, Madam, in having never been able to incline you to shew me favour. You may think me vain: I believe I am so; but I may take to myself the advantages and qualities which every body allows me. I have an estate that will warrant my addresses to a woman of the first rank; and it is free, and unincumbered. I am not an ill-natured man. I love my self, 'tis true; but I love my friend. You good women generally do not like a man the less for having something to mend in him. I could say a great deal more in my own behalf, but that Sir Charles Grandison,” (looking at him) ‘ quite eclipses me. Devil fetch me, if I can tell how to think myself *any* thing before him. I was always afraid of him. But when I heard he was gone abroad, in pursuit of a former love, I thought I had another chance for it.

‘ Yet I was half-afraid of Lord D. His mother would manage a Machiavel. He has a great estate; a title; he has good qualities for a nobleman. But when I found that you could so steadily refuse him, as well as me; “There must be some man,” thought I, “who is lord of her heart. *Fenwick* is as sad a dog as I; it cannot be he. *Orme*, poor soul! she will not have such a milk-sop as that, neither.”

‘ Mr. Orme, Sir,” interrupted I, and was going to praise him—But he said, ‘ I will be heard out now. This is my dying speech; I will not be interrupted.’

‘ Well, then, Sir,” smiling, ‘ come to your last words, as soon as you can.’

‘ I have told you, before now, Miss Byron, that I will not bear your smiles: but now, smiles or frowns I care not. I have no hopes left; and I am resolved to abuse you, before I have done.’

‘ Abuse me!—I hope not, Sir.’

‘ Hope not?” What signify your hopes, who never gave me any?—But hear me out. I shall say some things that will displease you; but more of another nature.—I went on guessing who could be the happy man.—“ That *second* Orme, Fowler, cannot be he;” thought I. “ Is it the newly-arrived Beauchamp? He is a pretty

"pretty fellow enough." [I had all your footsteps watched, as I told you I would.] "No," answered I myself, "she refused Lord D. and a whole tribe of us, before Beauchamp came to England."—"Who the devil can he be?"—"But when I heard that the dangerous man, whom I thought gone abroad to his matrimonial destiny, was returned, unmarried; when I heard that he was actually coming northward; I began to be again afraid of him.

"Last Thursday night I had intelligence, that he was seen at Dunstable in the morning, in his way towards us. Then did my heart fail me. I had my spies about Selby House: I own it. What will not love and jealousy make a man do! I understood that your uncle and Mr. Deane, and a tribe of servants for train-sake, were set out to meet him. How I raved! How I cursed! How I swore!—"They will not surely," thought I, "allow my rival, at his first visit, to take up his residence under the same roof with this charming witch!"

"Witch! Mr. Greville—"

"Witch! Yes, witch! I called you ten thousand names, in my rage, all as bad as that. "Here, Jack—Will—Tom—George—get ready instantly each a dozen firebrands! I will light up Selby House for a bonfire, to welcome the arrival of the invader of my freehold! And prongs and pitchforks shall be got ready to push every soul of the family back into the flames, that not one of it may escape my vengeance!"

"Horrid man! I will hear no more."

"You must! You shall! It is my dying speech, I tell you."

"A dying man should be penitent."

"To what purpose?—I can have no hope. What is to be expected for or from a despairing man?—But then I had intelligence brought me, that my rival was not admitted to take up his abode with you. This saved Selby House. All my malice then was against the George at Northampton. "The keeper of it owes," said I to myself, "a hundred thousand obligations to me; yet to afford a retirement to my deadliest foe!—But 'tis more manly," thought I, "in person, to call this invader to account,

"if he pretends an interest at Selby House; and to force him to relinquish his pretensions to the queen of it;" as I had made more than one gallant fellow do before, by dint of bluster.

"I slept not all that night. In the morning I made my visit at the inn. I pretend to know as well as any man, what belongs to civility and good manners; but I knew the character of the man I had to deal with: I knew he was cool, yet resolute. My rage would not let me be civil; and if it would, I knew I must be rude to provoke him. I was rude. I was peremptory.

"Never were there such cold, such phlegmatick contempts, passed upon man, as he passed upon me. I came to a point with him. I heard he would not fight: I was resolved he should. I followed him to his chariot. I got him to a private place; but I had the devil, and no man, to deal with. He cautioned me, by way of insult, as I took it, to keep a guard. I took his hint. I had better not; for he knew all the tricks of the weapon. He was in with me in a moment. I had no sword left me, and my life was at the mercy of his. He gave me up my own sword—Cautioned me to regard my safety; put up his; withdrew—I found myself sensible of a damnable strain. I had no right-arm. I slunk away like a thief. He mounted his triumphal car; and pursued his course to the lady of Selby House. I went home, cursed, swore, fell down, and bit the earth."

My uncle looked impatient: Sir Charles seemed in suspense, but attentive. Mr. Greville proceeded.

"I got Fenwick to go with me, to attend him at night, by appointment. Cripple as I was, I would have provoked him; he would not be provoked: and when I found that he had not exposed me at Selby House; when I remembered that I owed my sword and my life to his moderation; when I recollected his character; what he had done by Sir Hargrave Pollexfen; what Bagenhall had told me of him; "Why the plague," thought I, "should I, (hopeless as I am of succeeding with my charming Byron, whether





“ *he lives or dies*) set my face against
 “ such a man? He is incapable either
 “ of insult or arrogance: let me,”
 “ (Fenwick advised a scheme; “let me)
 “ make him my friend to save my
 “ pride, and the devil take the rest,
 “ Harriet Byron, and all—”

“ Wicked man!—You were dying
 “ a thousand words ago—I am tired
 “ of you.”

“ You have not, Madam, heard half
 “ my dying words yet—But I would
 “ not terrify you—Are you terrified?”
 “ Indeed I am.”

Sir Charles motioned as if he would
 approach us; but kept his place on my
 grandmamma’s saying, ‘Let us hear
 his humour out: Mr. Greville was
 always particular.’

‘Terrified, Madam! What is *your*
 ‘ being terrified to the sleepless nights,
 ‘ to the tormenting days, you have
 ‘ given me? Cursing darkness, cursing
 ‘ light, and most myself?—O Madam!’
 with shut teeth, ‘what a torment
 ‘ of torments have you been to me!—
 ‘ Well, but now I will hasten to a
 ‘ conclusion, in mercy to you, who,
 ‘ however, never shewed me any.’

‘I never was cruel, Mr. Greville—’

‘But you was; and most cruel,
 ‘ when most sweet tempered. It was
 ‘ to that smiling obligingness that I
 ‘ owed my ruin! That gave me hope;
 ‘ that radiance of countenance; and
 ‘ that frozen heart!—O you are a
 ‘ dear deceiver!—But I hasten to con-
 ‘ clude my dying speech—Give me
 ‘ your hand!—I will have it—I *will*
 ‘ *not eat it*, as once I had like to have
 ‘ done—And now, Madam, hear my
 ‘ parting words—You will have the
 ‘ glory of giving to the best of men,
 ‘ the best of wives. Let it not be long
 ‘ before you do; for the sake of many,
 ‘ who will hope on till then. As your
 ‘ *lover*, I must hate him: as your
 ‘ *husband*, I will love him. He will,
 ‘ he must, be kind, affectionate, grate-
 ‘ ful to you; and you will deserve all
 ‘ his tenderness. May you live (the
 ‘ ornaments of human nature as you
 ‘ are) to see your children’s children;
 ‘ all promising to be as good, as wor-
 ‘ thy, as happy as yourselves! And
 ‘ full of years, full of honour, in one
 ‘ hour may you be translated to that
 ‘ Heaven where only you can be more
 ‘ happy than you will be, if you are

‘ both as happy as I wish and expect
 ‘ you to be!’

Tears dropt on my cheek, at this
 unexpected blessing.

He still held my hand—‘I will not,
 ‘ without your leave, Madam—May
 ‘ I, before I part with it?’ He looked
 at me as if for leave to kiss my hand,
 bowing his head upon it.

My heart was opened. ‘God blefs
 ‘ you, Mr. Greville! as you have
 ‘ blessed me.—Be a good man, and he
 ‘ will—’ I withdrew not my hand.

He kneeled on one knee; eagerly
 kissed my hand, more than once.
 Tears were in his own eyes. He
 arose, hurried me to Sir Charles, and
 holding to him my then, through sur-
 prize, half-withdrawn hand—‘Let me
 ‘ have the pride, the glory, Sir Charles
 ‘ Grandison, to quit this dear hand
 ‘ to yours. It is only to yours that
 ‘ I would quit it—“*Happy, happy,*
 “*happy pair!*—None but the brave
 “*deserves the fair.*”

Sir Charles took my hand—‘Let
 ‘ this precious present be mine,’ said
 he, (kissing it) ‘with the declared
 ‘ assent of every one here;’ and pre-
 sented me to my grandmamma and
 aunt. I was affrighted by the hurry
 the strange man had put me into.

‘May I *but* live to see her yours,
 ‘ Sir!’ said my grandmamma, in a
 kind of rapture.

The moment he had put my hand
 into Sir Charles’s, he ran out of the
 room with the utmost precipitation.
 He was gone, quite gone, when he
 came to be enquired after; and every
 body was uneasy for him, till we were
 told, by one of the servants, that he
 took from the window of the outward
 parlour, his hat and sword; and by
 another, that he met him, his servant
 after him, hurrying away, and even
 sobbing as he flew.—Was there ever
 so strange a man?

Don’t you pity Mr. Greville, my
 dear?

Sir Charles was generously uneasy
 for him.

‘Mr. Greville,’ said Lucy, (who
 had always charity for him,) ‘has fre-
 ‘ quently surprized us with his par-
 ‘ ticularities; but I hope, from the
 ‘ last part of his behaviour, that he is
 ‘ not the free thinking man he some-
 ‘ times affects to be thought. I flatter
 ‘ myself,

‘ myself, that Sir Charles had a right notion of him than we, in what he said of him yesterday.’

Sir Charles waited on my grand-mamma home; so we had him not to supper. We are all to dine with her to-morrow. Your brother, you may suppose, will be a principal guest.

MONDAY MORNING, OCT. 16.

I HAVE a letter from my Emily; by which I find, she is with you; though she has not dated it. You were very kind in shewing the dear girl the overflowings of my heart in her favour. She is all grateful love, and goodness. I will soon write to her, to repeat my assurances, that my whole power shall always be exerted to do her pleasure: but you must tell her, as from yourself, that she must have patience. I cannot ask her guardian such a question as she puts, as to her living with me, till I am likely to succeed. Would the sweet girl have me make a request to him, that shall shew him I am supposing myself to be his, before I am so? We are not come so far on our journey by several stages. And yet, from what he intimated last night, as he waited on my grand-mamma to Shirley Manor, I find, that his expectations are forwarder than it will be possible for me to answer: and I must, without intending the least affectation, for common decorum-sake, take the management of this point upon myself. For, my dear, we are every one of us here so much in love with him, that the moment he should declare his wishes, they would be as ready to urge me to oblige him, were he even to limit me but to two or three days, as if they were afraid he would not repeat his request.

I have a letter from Mr. Beauchamp. He writes, that there are no hopes of Sir Harry's recovery. I am very sorry for it. Mr. Beauchamp does me great honour to write to me to give me consolation. His is a charming letter—So full of filial piety!—Excellent young man! He breathes in it the true spirit of his friend.

Sir Charles and his Beauchamp, and Dr. Bartlett, correspond, I presume, as usual. What would I give to see

all Sir Charles writes that relates to us!

Mr. Fenwick just now tells us, that Mr. Greville is not well, and keeps his chamber. He has my cordial wishes for his health. His last behaviour to me appears, the more I think of it, more strange, from such a man. I expected not that he would conclude with such generous wishes.

Nancy, who does not love him, compares him to the wicked prophet of old, blessing where he was expected to curse*; and says, it was such an overstrain of generosity from him, that it might well overset him.

Did you think that our meek Nancy could have said so severe a thing? But meekness offended (as she once was by him) has an excellent memory, and can be bitter.

We are now preparing to go to Shirley Manor. Our cousins Patty and Kitty Holles will be there at dinner. They have been for a few weeks past at their aunt's, near Daventry. They are impatient to see Sir Charles. Adieu, my dearest ladies! Continue to love *your*

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XXIV.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

MONDAY NIGHT, OCTOBER 16.

WE have been very happy this day at my grand-mamma's. Your brother makes himself more and more beloved by all my friends; who yet declare, that they thought they could not have loved him better than they did before. My cousins Holles's say, they could sooner lay open their hearts to him, than to any man they ever saw; yet their freedom would never make them lose sight of their respect.

He told me, that he had breakfasted with Mr. Greville. How does he conciliate the mind of every one to him! He said kind and compassionate things of Mr. Greville; and so unaffectedly!—I was delighted with him. For, regardful as he would be, and is, of his own honour; no low, nar-

row jealousy, I dare say, will ever have entrance into his heart. '*Charity thinketh no evil!*' Of what a charming text is that a part*!—What is there equal to it, in any of the writings of the philosophers?

'My dear Miss Byron,' said he to me, 'Mr. Greville loves you more than you can possibly imagine. Despairing of success with you, he has assumed airs of bravery; but your name is written in large letters in his heart. He gave me,' continued he, 'the importance of asking my leave to love you still—What ought I to have answered?'

'What did you answer, Sir?'

'That so far as I might presume to give it, I gave it.'

'Had I the honour,' added I, 'of calling Miss Byron mine, I would not barely *allow* your love of her; I would *demand* it.—Have I not assured you, Mr. Greville, that I look upon you as my friend?'

'You will quite subdue Mr. Greville, Sir,' said I. 'You will, by the generosity of your treatment of him, do more than any body else ever could—You will make him a good man.'

'Mr. Greville, Madam, deserves pity, on more accounts than one. A wife, such a one as his good angel led him to wish for, would have settled his principles. He wants steadiness: but he is not, I hope, a bad man. I was not concerned for his cavalier treatment of you yesterday, but on your own account; lest his roughness should give you pain. But his concluding withes, and his preference of a rival to himself, together with the manner of his departure, unable as he was to withstand his own emotions and the effect it had upon his spirits, so as to confine him to his chamber, had something great in it—And I shall value him for it as long as he will permit me.'

Sir Charles and my grandmamma had a good deal of talk together. Dearly does she love to single him out. What a pretty picture would they make, could they be both drawn so as

not to cause a *profane* jester to fall into mistakes; as if it were an old lady making love to a handsome young man!

Let me sketch it out—See, then, the dear lady, with a countenance full of benignity, years written by venerableness, rather than by wrinkles, in her face; dignity and familiarity in her manner; one hand on his, talking to him; his fine countenance shining with modesty and reverence, looking down, delighted, as admiring her wisdom, and not a little regardful of her half-pointing finger, [Let that be, for fear of mistakes] to a creature young enough to be her grand-daughter; who, to avoid shewing too much sensibility, shall seem to be talking to two other young ladies, [Nancy and Lucy, suppose] but, in order to distinguish the young creature, let her, with a blushing cheek, cast a shy eye on the grandmamma and young gentleman, while the other two shall not be afraid to look more free and unconcerned.

See, my dear, how fanciful I am: but I had a mind to tell you, in a new manner, how my grandmamma and Sir Charles seem to admire each other.

Mr. Deane and he had also some talk together; my uncle joined them: and I blushed in *earnest* at the subject. I only *guessed* at from the following words of Mr. Deane, at Sir Charles rising to come from them to my aunt and me, who both of us sat in the bow-window. 'My dear Sir Charles Grandison,' said Mr. Deane, 'you love to give pleasure: I never was so happy in my life, as I am in view of this long wished-for event. You *must* oblige me: I insist upon it.'

My aunt took it, as I did.—'A generous contention!' said she. 'O my dear! we shall all be too happy. God grant that nothing may fall out to disconcert us! If there *should*, how many broken hearts—'

'The first broken one, Madam,' interrupted I, 'would be the happiest: I, in that case, should have the advantage of every body.'

'Dear love! you are too serious!'
[Tears were in my eyes] 'Sir Charles's unquestionable honour is our secu-

* 1 Cor. xiii. 5.

'rity!—If Clementina be stedfast; if life and health be spared you and him—If—'

'Dear, dear Madam, no more *ifs*! Let there be but one *if*, and that on Lady Clementina's resumption. In that case, I will submit: and God only (as indeed he always ought) shall be my reliance for the rest of my life!'

Lucy, Nancy, and my two cousins Holles's, came and spread, two and two, the other seats of the bow-window (there are but three) with their vast hoops; undoubtedly, because they saw Sir Charles coming to us. 'It is difficult,' whispered I to my aunt, (petulantly enough) 'to get him one moment to one's self.'—'My cousin "James (lilly youth!" thought I) *slopt* him in his way to me;" but Sir Charles would not long be stopt: he led the interrupter towards us; and a seat not being at hand, while the young ladies were making a bustle to give him a place between them, (tossing their hoops above their shoulders on one side) and my cousin James was hastening to bring him a chair; he threw himself at the feet of my aunt and me, making the floor his seat.

I don't know how it was; but I thought I never saw him look to more advantage. His attitude and behaviour had such a lover-like appearance.—'Don't you see him, my dear?—His amiable countenance, *so* artless, yet *so* obliging, cast up to my aunt and me: his fine eyes meeting ours; mine, particularly, in their *own* way; for I could not help looking down, with a kind of proud bashfulness, as Lucy told me afterwards. How affected must I have appeared, had I either turned my head aside, or looked up stiffly to avoid his!

I believe, my dear, we women in courtship don't love that men, if ever so wise, should keep up to *us* the dignity of wisdom; much less, that they should be solemn, formal, grave—Yet are we fond of respect and observance too.—How is it?—Sir Charles Grandison can tell.—Did you think of your brother, Lady G. when you once said, that the man who would commend himself to the general favour of us young women, should be a decent rake in his address, and a saint in his heart? Yet might you not have chosen a bet-

ter word than *rake*? Are there not more clumsy and foolish rakes, than polite ones; except we can be so much mistaken, as to give to impudence the name of agreeable freedom?

Sir Charles fell immediately into the easiest, (shall I say the gallantest?) the most agreeable conversation, as if he must be all of a piece with the freedom of his attitude; and mingled in his talk two or three very pretty humorous stories; so that nobody thought of helping him again to a chair, or wishing him in one.

How did this little incident familiarize the amiable man, as a still *more* amiable man than before, to my heart! In one of the little tales, which was of a gentleman in Spain serenading his mistress, we asked him, if he could not remember a sonnet he spoke of, as a pretty one? He, without answering, sung it in a most agreeable manner; and, at Lucy's request, gave us the English of it.

It is a very pretty sonnet. I will ask him for a copy, and send it to you, who understand the language.

My grandmamma, on Sir Charles's singing, beckoned to my cousin James; who going to her, she whispered him. He stepped out, and presently returned with a violin, and struck up, as he entered, a minuet tune. 'Har-ri-er, my love!' called out my grandmamma. Without any other intimation, the most agreeable of men, in an instant, was on his feet, reached his hat, and took me out.

How were we applauded! How was my grandmamma delighted! The words, 'Charming couple!' were whispered round, but loud enough to be heard. And when we had done, he led me to my seat with an air that had all the real fine gentleman in it. But then he sat not down as before.

I wonder if Lady Clementina ever danced with him.

My aunt, at Lucy's whispered request, proposed a dance between Sir Charles and her. You, Lady G. observed, more than once, that Lucy dances finely. 'Insulter!' whispered I to her, when she had done, 'you know your advantages over me!'—'Harri-er,' replied she, 'what do *good* girls deserve, when they speak against their consciences?'

My grandmamma afterwards called upon



Stothard del.

Birrell sculp.



upon me for one lesson on the harpsichord; and they made me sing.

An admirable conversation followed at tea, in which my grandmother, aunt, my Lucy, and Sir Charles, bore the chief parts; every other person delighting to be silent.

Had we not, Lady G. a charming day?

In my next, I shall have an opportunity, perhaps, to tell you what kind of a travelling companion Sir Charles is. For, be pleased to know, that for some time past a change of air, and a little excursion from place to place, have been prescribed for the establishment of my health, by one of the noblest physicians in England. The day before Sir Charles came into these parts, it was fixed, that to-morrow we should set out upon this tour. On his arrival, we had thoughts of postponing it; but, having understood our intention, he insisted upon it's being prosecuted; and, offering his company, there was no declining the favour, you know, *early* days as they, however, are; and although every body abroad talks of the occasion of his visit to us; he has been so far from directing his servants to make a secret of it, that he has ordered his Saunders to answer to every curious questioner, that Sir Charles and I were of longer acquaintance than yesterday. But is not this, my dear, a cogent intimation, that Sir Charles thinks some parade, some delay, necessary? Yet don't *he* and *we* know how little a while ago it is, that he made his first declaration? What, my dear, (should he be solicitous for an early day) is the inference? My uncle, too, so forward, that I am afraid of him?

We are to set out to-morrow morning. Peterborough is to be our farthest stage, one way. Mr. Deane insists, that we should pass two or three days with him. All of us, but my grandmamma, are to be of this party.

✱ ✱

O my dear Lady G. what a letter is just brought me, by the hand that carried up mine on Saturday! Bless me! what an answer!—But I have not time to enter into so large a field. Let me only say, that for some parts I most heartily thank you and dear Lady L.

for others, I do not; and imagine Lady L. would not have subscribed her beloved name, had she read the whole. What charming spirits have you, my dear, dear Lady G.!—But adieu, my ever-amiable ladies, both!

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XXV.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

THRAPSTON, TUESDAY EVEN.
OCTOBER 17.

WE passed several hours at Bough-ton*, and arrived here in the afternoon. Mr. Deane insisted that we should stop at a nephew's of his in the neighbourhood of this town. The young gentleman met us at Oundle, and conducted us to his house. I have got such a habit of scribbling, that I cannot forbear applying to my pen at every opportunity. The less wonder, when I have your brother for my subject: and the two beloved sisters of that brother to write to.

It would be almost impertinent to praise a man for his horsemanship, who in his early youth was so noted for the performance of all his exercises, that his father and General W. thought of the military life for him. Easy and unaffected dignity distinguish him in all his accomplishments. 'Bless me, 'Madam,' said Lucy to my aunt, on more occasions than one, 'this man is 'every thing!'

Shall I own, that I am retired to my pen, just now, from a very bad motive? *Anger*. I am, in my heart, even peevish with *all* my friends, for clust'ring so about Sir Charles, that he can hardly obtain a moment (which he seems to seek for, too) to talk with me alone. My uncle [He *does* doat upon him] always inconsiderately stands in his way; and can I say to a man so *very* inclinable to raillery, that he should allow *me* more, and *himself* less, of Sir Charles's conversation! I wonder my *aunt* does not give my uncle a hint. But she loves Sir Charles's company as well as my uncle.

This, however, is nothing to the distress my uncle gave me at dinner this day. Sir Charles was observing upon

* The seat of the late Duke of Montagu.

the disposition of one part of the gardens at Boughton, that art was to be but the handmaid of nature—‘I have heard, Sir Charles,’ said my uncle, ‘that you have made that a rule with you at Grandison Hall. With what pleasure should I make a visit there to you and my niece—’

He stopt. He *needed not*: he might have said any thing after this. Sir Charles looked as if concerned for *me*; yet said, that would be a joyful visit to him. My aunt was vexed for *my* sake. Lucy gave my uncle *such* a look—

My uncle afterwards, indeed, apologized to me—‘*Ads-beart*, I was a little blunt, I believe. But what a *deuce* need there be these niceties observed when you are *sure*?—I am sorry, however—But it would out—Yet you, Harriet, made it worse by looking so silly.’

* *

WHAT, Lady G. can I do with this dear man? My uncle, I mean. He has been just making a proposal to me, as he calls it, and with such *honest* looks of forecast and wisdom—‘Look ye, Harriet—I shall be always blundering about your *scrupulities*. I am come to propose something to you that will put it out of my power to make mistakes—I beg of you and your aunt to allow me to enter with Sir Charles into a certain subject; and this not for your sake—I know you won’t allow of that—But for the *ease* of Sir Charles’s own heart. Gratitude is *my* motive, and ought to be *yours*. I am sure he loves the very ground you tread upon.’

I besought him, for *every* sake dear to himself, not to interfere in the matter: but to leave these subjects to my aunt and me—‘Consider, Sir,’ said I, ‘consider, how very lately the first personal declaration was made.’

‘I do, I will consider every thing—But there is danger between the cup and the lip.’

‘Dear Sir!’ (my hands and eyes lifted up) was all the answer I could make. He went from me hastily, muttering good-naturedly against *femalities*.

DEANE’S GROVE, WEDN. OCT. 13.

MR. Deane’s pretty box you have seen. Sir Charles is pleased with it. We looked in at Fotheringay castle*, Milton†, &c. Mr. Charles Deane, a very obliging and sensible young gentleman, attended his uncle all the way.

What charming descriptions of fine houses and curiosities abroad did Sir Charles give us when we stooped to bait, or to view the pictures, furniture, gardens of the houses we saw!

In every place, on every occasion on the road, or when we alighted, or put up, he shewed himself so considerate, so gallant, so courteous, to all who approached him, and so charitable!—Yet not indiscriminately to every body that asked him: but he was bountiful indeed, on representation of the misery of two honest families. Beggars born, or those who make begging a trade, if in health, or not lame or blind, have seldom, it seems, any share in his munificence: but persons fallen from competence, and such as struggle with some instant distress, or have large families, which they have not ability to maintain; these, and such as these, are the objects of his bounty. Richard Saunders, who is sometimes his almoner, told my Sally, that he never goes out but somebody is the better for him; and that his *manner* of bestowing his charity is *such*, as, together with the poor people’s blessings and prayers for him, often draws tears from his eyes.

* *

I HAVE overheard a dialogue that has just now passed between my uncle and aunt. There is but a thin partition between the room they were in, and mine; and he spoke loud; my aunt not low; yet earnest only, not angry. He had been proposing to her, as he had done to me, to enter into a certain subject, in pity to Sir Charles: none had he for his poor niece. No doubt but he thought he was obliging me; and that my objection was only owing to *femality*, as he calls it; a word I don’t like; I never heard it from Sir Charles.

My aunt was not at all pleased with

* The prison of Mary Queen of Scots.

† The seat of Earl Fitzwilliams.

his motion. She wished, as I had done, that he would not interfere in these *nice* matters. He took offence at the exclusion, because of the word *nice*. She said, he was too precipitating, a great deal: she did not doubt but Sir Charles would be full early in letting me know his expectations.

She spoke more decisively than she used to do. He cannot bear her chidings, though ever so gentle. I need not tell you, that he both loves and reveres her; but, as one of the lords of the creation, is apt to be jealous of his prerogatives. You used to be diverted with his honest particularities.

‘What an *ignoramus* you women and girls make of me, dame Selby!’ said he. ‘I know nothing of the world, nor of men and women, that’s certain. I am always to be *documented* by you and your *minxes*! but the *deuce* take your *niceties*: you don’t, you can’t, poor souls as you are, distinguish *men*. You must all of you go on in one *rig-my-roll* way; in one beaten track. Who the *deuce* would have thought it needful, when a girl and we all were wishing till our very hearts were *bursting*, for this man, when he was not in his own power, that you must now come with your *hums*, and your *bazes*, and the whole *circum-roundabouts* of female nonsense, to *stave-off* the point of your hearts and souls are set upon? I remember, dame Selby, though so long ago, how you treated your future lord and master, when you *prank’d* it as a lady and mistress. You vexed my very soul, I can tell you that! And often and often, when I left you, I swore bitterly, that I never would come again as a lover—though I was a poor forsworn wretch—God forgive me!’

‘My dear Mr. Selby, you should not remember past things. You had very odd ways—I was afraid, for a good while, of venturing with you at all.’

‘Now, dame Selby, I have you at a *wby-not*, or I never had; though, by the way, your *un-evenness* increased my oddness.—But what oddness is in Sir Charles Grandison? If he is not *even*, neither you nor I were ever *odd*. What reason is there for *him* to run the *female gauntlet*? I pity the excellent man; remem-

bering how I was formerly vexed myself—I hate this *shilly-shally* fooling; this *know-your-mind* and not know-your-mind nonsense. As I hope to *live and breathe*, I’ll, I’ll, I’ll blow you all up, without *gunpowder* or *oatmeal*, if an honest gentleman is thus to be fooled with; and after such a letter too from his friend Jeronymo, in the names of the whole family. Lady G. for my money!’—[“Ah,” thought I, “Lady G. gives better advice than the even *wishes* to know how to take!”] ‘I like her notion of parallel lines.—Sir Charles Grandison is none of your *gew-gaw whip-jacks*, that you know not where to have. But I tell you, dame Selby, that neither you nor your niece know how, with your *fine* souls, and *fine* sense, to go out of the common *femality path*, when you get a man into your gin, however superior he is to common *infrangements*, and low chicanery, and *dull* and *cold* forms, as Sir Charles properly called them, in his address to the little *pug’s face*. [I do love her, with all her pretty ape’s tricks: for, what are you all, but, right or wrong, apes of one another?] And do you think, with *all your wisdom*, he sees not through you? He does; and, as a wise man, must despise you all, with your *femalities* and *forsooths*.’

‘No femality, Mr. Selby, is designed—No—’

‘I am impatient, dame Selby, light of my eye, and dear to my heart and soul, as you are; I will take my own way, in this. I have no mind that the two dearest creatures in the world, to me, should render themselves *despicable* in the eyes of a man they want to think highly of them. And here if I put in, and say but a wry word, as you think it—I am to be called to account!’

‘My dear, did you not begin the subject?’ said my aunt.

‘I am to be closetted, and to be *documentized*,’ proceeded he—‘Not another word of your *documentations*, dame Selby; I am not in a humour to bear them: I will take my own way—And that’s enough.’

And then, I suppose, he stuck his hands in his sides, as he does when he is good-humouredly angry; and my aunt,

aunt, at such times, gives up till a more convenient opportunity; and then she always carries her point, (And why? Because she is always reasonable;) for which he calls her a *Parthian* woman.

I heard her say, as he stalked out royally, repeating, that he would take his own way; 'I say no more, Mr. Selby—Only consider—'

'Oy, and let Harriet consider, and do *you* consider, dame Selby: Sir Charles Grandison is not a common man.'

I did not let my aunt know that I heard this speech of my uncle: she only said to me, when she saw me, 'I have had a little debate with your uncle; we must do as well as we can with him, my dear. He means well.'

THURSDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 19.

AFTER breakfast, first one, then another, dropt away, and left only Sir Charles and me together. Lucy was the last that went; and the moment she was withdrawn, while I was thinking to retire to dress, he placed himself by me: 'Think me not abrupt, my dearest Miss Byron,' said he, 'that I take almost the only opportunity which has offered of entering upon a subject that is next my heart.'

I found my face glow. I was silent. 'You have given me hope, Madam: all your friends encourage that hope. I love, I revere, your friends. What I have now to petition for, is, a confirmation of the hope I have presumed upon. CAN you, Madam, (the female delicacy is more delicate than that of man *can* be) unequally as you may think yourself circumstanced with a man who owns that once he could have devoted himself to another lady; CAN you say, that the man before you is the man whom you *can*, whom you *do*, prefer to any other?'

He stopt; expecting my answer.

After some hesitations—'I have been accustomed, Sir,' said I, 'by those friends whom you so *deservedly* value, to speak nothing but the simplest truth. In an article of this moment, I should be inexcusable if—'

I stopt. His eyes were fixed upon my face. For my life I could not speak; yet wished to be able to speak.

'If—If *what*, Madam?' and he snatched my hand, bowed his face upon it, held it there, not looking up to mine. I could then speak—'If thus urged, and by SIR CHARLES GRANDISON—I did not speak my heart—I answer—Sir—I CAN—I DO.'

I wanted, I thought, just then, to shrink into myself.

He kissed my hand with fervour; dropt down on one knee; again kissed it—'You have laid me, Madam, under everlasting obligation: and will you permit me before I rise—loveliest of women, will you permit me, to beg an early day?—I have many affairs on my hands; many more in design, now I am come, as I hope, to settle in my native country for the rest of my life. My chief glory will be, to behave commendably in the *private* life. I wish not to be a *publick* man; and it must be a very particular call, for the service of my king and country united, that shall draw me out into publick notice. Make me, Madam, soon the happy *husband* I hope to be.' I prescribe not to you the time: but you are above empty forms. May I presume to hope, it will be before the end of a month to come?'

He had forgot himself. He said, he would not prescribe to me.

After some involuntary hesitations—'I am afraid of nothing so much, just now, Sir,' said I, 'as appearing, to a man of your honour and penetration, affected. Rise, Sir, I beseech you! I cannot bear—'

'I will, Madam, and rise as well as kneel, to thank you, when you have answered a question so very important to my happiness.'

Before I could resume, 'Only believe me, Madam,' said he, 'that my urgency is not the insolent urgency of one who imagines a lady will receive as a *compliment* his impatience. And if you have no scruple that you think of high importance, add, I beseech you, to the obligation you have laid him under to your condescending goodness, (and add with that frankness of heart which has distinguished you in my eyes above all women) the very high one, of an early day.'

I looked down—I could not look up.

—I was



Stothard del.

Burrell sculp.



—I was afraid of being thought affected—Yet how could I so soon think of obliging him?

He proceeded—‘You are silent, Madam!—Propitious be your silence! Allow me to enquire of your *aunt*, for your kind, your condescending acquiescence: I will not now urge you farther: I will be all hope.’

‘Let me say, Sir, that I must not be precipitated.’

‘These are very early days.’

Much more was in my mind to say; but I hesitated—I could not speak. Surely, my dear ladies, it was too early an urgency. And can a woman be wholly unobservant of custom, and the laws of her sex?—Something is due to the fashion in our dress, however absurd that dress might have appeared in the last age, (as theirs do to us) or may in the next: and shall not those customs which have their foundation in modesty, and are characteristic of the gentler sex, be intitled to excuse, and more than excuse?

He saw my confusion. ‘Let me not, my dearest life, distress you,’ said he. ‘Beautiful as your emotion is, I cannot enjoy it, if it give you pain. Yet is the question so important to me; so much is my heart concerned in the favourable answer I hope for from your goodness; that I must not let this opportunity slip, except it be your pleasure that I attend your determination from Mrs. Selby’s mouth. —Yet *that* I chuse not, neither; because I presume for more favour from your own, than you will, on cold deliberation, allow your aunt to shew me. Love will plead for it’s faithful votary in a single breast, when consultation on the supposed fit and unfit, the object absent, will produce delay. But I will retire for two moments. You shall be my prisoner mean time. Not a soul shall come in to interrupt us, unless it be at your call. I will return and receive your determination; and if that be the fixing of my happy day, how will you rejoice me!’

While I was debating within myself, whether I should be angry or pleased, he returned, and found me walking about the room—‘Soul of my hope,’ said he, taking with reverence my hand; ‘I now presume that you *can*, that you *will*, oblige me.’

‘You have given me no time, Sir: but let me request, that you will not expect an answer, in relation to the early day you *so* early ask for, till after the receipt of your next letters from Italy. You see how the admirable lady is urged; how reluctantly she has given them but *distant* hopes of complying with their wishes. I should be glad to wait for the next letters; for those, at least, which will be an answer to yours, acquainting them, that there is a woman with whom you think you could be happy. I am earnest in this request, Sir. Think it not owing to affectation.’

‘I acquiesce, Madam. The answer to those letters will soon be here. It will, indeed, be some time before I can receive a reply to that I wrote in answer to Jeronymo’s last letter. I impute not affectation to my dearest Miss Byron. I can easily comprehend your motive: it is a generous one. But it befits me to say, that the next letters from Italy, whatever may be their contents, can *now* make no alteration on my part. Have I not declared myself to your friends, to you, and to the world?’

‘Indeed, Sir, they *may* make an alteration on mine, highly as I think of the honour Sir Charles Grandison does me by his good opinion. For, pardon me, should the most excellent of women think of resuming a place in your heart—’

‘Let me interrupt you, Madam.—It cannot *be* that Lady Clementina, proceeding, as she has done, on motives of piety, zealous in her religion, and all her relations now earnest in another man’s favour, can alter her mind. I should not have acted with justice, with gratitude, to her, had I not tried her steadfastness by every way I could devise: nor in justice to *both* ladies, would I allow myself to apply for your favour, till I had *her* resolution confirmed to me under her own hand after my arrival in England. But were it *now* possible that she should vary, and were you, Madam, to hold your determination in my favour suspended; the consequence would be this: I should never, while that suspense lasted, be the husband of *any* woman on earth.’

‘I hope, Sir, you will not be disappointed.’

‘pleased. I did not think you would
‘so soon be so *very* earnest. But this,
‘Sir, I say, let me have reason to
‘think, that my happiness will not be
‘the misfortune of a more excellent
‘woman, and it shall be my endea-
‘vour to make the man happy who
‘only can make me so.’

He clasped me in his arms with an
ardour—that displeased me not—on re-
flection—But at the time startled me.
He then thanked me again on one knee.
I held out the hand he had not in his,
with intent to raise him; for I could
not speak. He received it as a token
of favour; kissed it with ardour; arose;
again pressed my cheek with his lips.
I was too much surprized to repulse
him with anger: but was he not too
free? Am I a prude, my dear? in
the odious sense of the absurd word,
I am sure I am not; but in the best
sense, as derived from *prudence*, and
used in opposition to a word that de-
notes a worse character, I own myself
one of those who would wish to restore
it to its natural respectable signifi-
cation, for the sake of virtue; which, as
Sir Charles himself once hinted*, is
in danger of suffering by the abuse of
it; as religion once did, by that of the
word *puritan*.

Sir Charles, on my making towards
the door that led to the stairs, with-
drew with such a grace, as shewed he
was capable of recollection.

Again I ask, was he not too free?
I will tell you how I judge that he
was. When I came to conclude my
narrative to my aunt and Lucy, of all
that passed between him and me, I
blushed, and could not tell them how
free he was. Yet you see, ladies, that
I can write it to you.

Sir Charles, my uncle, and Mr.
Deane, took a little walk, and return-
ed just as dinner was ready. My uncle
took me aside, and whispered to me;
‘I am glad at my heart and soul the
‘ice is broken. This is the man of
‘true spirit—*Adsbear*, Harriet, you
‘will be Lady Grandison in a fort-
‘night, at farthest, I hope. You
‘have had a charming *confabulation*,
‘I doubt not. I can guess you have,
‘by Sir Charles’s declaring himself
‘more and more delighted with you.
‘And he owns, that he put the ques-

tion to you.—Hay, Harriet!—Smil-
ing in my face.

Every one’s eyes were upon me.
Sir Charles, I believe, saw me look as
if I were apprehensive of my uncle’s
raillery. He came up to us: ‘My
‘dear Miss Byron,’ said he, in my
uncle’s hearing. ‘I have owned to
‘Mr. Selby the request I presumed to
‘make you. I am afraid that he, as
‘well as you, think me too bold and
‘forward. If, Madam, *you* do, I ask
‘your pardon: my hopes shall always
‘be controuled by your pleasure.’

This made my uncle complaisant to
me. I was re-assured. I was pleased
to be so seasonably relieved.

FRIDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 20.

‘You must not, my dear ladies,’ ex-
pect me to be so *very* minute: if I am,
must I not lose a hundred charming
conversations? One, however, I will
give you a little particularly.

Your brother desired leave to attend
me in my dressing-room.—But how can
I attempt to describe his air, his man-
ner, or repeat the thousand agreeable
things he said? Insensibly he fell into
talking of future schemes, in a way
that punctilio itself could not be dis-
pleased with.

He had been telling me, that our
dear Mr. Deane, having been affected
by his last indisposition, had desired
my uncle, my aunt, and him, to per-
mit him to lay before them the state of
his affairs, and the kind things he in-
tended to do by his own relations; who,
however, were all in happy circumstan-
ces. After which, he insisted upon Sir
Charles’s being his sole executor, which
he scrupled; desiring that some other
person should be joined with him in the
trust: but Mr. Deane being very ear-
nest on this head, Sir Charles said,
‘I hope I know my own heart: my
‘dear Mr. Deane, you must do as you
‘please.’

After some other discourse, ‘I sup-
‘pose,’ said I, ‘the good man will not
‘part with us till the beginning of
‘next week.’

‘Whenever you leave him,’ an-
swered he, ‘it will be to his regret; it
‘may, therefore, as well be soon: but
‘I am sorry, methinks, that he, who
‘has qualities which endear him to

every one, should be so much alone as he is here. I have a great desire, when I can be so happy as to find myself a settled man, to draw into my neighbourhood friends who will dignify it. Mr. Deane will, I hope, be often our visiter at the Hall. The love he bears to his dear god-daughter will be his inducement; and the air and soil being more dry and wholesome than this so near the fens, may be a means to prolong his valuable life.

'Dr. Bartlett,' continued he, 'has already carried into execution some schemes which relate to my indigent neighbours, and the lower class of my tenants. How does that excellent man revere Miss Byron!—My Beauchamp, with our two sisters and their lords, will be often with us. Your worthy cousin Reeves's, Lord W. and his deserving lady, will also be our visitors, and we theirs, in turn. The Mansfield family are already within a few miles of me: and our Northamptonshire friends!—Visitors and visited—What happiness do I propose to myself and the beloved of my heart!—And if (as you have generously wished) the dear Clementina may be happy, at least not unhappy, and her brother Jeronimo recover; what, in this world, can be wanting to crown our felicity?'

Tears of joy strayed down my cheek, unperceived by me, till they fell upon his hand, as it had mine in it. He kissed them away. I was abashed. 'If my dear Miss Byron permit me to go on, I have her advice to ask.'—I bowed my assent. My heart throbb'd with painful joy: I could not speak.

'Will it not be too early, Madam, to ask you about some matters of domestic concern? The lease of the house in St. James's Square is expired. Some difficulties are made to renew it, unless on terms which I think unreasonable. I do not easily submit to imposition. Is there any thing that you particularly like in the situation of that house?'

'Houses, Sir, nay, countries, will be alike to me, in the company of those I value.'

'You are all goodness, Madam. I will leave it to my sisters, to enquire after another house. I hope you will allow them to consult you as any one

may offer. I will write to the owner of my present house, (who is solicitous to know my determination, and says he has a tenant ready, if I relinquish it) that it will be at his command in three months time. When my dear Miss Byron shall bless me with her hand, and our Northamptonshire friends will part with her, if she pleases, we will go directly to the Hall.'

I bowed, and intended to look as one who thought herself obliged.

'Refrain, check me, Madam, whenever I seem to trespass on your goodness. Yet how shall I forbear to wish you to hasten the day that shall make you wholly mine?—You will the rather allow me to wish it, as you will then be more than ever your own mistress; though you have always been generously left to a discretion that never was more deservedly trusted to. Your will, Madam, will ever comprehend mine.'

'You leave me, Sir, only room to say, that if gratitude can make me a merit with you, *that* began with the first knowledge I had of you: and it has been increasing ever since.—I hope I never shall be ungrateful.'

Tears again strayed down my cheek. Why did I weep?

'Delicate sensibility!' said he. He clasped his arms about me—But instantly withdrew them, as if recollecting himself—'Pardon me, Madam! Admiration will sometimes mingle with reverence. I must express my gratitude as a man.—May my happy day be not far distant, that I may have no bound to my joy!'—He took my hand, and again pressed it with his lips. 'My heart, Madam,' said he, 'is in your hand: you cannot but treat it graciously.'

Just then came in my Nancy, [Why came she in?] with the general expectation of us to breakfast.—Breakfast!—'What,' thought I, 'is breakfast!'—'The world, my Charlotte!—But hush!—Withdraw, fond heart, from my pen! Can the *dearest* friend allow for the acknowledgment of impulses so fervent, and which, writing to the moment, as I may say, the moment only can justify revealing?'

He led me down stairs, and to my very seat, with an air so noble, yet so tender—My aunt, my Lucy, every

body—looked at me. My eyes betrayed my hardly-conquered emotion.

Sir Charles's looks and behaviour were so respectful, that every one addressed me as a person of increased consequence. Do you think, Lady G. that Lord G.'s and Lord L.'s respectful behaviour to their wives do not as much credit to their own hearts, as to their ladies? How happy are you that you have recollected yourself, and now encourage not others, by your example, to make a jest of a *husband's* love!—Will you forgive me the recollection, for the sake of the joy I have in the reformation?

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I HAVE read this letter, just now, to my aunt and Lucy, all except this last saucy hint to you. They clasped me each in their arms, and said, they admired *him*, and were pleased with *me*.—Instruct me, my dear ladies, how to behave in such a manner, as may shew my gratitude, (I had almost said, my love;) yet not go so very far, as to leave the day, the hour, every thing, to his determination!

But, on reading to my aunt and Lucy what I had written, I was ashamed to find, that when he was enumerating the friends he hoped to have near him, or about him, I had forgot to remind him of my Emily. Ungrateful Harriet!—But don't tell her that I was so absorbed in self, and that the conversation was so interesting, that my heart was more of a passive than an active machine at the time. I will soon find, or make, an occasion to be her solicitefs. You once thought that Emily, for her *own* sake, should not live with us; but her heart is set upon it. Dear creature! I love her! I will soothe her!—I will take her to my bosom!—I will, by my sisterly compassion, entitle myself to all her confidence: she shall have all mine. Nor shall her guardian suspect her.—I will be as faithful to her secret, as you and Lady L. were (thankfully I remember it!) to mine. 'Do you think, my dear, that if Lady Clementina [I bow to her merit whenever I name her to myself] had had such a true, such a soothing friend, to whom she could have revealed the secret that oppressed her noble heart, while her passion was

young, it would have been attended with such a deprivation of her reason, as made unhappy all who had the honour of being related to her?

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O MY dear Lady G.! I am undone! Emily is undone! We are all undone!—I am afraid so!—My intolerable carelessness!—I will run away from him!—I cannot look him in the face!—But I am most, most of all, concerned for my Emily!

Walking in the garden with Lucy, I dropt the last sheet, marked 6, of this letter*.

I missed it not till my aunt this minute told me, that Sir Charles, crossing the walk which I had just before quitted, stopped, and took up a paper. Immediately my heart misgave me. I took out my letter: I thought I had it all—But the fatal, fatal sixth sheet, is wanting: that must be what he stooped for, and took up. What shall I do!—Sweet Emily! now will he never suffer you to live with him. All my own heart laid open too!—Such prattling also!—I cannot look him in the face!—How shall I do, to get away to Shirley Manor, and hide myself in the indulgent bosom of my grandmamma?—What affectation, after this, will it be, to refuse him his day!—But he demands audience of me. Could any thing (O the dear Emily!) have happened more mortifying to *your*

HARRIET BYRON?

LETTER XXVI.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, OCT. 20.

I Was all confusion, when he, looking as unconscious as he used to do, entered my dressing-room. I turned my face from him. He seemed surprized at my concern. 'Miss Byron, 'I hope, is well. Has any thing 'disturbed you, Madam?'

'My paper, my paper! You took 'it up—For the world I would not—'The poor Emily!—Give it me; give 'it me!' and I burst into tears.

Was there ever such a fool? What business had I to name Emily?

* Beginning, 'Why did I weep?' p. 809.

He took it out of his pocket. 'I came to give it to you;' putting it into my hand. 'I saw it was your writing, Madam; I folded it up immediately; it has not been unfolded since: not a single sentence did I permit myself to read.'

'Are you sure, Sir, you have not read it; nor any part of it?'

'Upon my honour, I have not!'

I cleared up at once. 'A blessed reward,' thought I, 'for denying my own curiosity, when pressed by my Charlotte to read a letter clandestinely obtained!'

'A thousand, thousand thanks to you, Sir, for not giving way to your curiosity. I should have been miserable, perhaps, for months, had you read that paper.'

'You now indeed raise my curiosity, Madam. Perhaps your generosity will permit you to gratify it; though I should not have forgiven myself had I taken advantage of such an accident.'

'I will tell you the contents of some part of it, Sir.'

'Those which relate to my Emily, if you please, Madam. "The poor Emily," you said.—You have alarmed me. Perhaps I am not to be quite happy!—What of poor Emily! Has the girl been imprudent?—Has she already—What of the poor Emily?'

And his face glowed with impatience.

'No harm, Sir, of Emily!—Only a request of the dear girl!' [What better use could I have made of my fright, Lady G.?] 'But the manner of my mentioning it, I would not for the world you should have seen.'

'No harm, you say!—I was afraid, by your concern for her—But can you love her, as well as ever?—If you can, Emily must still be good.'

'I can. I do.'

'What then, dear Madam, of poor Emily! Why "poor Emily?"'

'I will tell you. The dear girl makes it her request, that I will procure of you one favour for her: her heart is set upon it.'

'If Emily continue good, she shall only signify her wish, and I will comply. If I am not a father to her, is she not fatherless?'

'Allow me, Sir, to call you kind! good! humane!'

'What I want of those qualities, Miss Byron will teach me, by her example—But what would my Emily?'

'She would live with her guardian, Sir—'

'With me, Madam?—And with you, Madam?—Tell me, own to me, Madam, and with you?'

'That is her wish.'

'And does my beloved Miss Byron think it a right wish to be granted? Will she be the instructing friend, the exemplary sister, now in that time of the dear girl's life, when the eye, rather than the judgment, is usually the director of a young woman's affections?'

'I love the sweet innocent: I could wish her to be always with me.'

'Obliging goodness! Then is one of my cares over. A young woman, from fourteen to twenty, is often a troublesome charge upon a friendly heart. I could not have asked this favour of you. You rejoice me by mentioning it. Shall I write a letter, in your name, to Emily?'

'There, Sir, are pen, ink, and paper.'

'In your name, Madam?'

I bowed assent; mistrusting nothing.

He wrote; and doubling down, shewed me only these words—'My dear Miss Jervois, I have obtained for you the desired favour—Will you not continue to be as good as you have hitherto been?—That is all which is required of my Emily, by her ever affectionate—'

I instantly wrote, 'Harriet Byron.'

—'But, Sir, what have you doubled down?'

'Charming confidence! What must he be, who could attempt to abuse it?—Read, Madam, what you have signed.'

I did. How my heart throbbed.

'And could Sir Charles Grandison,' said I, 'thus intend to deceive? Could Sir Charles Grandison be such a plotter? Thank God you are not a bad man.'

After the words, 'I have obtained for you the desired favour,' followed these—

'You must be very good. You must resolve to give me nothing but joy; joy equal to the love I have for you, and to the sacrifice I have made

‘to oblige you. Go down, my love, as soon as you can, to Grandison Hall: I shall then have one of the sisters of my heart there to receive me. If you are there in less than a fortnight, I will endeavour to be with you in a fortnight after. I sacrifice, at least, another fortnight’s punctilio to oblige you. And will you not continue to be as good as you have *hitherto* been? That is all which is required of my Emily, by, &c.’

‘Give me the paper, Sir;’ holding out my hand for it.

‘Have I forfeited my character with you, Madam?’—holding it back, with an air of respectful gaiety.

‘I must consider, Sir, before I give you an answer.’

‘If I have, why should I not send it away; and, as Miss Byron cannot deny her hand-writing, hope to receive the benefit of the supposed deceit? Especially as it will answer so many good ends: for instance, your own wishes in Emily’s favour; as it will increase your own power of obliging; and be a means of accelerating the happiness of a man, whose principal joy will be in making you happy.’

Was it not a pretty piece of deceit, Lady G.? Shall I own, that my heart was more inclined to reward than punish him for it? And really, for a moment, I thought of the impracticableness of complying with the request, as if I was seriously pondering upon it, and was sorry it was not practicable. ‘To get away from my dear Mr. Deane,’ thought I, ‘who will not be in haste to part with us; some female buxlings to be got over on our return to Selby House; proposal renewed, and a little paraded with;’ [Why, Lady G. did you tell me that our sex is a foolish sex?] ‘the preparation; the ceremony; the awful ceremony! the parting with the dearest and most indulgent friends that ever young creature was blessed with; and to be at Grandison Hall, all within one month!’—Was there ever so precipitating a man?

I believe verily, that I appeared to him as if I were considering of it; for he took advantage of my silence, and urged me to permit him to send away to Emily what he had written; and

offered to give reasons for his urgency:

‘Written as it is,’ said he, ‘by me, and signed by you, how will the dear girl rejoice at the consent of both, under our hands! And will she not take the caution given her in it from me, as kindly as she will your mediation in her favour?’

‘Sure, Sir,’ said I, ‘you expect not a serious answer!’—Upon his honour, he did—‘How, Sir! Ought you not rather to be thankful, if I forgive you, for letting me see that Sir Charles Grandison was capable of such an artifice, though but in a jest; and for his reflection upon me, and perhaps meant on our sex, as if decorum were but *punctilio*? I beg my Lucy’s pardon,’ added I, ‘for being half angry with her when she called you a *designer*.’

‘My dearest creature,’ said he, ‘I am a designer. Who, to accelerate a happiness on which that of his whole life depends, would not be innocently so? I am, in this instance, selfish; but I glory in my selfishness; because I am determined, if power be lent me, that every one, within the circle of our acquaintance, shall have reason to congratulate you as one of the happiest of women.’

‘Till this artifice, Sir, shewed me what you *could* do, were you not a man of the strictest honour, I had nothing but assistance in you. Give me the paper, Sir; and, for your own sake, I will destroy it, that it may not furnish me with an argument, that there is not *one* man in the world who is to be implicitly confided in by a woman.’

‘Take it, Madam,’ (presenting it to me, with his usual gracefulness) ‘destroy it not, however, till you have exposed me as *such* a breach of confidence *deserves*, to your aunt, your Lucy—to your uncle Selby: and Mr. Deane, if you please.’

‘Ah, Sir! you know your advantages! I will not, in this case, refer to them: I could sooner rely, dearly as they love their Harriet, on Sir Charles Grandison’s justice, than on their favour, in *any* debate that should happen between him and me.’

‘There never, Madam, except in the case before us, can be room for a reference: your prudence, and my gratitude, must secure us both. Even

‘now,

'now, impatient as I am to call you mine, which makes me willing to lay hold of every opportunity to urge you for an early day, I will endeavour to subdue that impatience, and submit to your will. Yet, let me say, that if I did not think your heart one of the most laudably unreserved, yet truly delicate, that woman ever boasted, and your prudence equal, you would not have found me so acquiescent a lover, early as you *suppose* my urgency for the happy day.'

'And is it *not* early, Sir? Can Sir Charles Grandison think me punctilious?—But you will permit me to write to Miss Jervois *myself*, and acquaint her with her granted wish, if—'

'If! No *if*, Madam—Whatever you think right to be done, in this case, that do. Emily will be more particularly your ward than mine, if you condescend to take the trust upon you.'

You will be pleased, dear Lady G. to acquaint Emily with the grant of her wish: she will rejoice. God give the dear creature reason for joy; and then I shall have double pleasure in having contributed to her obtaining of it. But, on second thoughts, I will write to her myself: for I allow not that she shall see or hear read every thing I write to you.

Shall I own to you, that my grand-mamma, and aunt, and Lucy, are of your mind? They all three wish—But who can deny the dear innocent the grant of a request on which she has so long set her heart? And would it not be pity, methinks I hear the world say, some time hence, especially if any mishap (God forbid it!) should befall her, that Sir Charles Grandison, the most honourable of men, should so marry, as that a young lady of innocence and merit, and mistress of a fortune, which, it might be foreseen, would encourage the attempts of designing men, could not have lived with his wife!—Poor child!—Then would the world have shaken its wise head, (allow the expression;) and well for me if it had judged so mildly of me.

Our dear Mr. Deane, though reluctantly, has consented that we shall leave him on Monday next. We shall set out directly for Selby House, where

we propose to be the same night. My aunt and I have been urgent with him to go back with us; but he is cross, and *will* be excused.

Just now Lucy tells me, that Mr. Deane declared to my uncle, aunt, and her, that he will not visit us at Selby House till we send for him and the settlements together, which he will have ready in a week—Strange expedition! Sure they are afraid your brother will change his mind, and are willing to put it out of the poor man's power to recede! Lucy smiles at me, and is sure, she says, that she may in confidence reveal all these matters to me, without endangering my *life*. My next letter will be from Selby House.

While that life continues, my dear ladies, look upon me as assuredly *yours*,

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XXVII.

LADY G. TO MISS BYRON.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 23.

GO on, go on, with your narratives, my dear. Hitherto Caroline and I know not how either much to blame you, or totally to acquit you of *parade*, the man and his situation considered; and the state of your heart for so many months past; every one of your friends—consenting, shall I say?—*more* than consenting—*ardent*, to be related to him. Hark ye, Harriet, let me whisper you—My brother, whether he come honestly, or not, by his knowledge, I dare say, thinks not so highly of the free masonry part of marriage as you do!—You start! 'O Charlotte!' you cry—And, O Harriet! too—But, my dear girl, let my brother see, that you think (and no woman in the world does, if you don't) that the true modesty, after hearts are engaged, is to think little of parade, and much of the social happiness that awaits two worthy minds united by love, and conformity of sentiment—After all, we are silly creatures, Harriet: we are afraid of wise men. No wonder that we seldom chuse them, when a fool offers. I wish I knew the man, however, who dared to say this in my hearing.

Your grandmother Shirley is more than

than woman: my brother prodigiously admires her. I think you may trust to her judgment, if you suppose him too precipitating. Your aunt is an excellent woman: but I never knew a woman or man, who valued themselves on delicacy, and found themselves consulted upon it, but was apt to overdo the matter. Is not this a little, a *very* little, Mrs. Selby's case? Let her know, that I bid you ask this question of herself: she must be assured that I equally love and honour her; so won't be angry.

Your uncle is an odd, but a very honest Dunstable soul! Tell him, I say so; but withal, that he should leave women to act as *women*, in these matters. *What a deuce, what a pize*, would he expect perfection from them? He, whose arguments always run in the depreciating strain? If he *would*, ask him, *where* should they have it, conversing, as they are obliged to do, with men? Men for their fathers, for their brothers, for their uncles—They *must* be a little silly, had they not a *fund* of silliness in themselves—But I would not have them be most *out*, in matters where they should be most *in*.

I think, however, so does Lady L. that, so far as you have proceeded, you are tolerable; though not half so clever, as he, considering situations. Upon my word, Harriet, allowing for every thing, neither of Sir Charles Grandison's sisters expected that their brother would have made so ardent, so polite, a lover. He is so *prudent* a man, and that once had like to have been one of *your*, even *your* objections—Yet so nobly sincere—so manly. O that my ape—But come, Harriet, as men go in this age of monkeys and Sir Foplings, Lord G. (for all *you*) is not to be despised. I, as a good wife ought, will take his part, whoever runs him down. 'Where much is not given, much—' and so-forth.

I have told Emily the good news: I could not help it, though you promise to write to her.

Poor thing! she is all extasy! She is not the only one who seeks, as her greatest good, what may possibly prove her greatest misfortune. But, for her sake, for your sake, and my brother's, I hope, under your directing eye, and by prudent management, (the flame so young) a little cold water will do;

and that, if it *will* blaze, it may be directed towards Beauchamp's house.

Let me whisper you again, Harriet—Young girls, finding themselves vested with new powers, and a set of new inclinations, turn their staring eyes out of themselves; and the first man they see, they imagine, if he be a single man, and but simpers at them, they must receive him as a lover: then they return downcast for ogle, that he may ogle on without interruption. They are soon brought to write answers to letters which confess flames the writer's heart never felt. The girl doubts not her own gifts, her own consequence: she wonders that her father, mother, and other friends, never told her of these new-found excellences: she is more and more beautiful in her own eyes, as he more and more flatters her. If her parents are *a-verſe*, the girl is *per-verſe*; and the more, the less discretion there is in her passion. She adopts the word *constancy*; she declaims against *persecution*; she calls her idle flame, LOVE; a cupidity, which only was a something she knew not what to make of—and, like a wandering bee, had it not settled on this flower, would on the next, were it either bitter or sweet.

And this generally, with the thoughtless, is the beginning and progress of that formidable invader, miscalled *love*; a word very happily at hand, to help giddy creatures to talk with, and look without confusion of face on, a man telling them a thousand lies, and hoping, perhaps by illaudable means, to attain an end not in *itself* illaudable, when duty and discretion are, the one the guide, the other the gentle restraint.

But as to Emily—I depend on her *principles*, as well as on your affectionate discretion, (when you will be pleased, among ye, to permit my brother to be *actually yours*) for restraining her imagination. There never beat in female bosom an honest heart. Poor thing! she is *but* a girl! and who is the woman, or child, that looks on my brother without love and reverence?

For Emily's sake, you see, you must not have too many of your honest uncle's *circum-ronndabouts*. He makes us laugh. I love to have him angry with his dame Selby. Dear Harriet, when your heart's quite at ease, give

us the courtship of the odd soul to the *light of his eyes; his oddness, and her delicacy!* A charming contrast! You *did* help us to a little of it once*, you know. Theirs, on the woman's side, could not be a match of love at first: but who so happy as they? I am convinced, Harriet, that love on one side, and discretion on the other, is enough in conscience; and, in short, much better than love on both: for what room can there be for discretion, in the latter case? The man is guilty of a heterodoxy in love, you know, who is *prudent*, or but suspected of being so!—Ah, Harriet, Harriet, once more I say, we women are foolish creatures in our love-affairs, and know not what's best for ourselves.—In your stile—'Don't you think so, Lucy?'—Yet I admire Lucy—She got over an improperly-placed love; and now, her mad fit over, [we have *all* little or much of it; *begun*, as I told you how] she is *so* cool, *so* quiet, *so* sedate—Yet once I make no doubt, looking forward to her present happy quiescence, would have thought it a state of insipidity. Dearly do we love racketing; and, another whisper, some of us to be racketed—But not *you!* you are an exception. Yes, to be sure!—But I believe you'll think me mad.

We like my brother's little trick upon you in the billet he wrote, and which you signed, as if to Emily. You see how earnest he is, my dear. I long for his next letters from Italy. I think that is a lucky plea enough for you, if you suppose parade necessary.

We have got Everard among us again. The sorry fellow—O Harriet, had you seen him, with his hat upon his two thumbs, bowing, cringing, blushing, confounded, when first he came into my royal presence. But I, from my throne, extended the golden sceptre to him, as I knew I should please my brother by it. He sat down, when I bid him, twisted his lips, curdled his chin, hemm'd, stole a look of reverence at me, looked down when his eyes met mine; *mine* bold as innocence, *his* conscious as guilt; hemm'd again, turned his hat about; then with one of his not quite-forgotten airs of pertness, putting it under his arm, shook his ears, tried to look up; then

his eye sunk again under my broader eye.—O my dear, what a paltry creature is a man vice-bitten, and sensible of detested folly, and obligation!

Sir Charles has made a man of him, once more. His dress is as gay as ever; and, I dare say, he struts as much in it as ever, in company that knows not how he came by it. *He reformed!*—Bad habits are of the Jerusalem artichoke kind; once planted, there is no getting them out of the ground.

Our good Dr. Bartlett is also with us, at present: he is in hopes of seeing my brother in town.—In town, Harriet!—and the great affair unsolemnized!—Woe be to you, if—But let's see how you act when left to yourself. Prudent people, in others matters, are not always prudent in their own; especially in their love affairs. A little over-nicety at setting out, will carry them into a road they never intended to amble in; and then they are sometimes obliged to the *less* prudent to put them in the path they set out from. Remember, my dear, I am at hand if you bewilder yourself.

Dr. Bartlett tells us, that my brother has extricated this poor creature from his entanglements with his woman, by his interposition only by letter: some money, I suppose. The doctor desires to be silent, on the means; but hints, however, that Everard will soon be in circumstances not unhappy.

* * *

I HAVE got the doctor to explain himself. Every day produces some new instances of women's follies. What would poor battered rakes and younger brothers do, when on their last legs, were it not for good-natured widows—Aye, and sometimes for forward maids? This wretch, it seems, has acquitted himself so handsomely in the discharge of the role, which he owed to his wine-merchant's relict, and the lady was so full of acknowledgments, and obligations, and all that, for being paid but her due, that he has ventured to make love to her, as it is called; and is well received. He behaves with more spirit before her, I suppose, than he does before me.

The widow had a plain, diligent, honest man, before. She has what is

* See p. 305. & seq.

called *taste*, forsooth, or believes she has. She thinks Mr. Grandison a finer gentleman than him who left her in a condition to be thought worthy of the address of a gayer man. She prides herself, it seems, in the relation that her marriage will give her to a man of Sir Charles Grandison's character. Much *worse* reasons will have weight, when a woman finds herself inclined to change her condition. But Everard is very earnest that my brother should know nothing of the matter till all is over: so you (as I) have this piece of news in confidence. Lady L. has not been told it. His cousin, he says, who refused him his interest with Miss Mansfield, Lady W.'s sister, because he thought a farther time of probation, with regard to his avowed good resolutions, necessary, would perhaps, for the widow's sake, if applied to, *put a spoke in his wheel*.

Everard (I can hardly allow myself to call him Grandison) avows a vehement passion for the widow. She is *rich*.—When they are set out together in *taste*, as she calls it, trade, or business, her first rise, quite forgot, what a gay, what a frolick dance will she and her new husband, in a little while, lead up, on the grave of her poor, plain, despised one!

'Tis well, 'tis well, my dear Harriet, that I have a multitude of faults myself, [witness, to go no farther back, this letter] or I should despise nine parts of the world out of ten.

I find that Sir Charles, and Beauchamp, and Dr. Bartlett, correspond. Light is hardly more active than my brother, nor lightning more quick, when he has any thing to execute that must or ought to be done. I believe I told you early, that was a part of his character. You must not then wonder, or be offended, [shall I use the word *offended*, my dear?] that you, in your turn, now he has found himself at liberty to address you, should be affected by his adroitness and vivacity in your *femalities*, as uncle Selby calls them: aptly enough, I think; though I do not love that men should be so impudent, as either to abuse us, or even to find us out. You cannot always, were you to *think* him too precipitating, separate disagreeable qualities from good in the same person; since, perhaps the one is the constitutional occasion of the

others. Could he, for example, be half so useful a friend as he is, if he were to dream over a love-affair, as you would seem to have him; in other words, gape over his ripened fruit till it dropt into his yaw-yaw-yawning mouth? He'll certainly get you, Harriet, within, or near, his proposed time. Look about you: he'll have you before you know where you are. By *hook*, as the saying is, will he pull you to him, struggle as you will, (he has already got hold of you) or by *crook*; inviting, nay compelling you, by his generosity, gentle shepherd-like, to nymph as gentle. What you do, therefore, do with such a grace as may preserve to you the appearance of having it in your power to lay an obligation upon him. It is the opinion of both his sisters, that he values you more for your noble expansion of heart, and not ignorant, but generous frankness of manners, yet mingled with dignity; than for—even—your beauty, Harriet—Whether you, who are in such full possession of every grace of person, care, as a woman, to hear of that, or not. His gay parterre similitude you remember, my dear. It is my firm belief, that those are the greatest admirers of fine flowers, who love to see them in their borders, and feldomest pluck the fading fragrance. The other wretches crop, put them in their bosoms, and in an hour or two, rose, carnation, or whatever they be, after one parting smell, throw them away.

He is very busy wherever he is. At his inn, I suppose, most. But he boasts not to you, or any body, of what he does.

He writes now and then a letter to aunt Nell, and she is *so* proud of the favour—Look you here, niece; look you here!—But I shan't shew you all 'he writes.'—On go the spectacles—for she will not for the world part with the letter out of her hands. She reads one paragraph, one sentence, then another. On and off go the spectacles, while she conjectures, explains, animadverts, applauds; and so goes on till the leaves not a line unread: then folding it up carefully in its cover, puts it in her letter or ribband-case, which shall I call it? For having but few letters to put in it, the case is filled with bits and ends of ribbands, patterns, and so-forth, of all manner of colours,

colours, faded and fresh; with *intermingledoms* of goldbeaters skin, plaisters for a cut finger, for a chapt lip, a kibe, perhaps for corns; which she dispenses occasionally very bountifully, and values herself (as we see at such times by a double chin made triple) for being not unuseful in her generation. Chide me, if you will; the humour's upon me; hang me, if I care: you are only Harriet Byron, as yet. Change your name, and increase your consequence.

I have written a long letter already; and to what end? Only to expose myself, say you? True enough. But now, Harriet, to bribe you into passing a milder censure, let me tell you all I can pick up from the doctor, relating to my brother's matters. Bribe shall I call this, or gratitude, for your free communications?

Matters between the Mansfields and the Keelings are brought very forward. Hang particulars: nobody's affairs lie near my heart, but yours. The two families have already begun to visit. When my brother returns, all the gentry in the neighbourhood are to be invited, to rejoice with the parties on the occasion.

Be so kind, my dear, as to dismiss the good man, as soon as your punctilio will admit. We are contented, that, while he lays himself out so much in the service of others, he should do something for himself. You, my dear, we look upon as a high reward for his many great and good actions. But, as he is a man who has a deep sense of favours granted, and values not the blessing the more (when it *ought* to be within his reach) because it is dear, as is the case of the sorry fellows in general, I would have you consider of it—that's all.

The doctor tells me, also, that the wicked Bolton's ward is dead; and that every thing is concluded, to Sir Charles's satisfaction, with him; and the Mansfields (reinstated in all their rights) are once more a happy family.

Sir Hargrave is in a lamentable way: Dr. Bartlett has great compassion for him. Would you have *me* pity him, Harriet?—You would, you say.—Well, then, I'll try for it. As it was by his means you and we, and my brother, came acquainted, I think I *may*. He is to be brought to town,

Poor Sir Harry Beauchamp! He is past recovery. Had the physicians given him over when they first undertook him, he might, they say, have had a chance for it.

I told you, that Emily's mother was turned methodist. She has converted her husband. A strange alteration! But it is natural for such sort of people to pass from one extreme to another. Emily every now and then visits them. They are ready to worship her, for her duty and goodness. She is a lovely girl: she every day improves in her person, as well as in her mind. She is sometimes with me; sometimes with Lady L. sometimes with aunt Eleanor; sometimes with your Mrs. Reeves.—We are ready to fight for her: but you will soon rob all of us. She is preparing for her journey to you. Poor girl! I pity her. *Such* a conflict in her mind, between her love of you and tenderness for her guardian: her Anne has confessed to me, that she weeps one half of the night; yet forces herself to be lively in company—After the example of Miss Byron, she says, when she visited you at Selby House. I hope, my dear, all will be right. But to go to live with a beloved object—I don't understand it. You, Harriet, may. I never was in love, God help me!

I am afraid the dear girl does too much for her mother. As they have so handsome an annuity, 400*l.* a year, so much beyond their expectations; I think she should not give, nor should they receive any thing considerable of her, without her guardian's knowledge. She is laying out a great deal of money in new cloaths, to do you and her guardian credit—on your nuptials, poor thing! she says, with tears in her eyes—but whether of joy, or sensibility, it is hard to decide; but I believe of both.

What makes me imagine she does more than she should, is, that a week ago she borrowed fifty guineas of me; and but yesterday came to me—'I should do a very wrong thing,' said she, blushing up to the ears, 'should I ask Lady L. to lend me a sum of money till my next quarter comes due, after I made myself your debtor so lately: but if you *could* lend me thirty or forty guineas more, you would do me a great favour.'

‘My dear!’ said I; and stared at her.

‘Don’t question, don’t chide me, this one time. I never will run in debt again: I hate to be in debt. But you have bid me tell you all my wants.’

‘I will not, my love, say another word. I will fetch you fifty guineas more.’

‘More, my dear Lady G.! that is a pretty rub; but I will always for the future, be within bounds; and don’t let my guardian know it—He will kill me by his generosity; yet perhaps, in his own heart, wonder what I did with my money. If he thought ill of me, or that I was extravagant, it would break my heart.’

‘Only, my dear,’ said I, ‘remember that 400*l.* a year—Mrs. O’Hara cannot want any thing to be done for her now.’

‘Don’t call her Mrs. O’Hara! She is very good: call her my mother.’

I kissed the sweet girl, and fetched her the other fifty guineas.

I thought it not amiss to give you this hint, my dear, against she goes down to you. But do you think it right, after all, to have her with my brother and you?

Lady L. keeps close—She fasts, cries, prays, is vastly apprehensive: she makes me uneasy for her and myself. These vile men! I believe I shall hate them all. Did *they* partake—but not half so grateful as the blackbirds; they rather look big with insolence, than perch near, and sing a song to comfort the poor souls they have so grievously mortified. Other birds, as I have observed, (sparrows, in particular) sit hour and hour, he’s and she’s, in turn; and I have seen the hen, when the rogue has staid too long, *rattle* at him, while he circles about her with sweeping wings, and displayed plumage, his head and breast of various dyes, ardently shining, peep, peep, peep; as much as to say, ‘I beg your pardon, love—I was forced to go a great way off for my dinner.’—‘Sirrr-rah!’ I have thought she has said, in an unforgiving accent—‘Do your duty now’—‘Sit close—Peep, peep, peep!’—‘I will, I will, I will!’—Away she has skimmed, and returned to relieve him—when she thought fit.

Don’t laugh at us, Harriet, in our

mortified state—[‘Be gone, wretch.—’ ‘*What have I done, Madam?*’ staring! ‘What have you done!’—My sorry creature came in wheedling, court-ing, just as I was pitying two meek silters: was it not enough to vex one?] Don’t laugh at us, I say—*If you do!*—May my brother, all in good time, avenge us on *you*, prays in malice,

CHARLOTTE G.

LETTER XXVIII.

MISS BYRON, TO LADY G.

WEDNESDAY EVENING, OCT. 25:
FIE upon you, Lady G.! What a letter have you written! There is no separating the good from the bad in it! With what dangerous talents are you entrusted! and what use do you make of them! I have written two long letters, continuing my narrative of our proceedings; but I must take you to severe task for this before me; and *this* and *they* shall go together!

Wicked wit! What a foe art thou to decent cheerfulness!—In a *woman’s* hand such a weapon! What might we not expect from it, were it in a man’s? How you justify the very creatures of that sex, whom you would be thought to despise!

But you say, you would not allow in a man, the liberties you yourself take with your own sex. How can you, my dear, be so partial to your faults, yet own them to be such? Would you rank with the worst of sinners? They do just so.

I may be a fool; I may be inconsistent; I may not know how with a grace to give effect to my own wishes; I may be able to advise better than act.—Most pragmatical creatures think they can be counsellors in another’s case, while their own affairs, as my uncle would say, *lie at sixes and sevens*. But how does this excuse your freedoms with your whole sex—With the innocents of it more particularly?

Let me say, my dear, that you take odious, yes, *odious* liberties; I won’t recall the word: liberties which I cannot, though to shame you, repeat. Fie upon you, Charlotte!

And yet you say, that neither you nor Lady L. know how to blame me much;

much; though, the man considered, you will not totally acquit me of parade; and in another place, that so far as we have proceeded, we have behaved tolerably. Why, then, all this riot?—yes, riot, Charlotte? against us, and against our sex? *What*, but for riot's sake?

The humour upon you!—The humour is upon you, with a witness! Hang you, if you care!—But, my dear, it would be more to your credit, if you *did* care; and if you checked the wicked humour.—Do you think nobody but you has such talents? Fain would I lower you, since, as it is evident, you take pride in your *licence*—Forgive me, my dear—Yet I will not say half I think of your wicked wit. Think you, that there are not many who could be as smart, as surprizing, as you, were they to indulge a vein of what you call humour? Do you think your brother is not one? Would he not be too hard for you at your own weapons? Has he not convinced you that he could? But he, a *man*, can check the overflowing freedom.

But if I *have* set out wrong with your brother, I will do my endeavour to recover my path. You greatly oblige me with your conducting hand: but what necessity was there for you to lead me through briars and thorns, and to plunge me into two or three dirty puddles, in order to put me into the right path, when it lay before you in a direct line, without going a bow-shoot about?

Be pleased, however, to consider situation, on *my* side, as well as on your brother's: I might be somewhat excusable for my awkwardness, perhaps, were it considered, that the notion of a *double* or *divided* love, on the man's part, came often into my head; indeed could not be long out; the lady so superlatively excellent! his affection for her, so *allowably*, as well as *avowedly*, strong! Was it possible to avoid little jealousies, little petulances, when flights were imaginable? The more for the excellency of the man; the more for my past weakness of *so many months*? I pretend not, my dearest Charlotte, to be got above nature; I know I am a weak silly girl; I am humbled in the sense I have of his and Clementina's superior merits. True love will

ever make a person think meanly of herself, in proportion as she thinks highly of the object. Pride will be up, sometimes; but in the pull two ways, between that and mortification, a torn coat will be the consequence: and must not the *tatterdemalion* (What a new language will my uncle teach me!) then look simply?

You bid me ask my aunt—You bid me tell my uncle—Naughty Charlotte! I will ask, I will tell, them nothing. Pray write me a letter next, that I can read to *them*. I skipt this passage—Read that—'um—'um—'um—Then skipt again—'Hey-day! What's come 'to the girl?' cried my uncle: 'can 'Lady G. write what Harriet cannot 'read?' [There was a rebuke for you, Charlotte!] 'For the love of God let 'me read it.'—He bustled, laughed, shook his shoulders, rubbed his hands, at the imagination—'Some pretty 'rogue, I warrant: dearly do I love 'Lady G.—If you love me, Harriet, 'let me read;' and once he snatched one of the sheets. I boldly struggled with him for it—'For shame, Mr. 'Selby,' said my aunt.—'My dear,' said my grandmother, 'if your uncle 'is so impetuous, you must shew him 'no more of your letters.'

He then gave it up—Consider, Charlotte, what a fine piece of work we should have had with my uncle, had he read it through!

But, let me see—What are the parts of this wicked letter, for which I can sincerely thank you—O my dear, I cannot, cannot, without soiling my fingers, pick them out—Your intelligences, however, are among those which I hold for favours.

Poor Emily! that is a subject which delights, yet saddens, me—We are *laudably* fond of distinguishing merit. But your brother's is so dazzling—Every woman is one's rival. But no more of my Emily! Dear creature! the subject pains me—Yet I cannot quit it.—You ask, if, after all, I think it right that she should live with me?—What can I say? For *her* sake, perhaps, it will not: yet how is her heart set upon it! For my own sake, as there is no perfect happiness to be expected in this life, I could be content to bear a little pain, were that dear girl to be either benefited or pleased by it. In-

deed I love her, at my heart—And what is more—I love myself for so sincerely loving her.

In the wicked part of your letter; what you write of your aunt Eleanor.—But I have no *patience* with you, sinner as you are against light, and better knowledge! and derider of the infirmities, not of old maids; but of old age!—Don't you hope to live long, yourself? That worthy lady wears not spectacles, Charlotte, because she never was so happy as to be married. Wicked Charlotte! to owe such obligation to the generosity of good Lord G. for taking pity of you in time, [Were you four or five and twenty when he honoured you with his hand at St. George's church?] and yet to treat him as you do, in more places than one, in this very letter!

But I will tell you what I will do with this same strange letter—I will transcribe all the good things in it. There are many which both delight and instruct; and some morning, before I dress for the day, I will [Sad task, Charlotte! But it shall be by way of penance for some of my faults and follies!] transcribe the intolerable passages; so make two letters of it. One I will keep to shew my friends here, in order to increase, if it be possible, their admiration of my Charlotte; the bad one I will present to you. I know I shall transcribe it in a violent hurry.—Not much matter whether it be legible, or not—The *hobbling* it will cause in the reading, will make it appear worse to you, than if you could read it as glibly as you write. If half of it *be* illegible, enough will be left to make you blush for the whole, and wonder what sort of a pen it was that somebody, unknown to you, put into your standish.

After all, spare me not my ever-dear, my ever-charming friend! spare only your-*self*: don't let Charlotte run away from both G.'s. You will then be always equally sure of my admiration and love. For dearly do I love you, with all your faults; so dearly, that when I consider your faults by themselves, I am ready to arraign my heart, and to think there is more of the rogues of my Charlotte in it than I will allow of.

One punishment to you, I intend, my dear—In all my future letters, I

will write as if I had never seen this your naughty one. Indeed I am in a kind of way, faulty or not, that I cannot get out of, all at once; but as soon as I can, I will, that I may better justify my displeasure at some parts of your letter, by the observance I will pay to others. That is a sweet sentence of my Charlotte's—'Change your name, and increase your consequence.' Reflect, my dear; how naughty must you have been, that such a charming instance of goodness could not bribe to spare you *your ever affectionate and grateful*

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XXIX.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

SELEY HOUSE, TUESDAY
MORNING, OCT. 24.

MR. Deane would not go back with us. He laid a strict charge upon me, at parting, not to be punctilious.

I am *not*, my dear Lady G. Do you think I am? The men are their own enemies, if they wish *us* to be open-hearted and sincere, and are not so *themselves*. Let them enable us to depend on their candour, as much as we may on that of Sir Charles Grandison, and the women will be excusable, who shall play either the prude or the coquet with them. You will say, I am very cunning, perhaps, to form at the same time a rule *from*, and an excuse *for*, my own conduct to this excellent man: but be that as it will, it is truth.

We sent our duty last night to Shirley Manor: and expect every moment the dear parent there with us.

She is come. I will go down; and if I get her by myself, or only with my aunt and Lucy, I will tell her a thousand thousand agreeable things, which have passed since last I had her tender blessing.

WE have had this Greville and this Fenwick here. I could very well have spared them. Miss Orme came hither also, uninvited, to breakfast; a favour she often does us. I knew not, at first, how to behave to Sir Charles before her: she looked so jealous of him!

him! so cold! Under her bent brow she looked at him: 'Yes,' and 'No,' were all her answers, with an air *so* stiff!—But this reserve lasted not above a quarter of an hour. Sir Charles addressed himself to *me*, with so much respect; to *her*, with so polite a freedom; that she could not hold her shyness.

Her brow cleared up; her eyes looked larger, and more free: her buttoned-up pretty mouth opened to a smile; she answered, she asked, questions; gave her required opinion on more topics than one, and was *again* all Miss Orme.

Every body took great notice of Sir Charles's fine address to her, and were charmed with him; for we all esteem Mr. Orme, and love his sister. How pleasant it was to see the sun-shine break out in her amiable countenance, and the gloom vanishing, by degrees!

She took me out into the lesser parlour—'What a strange variable creature am I!' said she: 'how I hated this Sir Charles Grandison, before I saw him! I was vexed to find him, at first sight, answer what I had heard of him; for I was resolved to dislike him, though he had been an angel; but, ah, my poor brother!—I am afraid, that I myself shall be ready to give up his interest!—No wonder, my dear Miss Byron, that nobody else would do, when you had seen this man!—But still, let me bespeak your pity for my brother.—Would to Heaven you had not gone to London!—What went you thither for?'—

Sir Charles kindly enquired of her after Mr. Orme's health; praised him for his character; wished his recovery; and to be allowed to cultivate the friendship of so worthy a man: and all this with an air so sincere!—But good men must love one another.

* * *

Sir Charles has just now declared to my aunt, that he thinks of going up to town, or to Grandison Hall, I forget if they told me which, to-morrow or next day: perhaps he knows not *to which* himself. I was surprized. Perhaps he is tired with us. Let me recollect—*Thursday was se'n night!* Why, indeed, he has been down with us twelve days!—No less.

But he has no doubts, no suspenses,

from *us*, to keep love awake; his path is plain and smooth before him. He had demanded his day: we think we cannot immediately, and after so short a time past since his declaring himself, give it him—And why should he lose his precious time among us? I suppose he will be so *good* as to hold himself in readiness to obey *our* summons—He expects a summons from *us*, perhaps!

O my dear Lady G.! am I not perverse? I believe I am. Yet where there is room, from past circumstances, to dread a slight, though none may be intended, and truly as I honour and revere Lady Clementina, my mind is not always great enough (perhaps from consciousness of demerit) to carry itself above apprehension and petulance, noble as is the man.

My uncle is a little down upon it; and why? Because, truly, my grand-mamma has told him, that it is really too early yet to fix the day; and he reverences, as every body does, her judgment.

'But why,' he asks, 'cannot there be preparation making? Why may not something be seen *going forward*?'—

'*What!* before the day is named?' my aunt asks—As Harriet had desired to have his next letters arrive before she directly answered the question, she could *not* recede.

He went from them both greatly dissatisfied, and exclaiming against women's love of power, and never knowing how to make a right use of it.

A message from Sir Charles. He desires to attend me. I believe I shall be a little fullen; I know my heart; it is all his own; and I am *loth* to disoblige him—But he was far, far more attendant on Lady Clementina's motions; don't you think so, Lady G.? But she was all excellence—Well—But hush!—I say no more!—

* * *

I WILL give you an account of our conversation. I verily believe, that had he not touched the poor snail with too hasty a finger, which made her shrink again into her shell, I might have been brought to name the week, though not the day.

But I will not anticipate.

He entered with a very polite and affectionate air. He enquired after my health, and said, I looked not well—'Only *vexed!*' thought I.

It is impossible, I believe, to hold displeasure in the presence of a beloved object, with whom we are not mortally offended. 'My dearest Miss Byron,' said he, taking my passive hand, 'I am come to ask your advice on twenty subjects. In the first place, here is a letter from Lady G. recommending to me a house near her own.' [He gave it to me. I read it.] 'Should you, Madam, approve of Grosvenor Square?'

I was silent; you will guess how my captious folly appeared to him, by what he said to me. He respectfully took my hand—'Why so solemn, dear Madam? Why so silent? Has any thing disturbed you? Some little displeasure seems to hang upon that open countenance. Not at me, I hope?'

'Yet it is,' thought I. 'But I did not intend you should see it.—I cleared up; and, without answering his question, said, 'It is in the neighbourhood of Lady L. I hope?'

'Thank you, Madam, for that hope—It is. Nor far from your cousin Reeves's.'

'I can have no objection, Sir.'

'I will refer myself, on this subject, if you please, to my sisters, and Lord G. He values himself on his taste in houses and furniture, and will be delighted to be put into commission with my sisters on this occasion: or shall I stay till the happy day is over, and leave the choice wholly to yourself?'

'Lady G. Sir, seems pleased with the house. She writes that there is somebody else about it. It may not, then, be to be had.'

'Shall I, then, commission her to take it directly?'—'What you please, Sir.'

He bowed to me, and said, 'Then that matter is settled. And now, Madam, let me own all my arts. You would penetrate into them if I did not. You see, that the great question is never out of my view—I cannot but hope and believe, that you are above regarding mere punctilio.—Have you, my dearest Miss Byron, thought, can you think, of

'some early week, in which to fix my happy day?—Some preparation on your part, I presume, will be thought necessary: as to mine, were you to bless me with your hand next week, I should be beforehand in that particular.'

I was silent. I was considering how to find some middle way that should make non-compliance appear neither disobliging, nor affected.

He looked up at me with love and tenderness in his aspect; but, having no answer, proceeded—

'Your uncle, Madam, and Mr. Deane, will inform you, that the settlements are such as cannot be disapproved of. I expect every day some slight tokens of my affection for my dear Miss Byron, which will be adorned by the lovely wearer: I have not been so extravagant in them, as shall make her think I build on toys for her approbation. She will allow me to give her my notions on this subject. In the article of personal appearance, I think, that propriety and degree should be consulted, as well as fortune. Our degree, our fortune, Madam, is not mean; but I, who always wished for the revival of sumptuary laws, have not sought, in this article, to emulate princes. In my own dress, I am generally a conformist to the fashion. Singularity is usually the indication of something wrong in judgment. I rather, perhaps, dress too shewy, though a young man, for one who builds nothing on outward appearance: but my father loved to be dressed. In matters which regard not morals, I chuse to appear to his friends and tenants, as not doing discredit to his magnificent spirit*. I could not think it becoming, as those, perhaps, do, who have the direction of the royal stamp on the coin, to set my face the contrary way to that of my predecessor. In a word, all my father's steps, in which I could tread, I did; and have chosen rather to build upon, than demolish, his foundations.—But how does my vanity mislead me! I have vanity, Madam; I have pride, and some

* Miss Byron observes, Vol. I. Letter XXVI. that Sir Charles's dress and equipage are rather gay than plain. She little thought, at that time, that he had such a reason to give for it as he here suggests.

'consequential

“ consequential failings, which I cannot always get above: but, anxious as I ever shall be for your approbation, my whole heart shall be open to you; and every motive, every spring of action, so far as I can trace it, be it to my advantage or not, shall be made known to you. Happy the day that I became acquainted with Dr. Bartlett! He will tell you, Madam, that I am corrigible. You must perfect, by your sweet conversation, *un-coupled* with fear, what Dr. Bartlett has so happily begun; and I shall then be more worthy of you than at present I am.”

“ O, Sir, you do me too much honour! You must be my monitor. As to the ornaments you speak of, I hope I shall always look upon simplicity of manners, a grateful return to the man I shall vow to honour, and a worthy behaviour to all around me, as my principal ornaments!”

His eyes glistered. He bowed his face upon my hand, to hide, as I thought, his emotion. “ Excellent Miss Byron!” said he. Then, after a pause, “ Now let me say, that I have the happiness to find my humble application to you acceptable to every one of your friends. The only woman on earth, whom, besides yourself, I ever could have wished to call mine, and all her ever to be respected family, (pleading their *own* fakes) join their wishes in my favour; and, were you to desire it, would, I am sure, signify as much to you under their own hands. I know not whether I could so far have overcome my own scruples in behalf of your delicacy, (placing myself, as persons always ought when they hope for favour, in the granter’s place) as to supplicate you so soon as I have done, but at the earnest request of a family, and for the sake of a lady, I must ever hold dear. The world about you expects a speedy celebration. I have not, I own, been backward to encourage the expectation: it was impossible to conceal from it the motive of my coming down, as my abode was at an inn. I came with an equipage, because my pride (how great is my pride!) permitted me not to

own that I doubted.—Have you, Madam, a material objection to an early day? Be so good to inform me, if you have. I wish to remove every shadow of doubt from your heart.”

I was silent. He proceeded—

“ Let me not pain you, Madam!”—lifting my hand to his lips—“ I would not pain you for the world. You have seen the unhappy Olivia: you have, perhaps, heard her story from herself. What must be the cause upon which self-partiality cannot put a gloss? Because I knew not how (it was shocking to my nature) to repulse a lady, she took my pity for encouragement. Pity from a lady of a man, is noble—The declaration of pity from a man for a woman, may be thought a vanity bordering upon insult. Of such a nature is *not* mine.—She has some noble qualities.—From my heart, for her character’s sake, I pity Olivia; and the more for that violence of temper which she never was taught to restrain. If, Madam, you have any scruples on her account, own them: I will, for I honestly *can*, remove them.”

“ O Sir! None! None!—Not the least, on that unhappy lady’s account.”

“ Let me say,” proceeded he, “ that Olivia reveres you, and wishes you (I hope cordially, for she is afraid still of your sister-excellence) to be mine. Give me leave to boast, (it is my boast,) that though I have had pain from individuals of your sex, I can look back on my past life, and bless God that I never, from *childhood* to *manhood*, WILFULLY gave pain either to the MOTHERLY or SISTERLY heart*; nor from *manhood* to the *present hour*, to any other woman.”

“ O Sir! Sir!—What is it you call pain, if at this instant,” (and I said it with tears) “ that which your goodness makes me feel, is not so?—The dear, the excellent Clementina? What a perverseness is in her fate? She, and the *only*, could have deserved you!”

He bent his knee to the greatly honoured Harriet—“ I acknowledge with transport,” said he, “ the joy you

* See his mother’s written acknowledgment to this purpose, Vol. II. p. 244.

‘ give me by your magnanimity; such a *more* than sisterly magnanimity to that of Clementina. How nobly do you authorize my regard for *her*!—In *you*, Madam, shall I have all *her* excellences, without the abatements which must have been allowed, had she been mine, from considerations of religion and country. Believe me, Madam, that my love of her, if I know my heart, is of such a nature, as never can abate the fervour of that I vow to you. To both of you, my principal attachment was to *MIND*: yet let me say, that the *personal* union, to which you discourage me not to aspire, and the *duties* of that most intimate of all connexions, will preserve *to you* the *due* preference; as (allow me to say) it would have done to *her*, had she accepted of my vows.’

‘ O Sir! believe me incapable of affectation, of petulance, of disguise! My heart (Why should I not speak freely to Sir Charles Grandison?) is wholly yours!—It never knew another lord! I will flatter myself, that, had you never known Lady Clementina, and had she not been a prior love, you never would have had a divided heart!—What pain must you have had in the conflict! My regard for you bids me acknowledge my own vanity, in my pity for you?’

I gushed into tears—‘ You must leave me, Sir—I cannot bear the exaltation you have given me!’

I turned away my face: I thought I should have fainted.

He clasped me to his bosom; he put his cheek to mine: for a moment we neither of us could speak.

He broke the short silence. ‘ I dread the effects on your tender health, of the pain that I, or rather your own greatness of mind, gives you. Beloved of my heart!’ kissing my cheek, wet at that moment with the tears of both, ‘ forgive me!—And be assured, that *reverence* will *always* accompany my love. Will it be too much, just now, to re-urge the day that shall answer the wishes of Clementina, of her noble brothers, of all our own friends, and make you wholly mine?’

His air was so noble; his eyes shewed so much awe, yet such manly dignity,

that my heart gave way to its natural impulse—‘ Why, Sir, should I not declare my reliance on your candour? My honour, in the world’s eye, I entrust to you: but bid me not do an improper thing, lest my desire of obliging you should make me forget myself.’

Was not this a generous resignation? Did it not deserve a generous return? But he, even Sir Charles Grandison, endeavoured to make his advantage of it, letters from Italy unreceived! as if he thought my reference to those a punctilio also.

‘ What a deposit!—Your honour, Madam, is safely entrusted. Can punctilio be honour!—It is but the shadow of it. What but *that* stands against your grant of an early day?—Do not think me misled by any impatiencè to call you mine, to take an undue advantage of your concession. Is it not the happiness of *both* that I wish to confirm? And shall I suffer false delicacy, false gratitude, to take place of the true?—Allow me, Madam—But you seem uneasy—I will prolong the time I had intended to beg you would permit me to limit you to. Let me request from you the choice of some one happy day, before the expiration of the next *fourteen*.’

‘ Consider, Sir!’

‘ Nothing, Madam, happening in my behaviour to cause you to revoke the generous trust: from *abroad* there cannot.’

He looked to be in earnest in his request: was it not *almost* an ungenerous return to my confidence in him? Twelve days only had elapsed since his personal declaration; the letters from Italy which he had allowed me to wait for, unreceived; Lady D. one of the most delicate-minded of women, knowing too my preferable regard for your brother: and must not the *hurry* have the worse appearance for *that*? No preparation yet thought of: my aunt thinking his former urgency, greatly as she honours him, rather *too* precipitating—My spirits, hurried before, were really affected. Do not call me a silly girl, dearest Lady G. I endeavoured to speak; but, at the instant, could not distinctly.

‘ I am sorry, Madam, that what I have said has so much disturbed you.’

you. Surely some one day in the fourteen—'

'Indeed, indeed, Sir,' interrupted I, 'you have surprized me: I did not think you could have wished *so* to limit me—I did not expect—'

'What, loveliest of women! will you *allow* me to expect? The day is still at your own choice. Revoke not, however, the generous concession till Mrs. Shirley, Mrs. Selby, and our Lucy, are consulted. Will you, dearest Madam, be determined by them?'

'Say not, Sir, to any of them, after such an instance of my confidence in you—for the honour of your accustomed generosity, say it not—that you could so limit me; and I will endeavour to forget it.'

'Consider, my dearest Miss Byron—'
'I believe my grandmamma is come,'

said I.

'They are all goodness: they will indulge me. I will tell you, Madam, taking my hand, and seating me, 'what is my intention, if you approve of it. All the country suppose that my application for your favour meets with encouragement; they expect, as I have told you, a speedy solemnization. I took my lodgings at some little distance from you, at a place of publick entertainment; perhaps, (pardon me, Madam, for the sake of my ingenuousness) with some view, that the general talk,' [See, Lady G.! it is well he is a good man!] 'would help to accelerate my happy day: but, Madam, to continue my daily visits from thence, when my happiness is supposed to be near, will not perhaps *look* so well.' [We are to be studious for looks, it seems]—'Indeed I would not be thought to despise the world's opinion: the world, when it will have patience to stay till it is master of facts, is not always wrong; it can judge of others, better than it can act itself—The change of my lodging to others in this house, or in Shirley Manor, will not perhaps be allowed till I am blessed with the hand of the dearest relation of both: I therefore think of going up to town *declaredly* (Why not?) to prepare for our nuptials; and to return near the time agreed upon for the happy celebration. Then will either this house,

or Shirley Manor, be allowed to receive the happiest of men.'

He stooped; I was silent. He proceeded, looking tenderly, yet smilingly, in my downcast face, still holding my hand—'And now, dearer to me than life, let me ask you—Can you think it an unpardonable intrusion on your condescending goodness, that I make the time of my return to my Miss Byron not over tedious?—Fourteen days, were you to go to the extent of them, would be an age to me, who have been for so many days as happy as a man in expectation can be. I do assure you, Madam, that I could not have had the insolence to make you a request, which I rather expected to be forgiven, than complied with. I thought myself not ungenerous to the confidence you reposed in me, that I gave you *so much* time. I thought of a *week*, and began apologizing, lest you should think it too short; but, when I saw you disturbed, I concluded with the mention of a *fortnight*. My dearest creature, think me not unreasonable in my expectations of your compliance—'

'What, Sir! in a fortnight?'

'As to preparations, Madam, you know the pleasure my sisters will have in executing any commissions you will favour them with on so joyful an occasion. Charlotte had not *so much* time for preparation. But were *not* every thing to be in readiness by the chosen day, there will be time enough for all you wish, before you would, perhaps, chuse to see company.—Consider, my dearest life, that if you regard punctilio merely; punctilio has no determinate end: punctilio begets punctilio. You may not half a year hence imagine *that* to be sufficiently gratified. And allow me to say, that I cannot give up my hope till your grandmamma and aunt decide that I ought.'

'How, Sir!—And can you thus adhere?—But I will allow of your *reference*—'

'And be determined by their advice, Madam?'

'But I will not trust you, Sir, with pleading your own cause.'

'Are you not arbitrary, Madam?'

'In this point, if I am, ought I *not* to be so?'

'Yes, if you will *resume* a power you had so generously resigned.'

'May I not, Sir, when I think it over-strained in the hands of the person to whom, in better hopes, it was delegated?'

'That, dear lady, is the point to be tried. You consent to refer the merits of it to your grandmamma and aunt?'

'If I *do*, Sir, you ought not to call me *arbitrary*.'

'It is gracious,' bowing, 'in my sovereign lady, to submit her absolute will and pleasure to arbitration.'

'Very well, Sir!—But will you not submit to *my own* award?'

'Tell me, dear Miss Byron, tell me, if I *do*, how generous will you be?'

'I was far from intending—'

'*Was*, Madam—I hope I may dwell upon that word, and repeat my question?'

'*Am*, Sir. I *am* far from intending—'

'No more, dear Madam. I appeal to another tribunal.'

'Well, Sir, I will endeavour to recollect the substance of this conversation, and lay it in writing before the judges you have named. Lucy shall be a third.'

'You will permit me, Madam, to see your state of the case, before you lay it before the judges?'

'No, Sir. None but they must see it, till it makes part of a letter to Lady G. who then shall shew it only to Lady L.'

'It is the harder to be thus prescribed to, my dear Miss Byron, because—'

'What, Sir, in my day?'

'That was what I was going to urge, because *mine* will never come. Every day, to the end of my life, will be yours.' [Dear man!]'—'Only, Sir, as I *deserve* your kindness: I wish not for it on other terms. And you shall be then sole judge of my deserts. I will not appeal to any other tribunal.'

He gracefully bowed. 'I think,' said he, smiling, 'I must withdraw my intended appeal: I am half afraid of my judges; and perhaps ought to rely wholly on your goodness.'

'No, no, Sir! Your *intention* is your *act*. In *that* sense you have appealed to Cæsar*.'

'I never before was in love with despotism. You mention writing to my sisters: you correspond with them, I presume, as you formerly did with *our* Lucy. Let me tell you, Madam, that you had not been *Miss Byron* FOURTEEN days after I was favoured with the sight of those letters, had I been at liberty to offer you my heart, and could I have prevailed on you to accept it. Your distress, your noble frankness of heart—'

'And let me own, Sir, as an instance of the frankness you are pleased to encourage, that gratitude for the deliverance you so nobly gave me, had as much power over *my* heart, as the openness of mine, and my distress, could have over *yours*.'

'Sweet excellence!—Complacit your generous goodness to a grateful heart; it is a grateful one; and shorten the days of your *single* power, in order to enlarge it!'

Lucy appeared, but seeing us engaged in conversation, was about to retire: but he, stepping to her, and taking both her hands—'OUR Lucy,' obligingly said he, 'you must come in—You are to be one judge of three in a certain cause, that will come before you—And I hope—'

'No prejudgings, Sir Charles,' said I—'You are not to plead at all.'

'Yet deeply interested in the event, Miss Selby!' said he.

'A bad sign, cousin Byron!' said Lucy. 'I begin already to doubt the justice of your cause.'

'When you hear it, Lucy, make, as you usually do, the golden rule yours, and I have nothing to fear.'

'I tell you, before-hand, I am inclined to favour Sir Charles. No three judges can be found, but will believe, from his character, that *he* cannot be wrong.'

'But from mine, that I may!—O my Lucy!—I did not expect this from my cousin. You must not, I think, be one of my judges.'

* * *

To this place, I have shewn my three judges. The following is their

* Alluding to Festus's answer to St. Paul, Acts xxv. 12.

determination, drawn up by the dear lady president, my grandmamma.

' SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, A-
' GAINST HARRIET BYRON. ET
' L. CONTRA.

' WE, the underwritten, do find,
' upon the case laid before us by
' the said Harriet, that in the whole
' conversation between the said Sir
' Charles and her, she has behaved
' herself with that true virgin delicacy,
' yet with that laudable unreserved-
' ness, that might be expected from
' her character, and his merits. We
' think the gentleman has the advan-
' tage of the lady in the arguments for
' the early day contended for; and if
' she had defended herself by little ar-
' tifices and disguises, we should have
' no scruple to decide against her: but
' as she has shewn, throughout the
' conversation, noble instances of ge-
' nerosity, trust reposed, and even ac-
' knowledged affection; we recom-
' mend to them both a compromise.

' We allow, therefore, Sir Charles
' Grandison to pursue his intentions
' of going up to town, *declaredly* to
' prepare for the happy day; and re-
' commend it to Harriet, in considera-
' tion of the merits of the requester,
' (who lays his whole heart open be-
' fore her, in a manner too generous
' not to meet with a like return) to
' fix as early a day as, in prudence,
' she can.

' For the rest, may the Almighty
' shower down his blessings on both!
' May all their contentions, like this,
' be those of love and true delicacy!
' May they live together many, very
' many happy years, an example of
' conjugal felicity! And may their
' exemplary virtues meet with an ever-
' lasting reward!—So prays, so sub-
' scribes,

' HENRIETTA SHIRLEY.

' MARIANNE SELBY.

' LUCY SELBY.'

To-morrow morning, when Sir Charles comes to breakfast, this paper will be presented to him by my grandmamma.

I wonder whether Sir Charles writes to Dr. Bartlett an account of what

passes here. If he does, what would I give to see his letters! and, particularly, what he thinks of the little delays he meets with!—But do, dear Lady G. acquit me of affectation and parade. Indeed it is not *that*. I hope he himself acquits me, and censures himself; for, upon my word, he is unreasonably hasty.

I could not but express a little curiosity about his hint of Lady Olivia's favourable opinion of me, though not at the time; and he was so good as to shew me, and my grandmamma and aunt, a most extraordinary character which she gave me in a long letter*. I *saw* it was a long letter: I was very *Eve-ish*, my dear. Lucy said afterwards, that I did *so leer* at it; an ugly word, importing *flyness*; and, after I was angry at myself for giving her the idea that put her upon applying it, I chid her for using it.

Lady Olivia writes such high things, my dear! I blush—I did not, could not, deserve them. I always pitied her, you know; but now you cannot imagine how much more than ever I pity her. Do all of us, *indeed*, as the men say, love flattery?—I did not think I did—I shall find out all the *obliquities* of my heart, in time. I was supposed once to be so *good* a creature—as if none other were half so good!—Ah, my partial friends! you studied your Harriet in the dark; but here comes the sun darting into all the crooked and obscure corners of my heart; and I shrink from his dazzling eye; and, compared to him, (and Clementina, let me add) appear to myself *such* a nothing—

Nay, I have had the mortification, once or twice, to think myself less than the very Olivia, upon whom, but lately, secure of my mind's superiority to her mind, I looked down with a kind of proud compassion: and whence this exaltation of Olivia, and self-humiliation?—Why, from her magnifying beyond measure the poor Harriet, and yielding up her own hopes, entreating him, as she does, to address me; and that with such honourable distinction, as if my acceptance of him were doubtful, and a condescension.

I wish I could procure you a copy of what your brother read to me.—

Ah, my dear! it is very soothing to my pride!—But what is the *foundation* of that pride? Is it not my ambition to be thought worthily of by the best of men? And does not praise stimulate me to resolve to *deserve* praise? I will *endeavour* to deserve it. But, my dear, this Olivia, a fine figure herself, and loving in spite of discouragement, can praise, to the object of her love, the *person*, and still more, the *mind*, of her rival!—Is not that great in Olivia? Could I be so great, if I thought myself in danger from *her*?

LETTER XXX.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

SELBY HOUSE, WEDN. OCT. 25.

SIR Charles came not this morning till we were all assembled for breakfast. I had begun to think, whether, if I had been Sir Charles, and he had been Miss Byron, I would not have been here an hour before, expecting the decision of the judges to whom a certain cause was referred. O my dear Lady G.! how narrow-minded I am, with all my quondam heroisin! The knowledge of his past engagements with the excellent Clementina, and of his earnest wishes then to be hers, makes me, on every occasion that can be tortured into an appearance of neglect or coldness, *so* silly!—Indeed I am ashamed of myself. But all my petulance was dispelled, the instant he shone upon us.

‘Well, my dear ladies,’ said he, the moment he took his place, whisperingly to my grandmamma, (who sat between my aunt and Lucy) ‘is sentence given?’

‘It is, Sir Charles.’—He took my hand, cross my Nancy’s lap, as the fat between him and me—‘I have hopes, my dear Miss Byron,’ [from the foolishness in my looks, I suppose] ‘that you are *cast*.’

‘Have patience, Sir,’ said I—‘It is well that the best of us are not always to be our own carvers.’

He looked, Lucy said afterwards, with eyes of love upon me, and of apprehension on his judges; and the discourse turned upon indifferent subjects.

I retired as soon as breakfast was over; and he demanded his sentence.

My uncle was, as he called it, *turned out of door* before my grandmamma gave your brother the paper.

Sir Charles, read it—‘You are not serious upon it, Sir Charles?’ said my grandmamma.—‘I am infinitely obliged to you, ladies,’ replied he. ‘I love to argue with my dear Miss Byron: I must attend her, this moment.’

He sent up Sally before him, and came up. I was in my closet; and scrupled not to admit him.

‘Henceforth, my dearest dear Miss Byron,’ said he, the moment he approached me, (as I stood up to receive him) ‘I salute you undoubtedly mine.’—And he saluted me with ardour.—I knew not which way to look—So *polite* a lover, as I thought him!—Yet never man was so gracefully free!—‘It remains now, Madam,’ proceeded he, still holding my hand, ‘to put to trial your goodness to me, [“You have done that already,” thought I!] in the great question, by which I am to conduct myself for the next week, or ten days.’—“*Week or ten days!*” thought I. “Surely, Sir, you are an encroacher.”

‘You see, Sir,’ said I, when a little recovered, ‘what judges who, on such points as these, cannot err, have determined.’

‘Yes, they *can*,’ interrupted he: ‘as *ladies*, they are parties—But I submit. Their judgment must be a law to me—I will go up to town, as they advise. I cannot, however, be long absent from you. When I return, I will not put up at a publick place. Either your uncle, or your grandmother, must allow me to be their guest. This will oblige you, I hope, even for dear punctilio sake, to honour me with your hand very soon after my return.’

He paused: I was silent. His first address had put me out. ‘Remember, Madam, I said,’ resumed he, ‘that I cannot be long absent: you are above being governed by mere punctilio. Add to the obligations your generous acceptance of me has laid me under.—Why sighs my angel?’ [It was, my dear Lady G. an involuntary sigh!—‘For the world, I would not give you either sensible or lasting pain. But if the same circumstances would make your nomination of a

'day as painful to you, some time hence, as now, then bless me with as early a day as you CAN give me, to express myself in the words of my judges.'

'This, Sir,' said I, (but I hesitated, and looked down) 'is one of the solemn points which precede one of the most solemn circumstances of my life. You seem more in earnest for an early day than I could have expected. When I have declared that affectation has no part in the more distant compliance, I may be allowed, by the nicest of my own sex, to lay open to a man so generous, though so precipitating, my whole heart. Indeed, Sir, it is wholly yours.'—I blushed, as I felt, and turned away my face. It *was* a free declaration: but I was resolved to banish affectation. He bowed profoundly on my hand, and kissed it. Gratitude looked out in his eyes, and appeared in his graceful manner, though attentively silent.

'You was my deliverer,' proceeded I. 'An esteem founded on gratitude, the object so meritorious, ought to set me above mere forms.—Our judges say, that you have the advantage in the argument.'

'I will lay no stress, Madam, on this part of their judgment in my favour.—To your goodness, and to that so nobly-acknowledged esteem, I wholly refer myself.'

'I think myself,' proceeded I, 'that you have the advantage in the argument.—All that is in my power, I would wish to do to oblige you.'

'Condescending goodness!'—Again he bowed on my hand.

'Do you think, Sir—'

'Why hesitates my love?'

'Do you think, six weeks—'

'Six ages, my dearest, dearest creature!—Six weeks! For Heaven's sake, Madam—' He looked, he spoke, impatience.

'What can a woman, who has owned your title to *expect* to be obliged, say—Let me, at least, ask—' (and I unaffectedly hesitated) 'a *month*, Sir—' from this day—and that you will acknowledge yourself not perversely or weakly treated.'

He dropt on one knee, and kissing my hand, once, twice, thrice, with rapture, 'Within the month, then, I

'hope—I cannot live a month from you—Allow me to return in the first fortnight of the month.'

'O Sir! and take up your residence with us, on your return?'

'Undoubtedly, Madam.'—'Consider, Sir.'—'Do you also, dearest Madam, consider; and banish me not from you for so very long a time.'

My heart *wanted*, I thought, to oblige him; but to allow him to return sooner, as he was to take up his abode with us, what was that, but, in effect, complying with his first proposal?

'Permit me, Sir, to retire. Indeed, you are too urgent.'

He asked my excuse; but declared, that he would not give up his humble plea, (*bumble* he called it) unless my grandmamma and aunt told him, that he ought.

On his leaving me, to return to company below, he presented me with four little boxes. 'Accept, my beloved Miss Byron,' said he, 'of these trifles. I received them not till this morning. While I had the day to *hope* from you, my heart would not suffer me to offer them, lest you should suspect me mean enough to imagine an influence from them. I oblige *myself* by the tender, and I comply with custom, which I am fond of doing, whenever I can innocently do it. But I know, that you, my dear Miss Byron, value the heart more than a thousand times the value of these—Mine, Madam, is yours, and will be yours to the end of my life.'

What could I say?—My heart, on recollection, reproaches me for my ungraceful acceptance. I curst. I was silly. Sir Charles Grandison only can be present to every occasion.

He *looked* as if my *not* refusing them was a favour more than equivalent to the value of the presents. 'My dearest life,' said he, on putting them on my toilette, 'how much you oblige me?—Shall I conduct you to our friends below? Will you acquaint your grandmamma and aunt with our debatement, and my bold expectation?'

I stood still. He took my hand, pressed it with his lips, and, with a reverence more than usually profound, as if he had *received* instead of *conferred* a favour, withdrew. Never

was a present so gracefully made! I cannot describe the grace with which he made it.

My uncle, it seems, as soon as he went down, asked him, how he had settled the great affair? My grand-mamma and aunt in a breath, as he paid his compliments to them, asked him, if their Harriet had been good?—or, as good as he expected?

‘Miss Byron,’ said he, ‘has taken more time than I could have wished she had. A month, the talks of.’

‘Has she complied so far?’ said my grandmamma: ‘I am glad of it. I was afraid she would have insisted upon more time.’

‘So was I,’ said my aunt. ‘But who can withstand Sir Charles Grandison? Has the dear girl given you the *very* day, Sir?’

‘No, Madam. If she had, I should have hoped it would have been considerably *within* the month.—As yet, ladies, I hope it will.’

‘Nay, Sir Charles, if you are not pleased with a month—’ said my aunt. ‘Hush, dear ladies! Here comes the angel. Not a word, I beseech you, on that side of the question—She will think, if you applaud her, that she has consented to too short a term—You must not make her uneasy with herself.’

Does not this look as if he imagined there was *room* for me to be so?—I *almost* wish—I don’t know what I wish; except I could think but half so well of myself as I do of him: for then should I look forward with less pain in my joy than now too often mingles with it.

Your brother excused himself from dining with us: that Greville has engaged him. Why would he permit himself to be engaged by him? Greville cannot love him: he can only admire him, and that every body does, who has been but once in his company. Miss Orme, even Miss Orme, is in love with him. I received a note from her while your brother was with us. These are the contents—

‘DEAR MISS BYRON,

‘I Am in love with your young baronet. It is well that your beauty and your merit secure you, and make every other woman hopeless. To see and know Miss Byron

‘is half the cure, unless a woman were presumption itself. O my poor brother!—But will you let me expect you, and as many of the dear family as you can bring, at breakfast to-morrow morning?—Sir Charles Grandison, of course. Shew your own obligingness to me, and your power over him, at the same time. Your cousins Holles’s will be with me, and three sister-toasts of York; besides *that* Miss Clarkson, of whose beauty and agreeableness you have heard me talk. They long to see you. You *may* come. Poor things! how they will be mortified! If any one of them can allow herself to be less lovely than the others, she will be least affected with your superiority. But let me tell you, that Miss Clarkson, had she the intelligence in her eyes that somebody else has, and the dignity with the ease, would be as charming a young woman. But we are all prepared, I to love, they to admire, your gentleman. Pray, pray, my dear, bring him, or the disappointment will kill *your*

‘KITTY ORME.’

Lucy, acquainting Sir Charles with the invitation, asked him, if he would oblige Miss Orme. He was at our command, he said—So we shall breakfast to-morrow at *the Park*.

But I am vexed at his dining from us to-day. So little time to stay with us! I wish him to be *complaisant* to Mr. Greville; but need he be so *very* obliging? There are plots laying for his company all over the country. We are told, there is to be a numerous assembly, all of gentlemen, at Mr. Greville’s. Mr. Greville humorously declares, that he hates all women for the sake of one.

✱ ✱

WE have just opened the boxes. O my dear Lady G.! your brother is either very proud, or his fortune is very high! Does he not say, that he always consults fortune, as well as degree, in matters of outward appearance? He has not, in these presents, I am sure, consulted either the fortune or degree of your Harriet—Of your *happy* Harriet, I had like to have written: but the word *happy*, in this place, would have looked as if I thought these jewels an addition to my happiness.

How

How does his bounty insult me, on my narrow fortune!—Narrow, unless he submit to accept of the offered contributions of my friends—

Contributions!—Proud Harriet, how art thou, even in thy exaltation, humbled!—*Trifles*, he called them: the very ornamenting one's self with such toys, may, in his eye, be thought trifling, though he is not above complying with the fashion, in things indifferent: but the cost and beauty of these jewels considered, they are *not* trifles. The jewel of jewels, however, is his heart!—How would the noble Clementina—Hah, *pen!* Heart, rather, why, just now, this check of *Clementina*?—I *know* why—Not from want of admiration of her; but when I am allowing my heart to open, then does—something *here*, in my inmost bosom [Is it conscience?] strikes me, as if it said, 'Ah, Harriet!—Triumph not; rejoice not! Check the overflowings of thy grateful heart!—Art thou not an invader of another's right?'

LETTER XXXI.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

THURSDAY MORNING, OCT. 26.

I Will hurry off a few lines. I am always ready before these fiddling girls: Lucy and Nancy, I mean. Never tedious, but in dressing! They will overdo the morning appearance. I could beat them. So well acquainted with propriety as they are; and knowing the beauty of elegant negligence. Were I not afraid of Lucy's repartee; and that she would say I was laying out for a compliment; I would tell them, they had a mind try to eclipse Miss Clarkson and the Yorkshire ladies. Your brother *supped*, as well as dined, at that Greville's. Fie upon him! I did not think he had so little command of himself!—Vain Harriet! Perhaps he *chose* to be rather *there* than *here*, for *novelty*-sake. I shall be saucy bye and bye. He is below, strongly engaged in talk with my aunt—About *me*, I suppose: 'Aye, to be sure!' methinks your ladyship says. He can talk of nobody else!—Well, and what if one would wish he *could* not? [*What are these girls about?*] No less than one

and twenty gentlemen at Greville's besides the prince of them all. They all were ready to worship him. Fenwick looked in just now, and tells us so. He says, that your brother was the liveliest man in the company. He led the mirth, he says, and visibly exerted himself the more, finding the turn of the conversation likely to be what might be expected from such a company of all men. Wretches! can twenty of them, when met, be tolerable creatures, not a woman among them, to soften their manners, and give politeness to their conversation? Fenwick says, they engaged him at one time into talk of different regions, customs, usages. He was master of every subject. Half a score mouths were open at once, whenever he spoke, as if distended with *gags*, was his word; and every one's eyes broader than ever they were observed to be before. Fenwick has humour; a little: not much; only by accident. So unlike *himself* at times, that he may pass for a different man. His aping Greville, helps his oddness.—How I ramble! You'll think I am aping my dear Lady G. Mocking's catching!—[*O these girls!*]—I think time lost when I am not writing to you. You cannot imagine what a thief I am to my company. I steal away myself and get down, before I am missed, half a score times in a couple of hours. Sir Charles sung to the wretches: they all sung. They encored him without mercy.—He talks of setting out for town on Saturday, early. Lord bless me! what shall I do when he is gone?—Do you think I say this? If I *do*, I am kept in countenance: every body says so, as well as I—But ah! Lady G. he has invited all the gentlemen, the whole twenty-one, and my cousin James, and my uncle, to dine with him at his inn, to-morrow!—*Inn!* Nasty inn! Why did we let him go thither?—I am afraid he is a reveller. Can he be so *very* good a man? O yes, yes, yes! wicked Harriet! What is in thy heart, to doubt it? A fine reflection upon the age; as if there could not be *one* good man in it! and as if a good man could not be a man of vivacity and spirit! From whom can spirits, can cheerfulness, can debonnairness, be expected, if not from a *good* man?—I will shew these girls, by the quantity I have written, how

how they have made me wait. Prating, I suppose, to my Sally, about Sir Charles: they can talk of nobody else.

'Ready!'—'Yes, you dear creatures; so you ought to have been a leaf and a half of my writing ago!'—Adieu, Lady G. till our return from Miss Orme's.

THURSDAY NOON.

JUST come back from Miss Orme's. Sir Charles and my grandmamma are now got together, in serious talk. I know I was the subject, by the dear parent's looking often smiling upon me, as I sat at a distance, and by his eye (taking the reference, as I may call it, of hers) turned as often towards me; so I stole up to my pen.

We were very politely treated by Miss Orme. Miss Clarkson is a charming young lady. The three Yorkshire sisters are lovely women. Sir Charles has told us, that mere beauty attracts only his eye, as fine flowers do in a gay parterre. I don't know *that*, my dear: that's the *philosophical* description of himself. The *same* men and women are not always the *same* persons. The ladies, one and all, when his back was turned, declared, that he was the gallantest man they ever were in company with. He said the easiest, politest things, they ever heard spoken. They never were in his company *before*: they might else have heard *as* fine. Such dignity, they observed, (so does every body) yet so much ease, in all he said, as well as in his whole behaviour—*Born* to be a publick man, would his pride permit him to aim at being so!—Not a syllable, however, but what might be said to each with the strictest truth. Sir Charles Grandison [It is Lucy's observation, as well as mine] addresses himself to women, *as* women, not as goddesses; yet does honour to the persons, and to the sex. Other men, not knowing what better to say, make angels of them, all at once. The highest things are ever said by men of the lowest understandings; and, their bolts once shot, the poor souls can go no farther. So silly!—Has not your ladyship some of these in your eye, who make out the rest, by grinning in our faces, in order to convince us of their *sincerity*? Complimental men don't consider, that if the women they egregiously flatter,

were what they would have them believe they think them, they would not be seen in such company.

But what do you think the elder sister of the three said of your brother?—She was sure, those eyes, and that vivacity and politeness, were not given him for nothing. *Given him for nothing!* What a pirate is that! In short, she said, that *prudence* had improved his natural advantages. *This* I have a good mind to say of *her*—Either she has not charity, or her heart has paid for enabling it's mistress to make such an observation. *Prudence!* What meant she by the word!—Indeed your brother was not quite so *abstractedly* inattentive, I thought, to the beauty of Miss Clarkson, but he might give some *little shadow* of ground for observation to a censorious person.

I sometimes think, that, free and open as his eyes are, his character might suffer, if one were to judge of his heart by them. Lord L. I remember, once said, that ladies abroad used to look upon him as their own man; the moment they beheld him.—Innocently so, no doubt, and in their conversation-assemblies. Poor Lady Olivia, I suppose, was so caught! at an unhappy moment, perhaps, when her caution was half-asleep, and she was loth to have it too rudely awakened. But ought I, your Harriet, to talk of this?—Where was *my* caution, when I suffered *myself* to be surprized?—O but my *gratitude* was my excuse. Who knows what Olivia might have to plead?—We have not her whole story, you know. Poor lady, I pity her! To cross the seas, as she did!—Ineffectually!

But can you bear that pen-prattling; the effects of a mind more at ease than it ever expected to be!

I will go down. Can I be so long spared? I am just thinking, that were I one of the creatures called coquettes, the best way to attract attention, when it grew languid, is to do as I do from zeal in writing to you—Be always going out and returning, and not staying long enough in a place to tire one's company, or suffer them to turn their eyes upon any body else. Did you ever try such an experiment, Charlotte? But you never *could* tire your company. Yet I think you have a spice of that character in yours. Don't you think so.

so yourself?—But don't own it, if you do—Hey-day! What's the matter with me! I believe, by my slippancy, I am growing quite well, and as saucy as I used to be—Poor Lady Clementina! I wish she were happy! Then should I be so.

* * *

My dear Lady G. we had a charming conversation this day: my grandmamma and your brother bore the principal parts in it. It began with drefs, and fashion, and such like trifling subjects; but ended in the noblest. You know my grandmamma's cheerful piety. Sir Charles seemed at first only designing to attend to her wisdom; but she drew him in. O my dear! he seems to be, yet not to know it, as good a man, as she is a woman! Yet years so different!—But austerity, uncharitableness, on one hand; ostentation, affectation, on the other; these are qualities which can have no place in his heart. Such a glorious benevolence! Such enlarged sentiments!—‘What a happy, thrice happy woman,’ thought I, several times, ‘must she be, who shall be considered as a partaker of his goodness! Who shall be blest not only *in* him, but *for* him; and be his, and he hers, to all eternity!’

My aunt once, in the conclusion of this conversation, said, how happy would it be, if he could reform certain gentlemen of this neighbourhood! And as they were so fond of his company, she hoped he would attempt it.

Example, he answered, and a silent one, would do more with such men than *precept*. ‘They have Moses and the prophets. They know when they do wrong, and what is right. They would be afraid of, and affronted at, a man pretending to instruct them. Decency from such men, is as much as can be expected. We live in such an age,’ added he, ‘that I believe more good may be done by seeming to relax a little, than by strictness of behaviour. Yet I admire those, who, from a full persuasion of their duty, do *not* relax; and the more, if they have got above moroseness, austerity, and uncharitableness.’

After dinner, Mr. Milbourne, a very good man, minister of a dissenting congregation in our neighbourhood, accompanied by Dr. Curtis, call-

ed in upon us. They are good friends, made so by the mediation of my grandmamma, some years ago, when they did *not* so well understand each other. Dr. Curtis had been with us more than once, since Sir Charles was our visiter. He greatly admires him, you need not doubt. It was beautiful, after compliments had passed between Sir Charles and the gentlemen, to see the *modest man* shine out in your brother's behaviour. Indeed, he was free and easy, but attentive, as expecting entertainment and instruction from *them*; and leading *each* of them to give it in his own way.

They staid but a little while; and when they were gone, Sir Charles said, he wanted no other proof of their being good men, than they gave by their charity and friendship to each other. My uncle, who, you know, is a zealous man *for the church*, speaking a little severely of persons whom he called *schismatics*; ‘O Mr. Selby!’ said Sir Charles, ‘let us be afraid of prescribing to tender consciences. You and I, who have been abroad, in countries where they account us *worse* than schismatics, would have been loth to have been prescribed to, or compelled, in articles for which we ourselves are only answerable to the common Father of us all!’

‘I believe in my conscience, Sir Charles,’ replies my uncle, ‘if the truth were known, you are of the mind of that king of Egypt, who said, he looked upon the diversity of religions in his kingdom with as much pleasure as he did on the diversity of flowers in his garden.’

‘I remember not the name of that king of Egypt, Mr. Selby; but I am not of his mind. I should not, if I were a king, take *pleasure* in such a diversity: but as the *examples* of kings are of great force, I would, by making my own as faultless as I could, let my people see the excellence of my persuasion, and my uniform practical adherence to it; instead of discouraging erroneous ones by unjustifiable severity. Religious zeal is generally a fiery thing: I would as soon quarrel with a man for his face, as for his religion. A good man, if not over-heated by zeal, *will* be a good man, whatever be his faith; and should always be

‘entitled to our esteem, as he is to our good offices, as a fellow-creature.’

‘The *methodists*, Sir Charles; what think you of the *methodists*? Say you love ‘em; and, and, and, adds-dines, you shall not be my nephew.’

‘You now, my dear Mr. Selby, make me afraid of you. You throw out a menace, the *only* one you could perhaps think of, that would make me temporize.’

‘You need not, you need not, be afraid, Sir Charles!’ said my uncle, laughing.—‘What say you, Harriet? Need he? Hay?’ looking in my downcast face. ‘Why speak you not, *lovely love*? Need Sir Charles, if he had disoblighed me, to have been afraid?—Hay?’

‘Dear Sir! you have not of a long time been so—’

‘So, *what*, Harriet? So, *what*, dearest?’—looking me quite down.

‘Fie, Mr. Selby!’ said my grand-mamma.

Sir Charles, stepping to me, very gallantly took my hand—‘O Mr. Selby, you are not kind,’ said he: ‘but allow me to make my advantage of your unkindness.—My dear Miss Byron, let you and me withdraw; in compassion to Mr. Selby, let us withdraw: we will not hear him chidden, as I see the ladies think he ought to be.’

And he hurried me off. The surprise made me appear more reluctant than I was in my heart.

Every one was pleased with his air and manner; and by this means he relieved himself from subjects with which he seemed not delighted, and obtained opportunity to get me to himself.

Here had he stopt, he would have been welcome: but hurrying me into the cedar-parlour; ‘I am jealous, my love,’ said he; putting his arm round me: ‘you seemed loth to retire with me. Forgive me; but thus I punish you, whenever you give me cause.’ And, dear Lady G. he downright kissed me—My lip; and not my cheek—and in so fervent a way—I tell you every thing, my Charlotte—I could have been angry—had I known *how*, from surprize. Before I could recollect myself, he withdrew his arm; and, resuming his usual respectful air, it would have made me look affected, had I then taken notice of it. But I don’t

remember any instance of the like freedom used to Lady Clementina.

‘My *lovely love*,’ said he, ‘to express myself in your uncle’s stile, which is that of my heart, tell me, can you have pity for a poor man, when he is miserable, who, on a certain occasion, shewed you none? See what a letter Sir Hargrave Pollexfen has written to Dr. Bartlett; who asks my advice about attending him.’

I obtained leave to communicate it to you, my dear Lady L. and Lady G. Be pleased to return it to me. I presume, you will read it here.

‘DEAR DR. BARTLETT,
‘CAN your company be dispensed with by the best of men, for one, two, three days?—I have not had a happy hour since I saw you and Sir Charles Grandison at my house on the forest. All is gloom and horror in my mind: my despondency is, must be, of the blackest kind. It is blacker than remorse: it is all repining; but no repentance: I cannot, cannot, repent. Lord God of Heaven and earth, what a wretch am I! with such a fortune; such estates! I am rich as Croesus, yet more miserable than the wretch that begs his bread from door to door; and who oftener meets repulses, than relief. What a glorious choice has your patron made! Youth unbroken; conscience his friend; he cannot know an enemy. O that I had lived the life of your patron! I cannot see a creature who does not extol him! My wine-merchant’s name is Danby.—Good God! What stories does he tell of him! Lord Jesus! What a heart must he have, that would permit him to do such things as Danby reports of him, of his own knowledge! While I—As young a man as himself, for what I know—With powers to do good, as great, perhaps greater than his own—Lord! Lord! what a hand have I made of it, for the last three or four years of my life! who might have reached threescore and ten with comfort! whereas now, at twenty-eight, I am on the very brink of the grave. It appears to me as ready dug; it yawns for me: I am neither fit to die, nor to live. My days are dread-
ful;

ful; my nights are worse: my bed is a bed of nettles, and not of down. Not one comfortable thought, not one good action, to revolve, in which I had not some vile gratification to promote!—Wretched man! It is come home to me with a vengeance.

‘You prayed by me: you prayed for me. I have not been so happy since—Come and make me easy—happy I can never be, in this world.—For pity, for charity sake, come and teach me how to bear life, or how to prepare for it’s cessation. And if Sir Charles Grandison would make me one more visit, would personally join in prayer with you and me, a glimpse of comfort would once more dart in upon my mind.

‘Try your interest with him, my dear Sir, in my behalf; and come together. Where is he?—The great God of Heaven and earth prosper to him all his wishes, be he where he will, and be they what they will. Every body will find their account in his prosperity. But I!—what use have I made of the prosperity given me?—Merceda gone to his account; Bagenhall undone; Jordan shunning me: narrow-soul’d Jordan! He is reformed; but, not able to divide the man from the crime, he thinks he cannot be in earnest, but by hating both. God help me! I cannot, now, if I would, give him a bad example! He needed not be afraid of my staggering him in his good purposes.

‘One favour, for God’s sake, procure for me.—It is, that the man whose life once I fought, and thought myself justified by the provocation; who afterwards saved mine, for a time saved it, reserved as I was for pains, for sufferings, in mind and body, worse than death—That *this* man will be the executor of my last will. I have not a friend left. My relations are hungering and watching for my death, as birds of prey over a field of battle. My next heirs are my worst enemies, and most hated by me. Dear Sir Charles Grandison, my deliverer, my preserver, from those bloody Frenchmen, if you are the good man I think you, compleat your kindness to him whom you have preserved; and say you will be his executor. I *will* (because I

must) do justice to the pretensions of those who will rejoice over my remains; and I will leave you a discretionary power, in articles wherein you may think I have shewn hatred. For justice-sake, then, be my executor. And do you, good Bartlett, put me in the way of repentance; and I shall then be happy. Draw me up, dear Sir, a prayer, that shall include a confession. You cannot suppose me too bad a man, in a christian sense. Thank God, I am a christian in belief, though I have been a devil in practice. You are a heavenly-minded man; give me words which may go to my heart; and tell me what I shall say to my God.

‘Tell Sir Charles Grandison, that he *owes* to me the service I request of him. For if he had not interposed so hellishly as he did on Hounslow Heath, I had been the husband of Miss Byron in two hours; and she would have thought it her duty to reform me: and, by the great God of Heaven, I swear, it was my intention to be reformed; and to make her, if I could have had but her *civility*, though not her *love*, the best of husbands! Lord God of Heaven and earth! what a happy man had I then been!—Then had I never undertaken that damned expedition to France, which I have rued ever since. Let your patron know how much I owe to him my unhappiness, and he will not, in justice, deny any reasonable, any honest request, that I shall make him.

‘Lord help me! What a long letter is here! My soul complains on paper: I do nothing but complain. It will be a relief, if your patron and you will visit, will pray for, will pity, *the most miserable of men*,

‘HARGRAVE POLLEXFEN.’

Your brother’s eye followed mine, as I read. I frequently wept. In a soothing, tender, and respectful manner, he put his arm round me, and, taking my own handkerchief, unresisted, wiped away the tears as they fell on my cheek. These were his soothing words, as my bosom heaved at the dreadful description of the poor man’s misery and despair: ‘Sweet humanity!—

'humanity!—Charming sensibility!—
'Check not the kindly gush!—Dew
'drops of Heaven!' wiping away my
tears, and kissing the handkerchief—
'Dew drops of Heaven, from a mind,
'like that Heaven, mild and gra-
'cious! Poor Sir Hargrave!—I will
'attend him.'

'You *will*, Sir! That is very good
of you!—Poor man! What a hand,
'as he says, has he made of it!'

'A hand, indeed!' repeated Sir
Charles, his own benign eyes glisten-
ing.

'And will you be his executor,
'Sir?—You will, I hope?'

'I will do any thing that my dear
'Miss Byron wishes me to do; any
'thing that may comfort the poor
'man, if indeed he has not a person
'in whom he *ought* to confide, whe-
'ther he is *willing* to do so, or not.
'My endeavour shall be, to reconcile
'him to his relations: perhaps he
'hates them because they are likely to
'be his heirs; I have known men ca-
'pable of such narrowness.'

When we came to the place where
the unhappy man mentions my having
been likely to be his, in two hours
time, a chillness came over my heart;
I shuddered. 'Ah, Sir!' said I,
'how grateful ought I to be to *my*
'deliverer!'

'Ever amiable goodness!' resumed
he, 'How have I been, how am I,
'how shall I be rewarded?'—With
tender awe he kissed my cheek—'For-
'give me, angel of a woman! A man
'can shew his love but *as* a man.
'Your heart is the heart I wish it to
'be; love, humanity, graciousness,
'benevolence, forgivingness, all the
'amiable qualities which can adorn
'the female mind, are, in perfection,
'yours! Be your sister-excellence,
'happy! God grant it! and I shall
'be the happiest man in the world.
'You, Madam, who can pity your
'oppressor when in misery, can allow
'of my grateful remembrance of that
'admirable woman.'

'Your tender remembrance of Lady
'Clementina, Sir, will ever be grate-
'ful to me.—God Almighty make
'her happy!—for your sake! for the
'sake of your dear Jeronimo; and
'for mine!'

'There spoke Miss Byron, and
'Clementina, both in one! Surely

'you two are informed by one mind!
'What is distance of countries! What
'obstacles can there be, to dis sever
'souls so paired?'

'But, Sir—*Must* Clementina be
'compelled to marry? *Must* the wo-
'man who has loved Sir Charles
'Grandison; who still avows her love,
'and only prefers her God to him;
'be *obliged* to give her hand to another
'man?'

'Would to Heaven that her friends,
'tender, indulgent, as they have al-
'ways been to her, would not drive
'too fast! But how can I, of all men,
'remonstrate to them in this case,
'when they think nothing is wanting
'to obtain her compliance, but the
'knowledge that she never *can* be
'mine?'

'O Sir! you shall *still* call her
'yours, if the dear lady changes her
'resolution, and wishes to be so—
'*Ought* you not?'

'And could Miss Byron—'

'She *could*, she *would*!' interrupted
I—'Yet dear, very dear, I am not
'ashamed to own it, would now the
'resignation cost me!'

'Exalted loveliness!'

'I never, but by such a trial, can
'be as great as Clementina?—Then
'could I, as *she* does, take comfort in
'the brevity of human life. Never,
'never, would I be the wife of any
'other man. And shall the *nobler*
'Clementina be compelled?'

'Good God!' lifting up his hands
and eyes, 'With what noble minds
'hast thou distinguished these two
'women!—Is it for this, Madam,
'that you wish to wait for the next
'letters from Italy? I have owned
'before, that I presumed not to de-
'clare myself to you till I was sure of
'Clementina's adherence to a resolu-
'tion so nobly taken. We will, how-
'ever, expect the next letters. My
'situation has not been happy. No-
'thing but the consciousness of my
'own integrity, (excuse, Madam, the
'seeming boast) and a firm trust in
'Providence, could, at certain times,
'have supported me.'

My mind, my Charlotte, seemed
too high wrought. Seeing me much
disturbed, he resumed the subject of
Sir Hargrave's letter, as a somewhat
less affecting one. 'You see, my
'dearest Miss Byron,' said he, 'a
'kind

' kind of necessity for my hastening up. Another melancholy occasion offers: poor Sir Harry Beauchamp desires to see me, before he dies.—What a chequered life is this!—I received Sir Hargrave's letter to Dr. Bartlett, and this intimation from my Beauchamp, by a particular dispatch, just before I came hither. I grudge the time I must lose to-morrow: but we must make some sacrifices to good neighbourhood and civility. Poor Greville had a view, by inviting all his neighbours and me, to let himself down gracefully in a certain case. He made a merit of his resignation to me, before all the company; every one of which admired my dear Miss Byron. Well received as I was, by every gentleman then present, I could not avoid inviting them, in my turn; but I will endeavour to recover the time. Have I your approbation, Madam, for setting out on Saturday morning, early?—I am afraid I must borrow of the Sunday some hours on my journey. But visiting the sick is an act of mercy.'

' You will be so engaged to-morrow, Sir,' said I, 'with your numerous guests, (and my uncle and cousin James will add to the number) that I suppose we shall hardly see you before you set out (early as you say that will be) on Saturday morning.'

He said, he had given orders already (and, for fear of mistakes, should enforce them to night) for the entertainment of his guests; and he would do himself the pleasure of breakfasting with us in the morning.—Dear Lady Clementina, forgive me!—I shall not, I am afraid, know how to part with him, though but for a few weeks.—How could you let him depart from you; you knew not but it would be for ever?—But you are a wonder of a woman!—I am, at least at this time, a poor creature, compared to you?

I asked his leave to shew my grand-mamma and aunt, and my Lucy, as well as his two sisters, Sir Hargrave's letter. He wished that they *only* should see it.

The perusal cost the three dear friends just named some tears. My grandmamma, Lucy tells me, (for I was writing to you when they read it) made some fine observations upon the

different situations in which the two gentlemen find themselves at this time I myself could not but recollect the gay, fluttering figure that the poor Sir Hargrave made at Lady Betty Williams's, perpetually laughing; and compare it with the dark scene he draws in the letter before me: all brought about in so short a space!

There are, I am told, *worse* men than this: were those who are but *as bad*, to be apprized of the circumstances of Sir Hargrave's story, as fully as we know them, would they not reflect and tremble at his fate, even though that of Merceda, (whose exit, I am told, was all horror and despair) and the unhappy Bagenhall, were not taken into the shocking account?

This last wretch, it seems, his spirits and constitution both broken, is gone, nobody knows whither, having narrowly escaped in person, from an execution that was out against him, body and goods; the latter all seized upon; his wife and an unhealthy child (and she big with another) turned out of doors; a mortgage in possession of his estate: the poor woman wishing but for means to transport herself and child to her mean friends at Abbeville; a collection set on foot in her neighbourhood, for that purpose, failing; for the poor man was neither beloved nor pitied.

These particulars your brother's trusty Richard Saunders told my Sally; and in confidence that your brother, a little before he came down, being acquainted with her destitute condition, sent her, by him, twenty guineas. Saunders said, he never saw a deeper scene of distress.

The poor woman, on her knees, received the bounty; blessed the donor; owned herself reduced to the last shilling; and that she thought of applying to the parish for assistance to carry her over.

Sir Charles staid not to supper. My grandmamma being desirous to take leave of her favourite in the morning, has been prevailed upon to repose here to night.

I must tell you, my Charlotte, all my fears, my feelings, my follies: you are *now*, you know, my Lucy. Something arises in my heart, that makes me uneasy: I cannot account to myself for this great and sudden change

change of behaviour in Greville. His extraordinary civilities, even to fondness, to your brother! Are they consistent with his blustering character, and constant threatenings of any man who was likely to succeed with me? A turn of behaviour so sudden! Sir Charles and he in a manner strangers, but by character—And did he not so far prosecute his menaces, as to try, wicked wretch! what bluster and a drawn sword would do, and smart for it? Must not that disgrace incense him?—My uncle says, he cannot be a true spirit; witness his compromise with Fenwick, after a rencounter, which, being reported to be on my account, had like to have killed me at the time. And if not a true spirit, may he not be treacherous! God preserve your brother from all secret, as well as open attacks! And do you, my dear ladies, forgive the tender folly of *your*

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XXXII.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

FRIDAY MORN. EIGHT O'CLOCK,
OCTOBER 27.

THE apprehensions with which I was so weak as to trouble you, in the conclusion of my last, laid so fast hold of my mind, that, going immediately from my pen to my rest, I had it broken and disturbed by dreadful, shocking, wandering dreams. The terror they gave me, several times awakened me! but still as I closed my eyes, I fell into them again. Whence, my dear, proceed these ideal vagaries, which, for the time, realize pain or pleasure to us, according to their hue or complexion, or rather according to our own?

—But such *contradictory* vagaries never did I know in my slumbers. Incoherences of incoherence!—For example—I was married to the best of men; I was *not* married; I was rejected with scorn, as a presumptuous creature; I sought to hide myself in holes and corners; I was dragged out of a subterraneous cavern, which the sea had made when it once broke bounds, and seemed the dwelling of howling and conflicting winds; and when I expected to be punished for my auda-

ciousness, and for repining at my lot, I was turned into an angel of light; stars of diamonds, like a glory, encompassing my head; a dear little baby was put into my arms. Once it was Lucy's; another time it was Emily's; and at another time Lady Clementina's!—I was fond of it beyond expression.

I again dreamed I was married: Sir Charles again was the man. He did not love me. My grandmamma and aunt, on their knees, and with tears, besought him to love their child; and pleaded to him my love of him of long standing, begun in gratitude; and that he was the only man I ever loved. O how I wept in my dream! My face and bosom were wet with my real tears.

My sobs, and my distress and *theirs*, awakened me; but I dropt asleep, and fell into the very same reverie. He upbraided me with being the cause that he had not Lady Clementina. He said, and so sternly! I am sure he cannot look so sternly, that he thought me as much better creature than I proved to be: yet methought, in my own heart, I was not altered. I fell down at his feet. I called it my misfortune, that he could not love me: I would not say it was his fault. It might, perhaps, be his misfortune too!—And then I said, 'Love and hatred are not always in one's power. If you cannot love the poor creature who kneels before you, *that* shall be a cause sufficient with me for a divorce: I desire not to fasten myself on the man who cannot love me. Let me be divorced from you, Sir—You shall be at liberty to assign any cause for the separation, but *crime*. I will bind myself never, never to marry again; but you shall be free—And God bless you, and her you can love better than your poor Harriet!—Fool! I weep as I write!—What a weak creature I am, since I have not been well!

In another part of my reverie he loved me dearly; but when he nearly approached me, or I him, he always became a ghost, and flitted from me. Scenes once changed from England to Italy, from Italy to England: Italy, I thought, was a dreary wild, covered with snow, and pinched with frost; England, on the contrary, was a country glorious to the eye; gilded with a sun

a sun not too fervid; the air perfumed with odours wafted by the most balmy zephyrs from orange-trees, citrons, myrtles, and jessamines. In Italy, at one time, Jeronimo's wounds were healed; at another, they were breaking out afresh. Mr. Lowther was obliged to fly the country: why, did not appear. There was a fourth brother, I thought; and he taking part with the cruel Laturana, was killed by the general. Father Marescotti was at one time a martyr for his religion; at another, a cardinal; and talked of for pope.

But still, what was more shocking, and which so terrified me that I awoke in a horror which put an end to all my reveries, (for I slept no more that night)—Sir Charles, I thought, was assassinated by Greville. Greville fled his country for it, and became a vagabond, a Cain, the accursed, I thought, of God and man—I, your poor Harriet, a widow, left in the most calamitous circumstance that a woman can be in—Good Heaven!—But, av aunt, recollection!—Painful, most painful, recollection of ideas so terrible! none of your intrusions—

No more of these horrid, horrid incongruities, will I trouble you with! How have they run away with me! I am hardly now recovered from the tremblings into which they threw me!

What, my dear, is the reason, that though we know these dreams, these fleeting shadows of the night, to be no more than *dreams*, illusions of the working mind, fettered and debased as it is by the organs through which it conveys it's confined powers to the grosser matter, body, then sleeping inactive, as in the shades of death; yet that we cannot help being strongly impressed by them, and meditating interpretation of the flying vapours, when reason is broad awake, and tells us, that it is weakness to be disturbed at them?—But superstition is, more or less, I believe, in every mind, a natural defect. Happily poised is that mind, which, on the one hand, is too strong to be effected by the slavish fears it brings with it: and, on the other, runs not into the contrary extreme, scepticism, the parent of infidelity!

You cannot imagine, my dear, the pleasure I had, the more for my various dream, when your brother, so amiably

serene, love, condescension, affability, shining in his manly countenance, alighted, as I saw him, through my window, at the same time I had the call to breakfast—'Dear Sir!' I could have said, 'have not you been disturbed by cruel, perplexing, contradictory visions? Souls may be near, when bodies are distant. But are we not one soul? Could yours be unaffected when mine was so much disturbed?'—But, thank God, you are come! Come safe, unhurt, pleased with me! My fond arms, were the ceremony passed, should welcome you to your Harriet. I would tell you all my disturbances from the absurd illusions of the past night, and my mind should gather strength from the confession of it's weakness.'

He talked of setting out early tomorrow morning. His first visit, he said, should be to Sir Harry Beauchamp; his next to Sir Hargrave Pollexfen. 'Poor Sir Harry!' he said, and sighed for him.

Tender-hearted man! as Clementina often called your brother: he pitied Lady Beauchamp. His poor Beauchamp!—The loss of a father, he said, where a great estate was to descend to the son, was the test of a noble heart. He could answer for the sincerity of his Beauchamp's grief, on this trying occasion. 'Of what joy,' said he, [sitting between two of the best of women, equally fond of him, speaking low] 'was I, was my father, deprived! He had allowed me to think of returning to the arms of his paternal love. I make no doubt, but on looking into his affairs, (his son, perhaps his steward) he would have done for his daughters, what I have done for my sisters. We should both of us have had a new life to begin, and pursue a happy one, from my duty and his indulgence, it must have been. I had planned it out.—With all humility I would, by degrees, have laid it before him, first one part, then another, as his condescension would have countenanced me.'

Vile, vile reveries!—Must not this young man be the peculiar care of Heaven? How could my disturbed imagination terrify me but in a dream, that the machinations of the darkest mind, (as his must be, [Greville is not so bad a man] who could meditate violence

violence against virtue so sacredly guarded) could be permitted to prevail against his like!

My grandmamma once, with tears in her eyes, as he talked of taking leave, laid her hand upon his, and instantly withdrew it, as if she thought the action too free. He took her hand, and with both his, lifted it to his lips—'Venerable goodness!' he called her. She looked *so* proud, and *so* comforted! every one *so* pleased!—It is a charming thing to see blooming youth fond of declining age!

They dropt away one by one, and I found myself left alone with him. Sweetly tender was his address to me!—'How shall I part with my Harriet?' said he. My eyes were ready to overflow. By a twinkling motion, I thought to disperse over the whole eye the self-felt too ready tear: my upper-lip had the motion in it, throbbing, like the pulsation which we call the life-blood.—I was afraid to speak, for fear of bursting into a fit of tenderness; yet was conscious that my very silence was more expressive of tenderness than speech could have been. With what delight did his eager eye (as mine, now and then glancing upward, discovered) meditate my downcast face, and silent concern! Yet such was his delicacy, that he took not that notice of it, in words, which, if he had, would have added to my confusion: it was enough for him, that he saw it. As he was contented *silently* to enjoy it, I am not sorry he *did* see it. He merited even open and unreserved assurances of love. But I the sooner recovered my spirits, for his delicate non-observance. I could not, circumstanced as we were, say I *wished* for his speedy return; yet, my dear, my purest wishes were, that he would not be long absent. My grandmamma pleases herself with having the dear man for her inmate, on his return: there is, therefore, no need, for the sake of the world's speech, to abridge my month; yet *ought* we to be shy of giving consequence to a man, who, through delicacy, is afraid to let us see that he assumes consequence from our speechless tenderness for him?—He restored me to speech, by a change of subject.

'Two melancholy offices shall I have to perform,' said he, 'before I have the honour to attend again my

dearest Miss Byron: what must be the heart that melts not at another's woe!—As to Sir Hargrave, I don't apprehend that he is near his end; as is the case of poor Sir Harry. Sir Hargrave labours under bodily pains; from the attack made upon him in France, and from a constitution ruined, perhaps, by riot; and, having nothing of consolation to give himself from reflections on his past life, (as we see by his letter) his fears are too strong for his hopes. But shall I tell him, if I find it will give him comfort, that *you* wish his recovery, and are sorry for his indisposition? Small crevices let in light; sometimes upon a benighted imagination. He must consider his attempt upon your free-will (though not meant upon your honour) as one of the enormities of his past life.'

I was overpowered with this instance of his generous goodness. 'Teach me, Sir, to be good, to be generous, to be forgiving—like you!—Bid me do what you think proper for me to do—Say to the poor man, whose insults upon you in his challenge were then my terror, (O how much my terror!) in my name, say all that you think will tend to give him consolation.'

'Sweet excellence! Did I ever hope to meet in woman with such an enlargement of heart!—Clementina only, of all the women I ever knew, can be set in comparison with you: and had she been granted to me, the union of minds between us from disference of religion, could not have been so perfect, as yours and mine must be.'

Greatly gratified as I was by the compliment, I was sorry, methought, that it was made me at the expence of my sex. His words, 'Did I ever hope to meet in woman with such an enlargement of heart!' piqued me a little. 'Are not women as capable as men,' thought I, 'of enlarged sentiments?'

The leave he took of me was extremely tender. I endeavoured to check my sensibility. He departed with the blessings of the whole family, as well as mine. I was forced to go up to my closet: I came not down till near dinner-time; I *could* not; and yet my uncle accompanied my cousin James to Northampton; so that I had no apprehensions.

prehenſions of his railery. One wants trials ſometimes, I believe, to make one ſupport one's ſelf with ſome degree of *outward* fortitude, at leaſt. Had my uncle been at home, I ſhould not have dared to have given ſo much way to my concern: but ſoothing and indulgence, ſometimes, I believe, add to our imbecility of mind, inſtead of ſtrengthening our reaſon.

* * *

My uncle made it near eleven at night before he returned with my couſin James. Not one of the company, at his quitting it, ſeemed inclinable to move. He praiſed the elegance of the entertainment, and the eaſe and chearfulneſs, even to vivacity, of Sir Charles. How *could* he be ſo lively!—How many ways have men to divert themſelves, when any thing arduous attacks them!—While we poor women!—But your town diverſions—Your Ranelaghs, Vauxhalls—bid fair to divert ſuch of us as can carry ourſelves out of ourſelves!—Yet are we likely to pay dear for the privilege; ſince we thereby render our ſex cheap in the eyes of men, harden our fronts, and are in danger of loſing that modeſty, at leaſt of *outward* behaviour, which is the characteriſtick of women!

SATURDAY MORNING.

HE is gone: gone indeed! Went early this morning. Every mouth was laſt night, it ſeems, full of his praiſes: the men admire him as much as the women. I am glad of it, methinks; ſince that is an indirecſt confeſſion, that there are few among them like him. Not ſo much ſuperiority over our ſex, therefore, in the other, in general, with their *enlarged hearts*. Have not we a Clementina, a Mrs. Shirley, and a long &c.?—I praiſe not *you*, my dear Lady L.—and Lady G. to your faces; ſo I leave the &c. untranslated.

We do ſo look upon one another here! Are ſo unſatisfied with ourſelves! We are not half ſo good company as we were *before* Sir Charles came among us. How can that be? But my grandmamma has left us too!—that's one thing. She is retired to Shirley Manor, to mortify, after ſo rich a regale: thoſe were her words.

I hope your brother will write to us. Should I not have aſked him? To be ſure he will; except his next letters

from Italy ſhould be—But, no doubt, he will write to us. Mr. Greville vows to my uncle, he will not come near me. He can leſs and leſs, he ſays, bear to think of my marrying; though he does what he can to comfort himſelf with reflecting on the extraordinary merit of the man, who alone, he ſays, can deſerve me. He wiſhes the day was over; and the d—l's in him, he adds, if the irrevocableneſs of the event does not cure him. Mr. Fenwick had yeſterday his final answer from Lucy; and he is to ſet out on Monday for Carlisle. He declares, that he will not return without a wife: ſo, thank Heaven, his heart is whole, notwithſtanding his double diſappointment.

* * *

BUT my heart is ſet on hearing how the excellent Clementina takes the news of your brother's actual addreſs, and probability of ſucceeding. I ſhould not think it at all ſurprizing, if, urged as ſhe is, to marry a man indifferent to her, (the lord of her heart unmarried) ſhe ſhould retract—O my Charlotte!—What a variety of ſtrange, ſtrange, what ſhall I call them? would reſult from ſuch a retraction and renewal of claim! I never thought myſelf ſuperſtitious; but the happineſs before me is ſo much beyond my merit, that I can hardly flatter myſelf, at times, that it will take place.

* * *

WHAT think you, my dear, made me write ſo apprehenſively?—My aunt had juſt ſhewn me a letter ſhe had written to you—deſiring you—to exerciſe for us your fancy, your judgment. I have no affection on this ſubject—I long ago gave affectionation to the winds.—But ſo haſty!—So undoubting!—Are there not many poſſibilities, and ſome probabilities, againſt us?—Something preſumptuous!—Lord bleſs me, my dear, ſhould any thing happen—Jewels bought, and already preſented.—Apparel—How would all theſe preparations aggravate! My aunt ſays, he *ſhall* be obliged: Lucy, Nancy, the Miſſes Hoiles, join with her. They long to be exerciſing their fancies upon the patterns which they ſuppoſe your ladyſhip and Lady L. will ſend down. My uncle hurrus my aunt. So as *ſomething* is going forward, he ſays, he ſhall be eaſy. There is no reſiſting

so strong a tide: so let them take their course. They are all in haste, my dear, to be considered as relations of your family, and to regard all yours as kindred of ours. Happy, happy, the band, that shall tie both families together!

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XXXIII.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, TO
MISS BYRON.

LONDON, MONDAY NIGHT, OCT. 30.
YOUR humanity, my dear and ever dear Miss Byron, was so much engaged by the melancholy letter of Sir Hargrave to Dr. Bartlett, which I communicated to you; and by the distress of my Beauchamp, on the desperate state of his father's health; that I know you will be pleased to hear that I have been enabled to give some consolation to both.

Sir Harry, who is in town, wanted to open his mind to me with regard to some affairs which made him extremely uneasy; and which, he said, he could not reveal to any body else. He shewed some reluctance to entrust the secrets to *my* bosom. There shall they ever rest. He has found himself easier since. He rejoiced to me on the good understanding subsisting, and likely to subsist, between his lady and son. He desired me to excuse him for joining me with them, without asking my leave, in the trusts created by his will: and on this occasion, sending for his lady, he put her hand in mine, and recommended her, and her interests, as those of the most obliging of wives, to my care.

I found Sir Hargrave at his house in Cavendish Square. He is excessively low-spirited. Dr. Bartlett visited him at Windsor several times. The doctor prevailed on him to retain a worthy clergyman, as his chaplain.

The poor man asked after you, Madam. He had heard, he said, that I was soon likely to be the happiest of men: was it so? He wept at my answer; lamented the wretched hand, as he called it, that *he* had made of it, blessed as he was with such prosperous

circumstances, in the prime of youth; and wished he had his days to come over again, and his company to chuse. Unhappy man! he was willing to remove from *himself* the load which lay upon him. No doubt but this was the recourse of his companions, likewise, in extremity. He blessed my dearest Miss Byron, when I told him, she pitied him. He called himself by harsh, and even shocking names, for having been capable of offending so much goodness.

What subjects are these, to entertain my angel with!—But though we should not *seek*, yet we ought not, perhaps, to *shun* them, when they naturally, as I may say, offer themselves to our knowledge.

But *another* subject calls for the attention of my dearest, loveliest of women: a subject that will lay a still stronger claim to it than either of the solemn ones I have touched upon. I inclose the letter which contains it. You will be so good as to read it in English to such of our friends as read not Italian.

This letter was left to Mrs. Beaumont to dispatch to me; whence it's unwished-for delay: for she detained it, to send with it an equally obliging one of her own. The contents of this welcome letter, my dearest Miss Byron, will render it unnecessary to wait for an answer to my last to Signor Jeronymo; in which I acquaint him with my actual address, and the hopes I presume to flatter myself with. I humbly hope you will think so.

I am not afraid that one of the most generous of women will be affected with the passage in which Signor Jeronymo expresses his pity for her, because of the affection, he says, I must ever retain for his noble sister*. He says right. And it is my happiness, that you, the sister-excellence of the admirable Clementina, will allow me to glory in my *gratitude* to her. You will still more readily allow me so to do, when you have perused this letter. Shall not the man who hopes to be qualified for the supreme love, of which the purest earthly is but a type, and who aims at an universal benevolence, be able to admire, in the mind of Clementina, the same great qualities

* See p. 347.

which shine out with such lustre in that of Miss Byron!

With what pride do I look forward to the visit that several of this noble family intend to make us, because of the *unquestionable* assurance that they will rejoice in my happiness, and admire the angel who is allowed to take place in my affections of the angel who would not have scrupled to accept of my vows, had it not been, as she expresses herself*, for the *intervention of invincible obstacles*!

Mrs. Beaumont, in her letter, gives me the particulars of the conversation between her and Clementina, almost in the same words with those of Jeronymo, in the letter inclosed. She makes no doubt that Lady Clementina will, in time, yield to the entreaties of her friends in favour of a man against whom, if she can be prevailed upon to forego her wishes to assume the veil, she can have no one objection. You will see, Madam, by the inclosed, what they hope for in Italy from us; what Clementina, what Jeronymo, what a whole excellent family, hope for. You know how ardently my *own* family wish you to accelerate the happy day: yours refer themselves wholly to you—Pardon me, my dearest Miss Byron, I will tell you what are my hopes—They are, that when I am permitted to return to Northamptonshire, the happy day shall not be postponed *three*.

And now, loveliest and dearest of women! allow me to expect the honour of a line, to let me know how much of the tedious month, from last Thursday, you will be so good as to abate. Permit me to say, that I can have nothing that needs to detain me from the beloved of my heart, after Friday next.

If, Madam, you insist upon the *whole* month, I beg to know, out of what part of our nuptial life, the *LAST* or the *FIRST*, (happy, as I hope it will be) you would be willing to deduct the week, the fortnight, that will be carried into the blank space of courtship, by the delay? I hope, my dear Miss Byron, that I shall be able to tell you, years and years after we are *ONE*, that there is not an hour of those past, or of those to come, that I would abate, or wish to throw into that *blank*. Permit me so to call it. The days of court-

ship cannot be *our* happiest. Who celebrates the day of their first acquaintance, though it may be remembered with pleasure? Do not the happy pair *date* their happiness from the day of marriage? How justly then, when hearts are *assured*, when minds *cannot alter*, are those which precede it, to be deemed a blank!

After all, your *cheerful* compliance with my wishes is the great desirable. Whatever shall be your pleasure, must determine me. My utmost gratitude will be engaged by the condescension, *whenever* you shall distinguish the day of the year, distinguished as it will be to the end of my life, that shall give me the greatest blessing of it, and confirm me *for ever yours*,

CHARLES GRANDISON.

LETTER XXXIV.

SIGNOR JERONYMO DELLA PORRETTA, TO SIR CHARLES GRANDISON.

[INCLOSED IN THE PRECEDING.]

BOLOGNA, OCT. 18. N. S.

I Gave you, my dear Grandison, in mine of the 5th, the copy of a paper written by my sister, which filled us with hopes of her compliance with the wishes of all her family. She took time for deliberation; time was given her; but still she insisted on receiving your next letters before she came to any resolution. Mrs. Beaumont herself was of opinion, that the dear creature only meditated delay: that also was ours. What, invincibly determined, as she is, to adhere to the resolution she has so greatly taken, can she hope for (said we among ourselves) from the expected letters? For she had declared herself to be so determined, to my brother Giacomo, who actually assured her of all our consents to an alliance with you, if she repented of that resolution.

All this time we offered not to introduce, nor even to name, to her the Count of Belvedere. Awed by her former calamity, and by an excusiveness of imagination, which at times shewed itself in her words and beha-

* See p. 848.

viour, we avoided saying or doing any thing that was likely to disturb her. Giacomo himself, though he wanted to return to Naples, had patience with her pretty trifling, beyond our expectation. At last arrived yours of the 29th of September*; kindly inclosing a copy of yours to her, of the same date†. We question not but your reply to mine of the 5th current, is on the road; nor that the contents will be such as we may hope for, from considerations of our happiness and your own: but these, we thought, without waiting for that, would answer the desired end. I will tell you what was said by every one on the perusal of both.

‘Is this the man,’ said the general, ‘whom I sometimes so rudely treated? I rejoice that we were reconciled before he left us. I had formed a notion to his disadvantage; that he was capable of art, and hoped to keep his hold in my sister’s affections, in view of some turn in his favour: but he is the most single heart-ed of men. These two letters will strengthen our arguments. Clementina, who has more than once declared that she wishes him married to an English woman, cannot now, that she will see there is a woman with whom he thinks he can be happy, wish to stand in his way. These will furnish us with means to attack her in her strongest hold; in her generosity, her delicacy; and will bring to the test her veracity. The contents of these letters will confirm her before half-taken resolution, as in her paper, to oblige us‡. Let *Laurana*, as the chevalier says, go into a nunnery: Clementina will marry, or she is a false girl; and the Sforza women will be disappointed.’

My mother applauded you, and rejoiced to hear that there is a woman of your own nation who is capable of making you more happy than her daughter could.

‘What difficulties,’ said the young marchioness, (ever your friend) ‘must a situation so critical have laid him under! A man so humane! And what farther difficulties must he have

‘to surmount, in offering to a woman, whom even Olivia, as he says, admires, a hand that has been refused by another? May this admired woman be propitious to his suit!’

‘She must, she must!’ said the bishop. ‘If she has a heart disengaged, she cannot refuse a man so accomplished.—Jeronymo, hasten to be well. If she favour him, we will all go over, and congratulate them both.’

‘I, for my part,’ said I, ‘would give up years of life to see my friend as happy in marriage as he deserves to be.’

‘We must tell Clementina,’ said my father, ‘as our Giacomo has hinted, that it will not become her generosity to stand in the way of the chevalier’s happiness.’

We sent up your letter to our sister, by Camilla. She was busy (Mrs. Beaumont sitting by her at work) in correcting the proportion which once you found fault with, in a figure in her piece of Noah’s Ark, and the rising deluge. ‘A letter, Madam, from the chevalier.’—‘To me!’ said she; and overturned the table on which her materials lay, in haste to take it.

When we thought she had had time to consider of the contents, we sent up to request the favour of speaking with Mrs. Beaumont. We owned to her, that we had a copy of your letter to Clementina; and asked, what the dear creature said to the contents of it?

‘She read it,’ answered Mrs. Beaumont, ‘in her own closet. I thought she was too long by herself. I went to her. She was in tears. “O Mrs. Beaumont,” as soon as she saw me, holding out the letter—“See here!—The *chevalier* is against me!—Cruel, I could almost say, cruel Grandison!—He turns my own words upon me. I have furnished him with arguments against myself—What shall I do?—I have for many days past repented that I gave, under my hand, reason to my friends to expect my compliance. I cannot, cannot, confirm the hopes I gave!—What shall I do?”’

‘I took it, read it,’ continued Mrs.

* See Letter V. p. 748.

† See Letter IV. p. 747.

‡ See p. 781.

Beaumont, 'and told her, that the
'chevalier's arguments were unan-
'swerable. I dwelt upon some of
'them. She wept, and was silent.'

We then, my dear Grandison, shew-
ed Mrs. Beaumont your letter to me.
She read it—'How,' said she, 'has
'this excellent young man been em-
'barrassed! I know, from some of my
'countrymen, the character of the
'lady whom he mentions: she is an
'excellent woman!—May I take up
'this letter, and read it to Lady Cle-
'mentina?'

'By all means,' answered the gene-
ral: 'and support, dear Madam, the
'contents of both with your weight. It
'will be from perverseness *now*, if she
'withstand us. Bid her remember
'that she has had once at her feet a
'kneeling father! Bid her remember
'the written hopes she has given us!'

Mrs. Beaumont went up with it. I
will give you an account of what my
sister said as she read it. O Grandison,
read it but cursorily: you will more and
more admire and love the Clementina,
who, before her malady, was always
considered as one of the first of wo-
men; and the glory of our house!

She desired to have it in her own
hands: Mrs. Beaumont, to whose pen
we owe the account, looked over her,
and followed her eye, as she read *.

'And did he still,' said she, '*after*
'he had got to England, hope for a
'change in my resolution?—Heaven
'knows—' She stopt; sighed, and
read on.

'He foresaw that my friends would
'press me to marry!—I foresaw it
'too!—I have indeed been pressed;
'vehemently pressed!

'Rather than any other—' Ah,
'chevalier!—Why, why, were the
'obstacles religion and country! None
'less should have—' She stopt—Then,
reading to herself, proceeded—

'It was not presumptuous to hope—'
'No, Grandison; presumptuous it
'could not be.

'It was *justice* to Clementina, to
'attend the event, and to wait for the
'promised letter.' Kind, confide-
'rate Grandison!—You were all pa-
'tience, all goodness!—O that—'
'There she stopt. Then proceeding—

'Fourth brother! not interested in
'the event.'—Indeed I did write so.

'Give up all his hopes?—Dear
'Grandison!

'It could not be expected that he
'should give the argument all its
'weight—He has given it too much!

'Duty to yield to the entreaties of
'all my friends.—Ah, Grandison!

'Difficult situations!'—Difficult
'indeed! And here am I, who have,
'more than any other in the world,
'enhanced his difficulties!—Unhappy
'Clementina!'—Then reading on—

'Good God! Mrs. Beaumont!

'There is an English lady, with whom
'he was *actually*—Does he not hint in
'love?—Nay, then—Take it, take it,
'Mrs. Beaumont!—I can read no far-
'ther—*Compassion* only, I suppose,
'brought him over to me!—I cannot
'bear that!—Yet snatching it from
her, and reading—

'Beauty her least perfection—'
'[Happy English lady!] "Either in
'my eyes or her own!"—Have I not
'wished him *such* a woman?—"Had
'I never *known* Clementina!"—How
'could I be so captious!

'Loves her with a flame as pure as
'the heart of Clementina.—Thank
'you, chevalier! Indeed I have no
'impurity in my love—My God only
'have I preferred to you: and I bless
'God for enabling me to give so *due*
'a preference!—"or, as her own heart
'can boast."—Just such a wife did I
'wish him; and shall I not rejoice, if
'*such* a one will hold out her hand to
'make him happy?'

She sighed often, as she read on;
but spoke not, till she came to the
words, that she was to you, what you
might truly call, a first love; 'A first
'love,' repeated she: 'he was indeed
'mine! Permit me to say, my dear
'friends, a first and *only* one.

'It became him, he says, in honour,
'in gratitude, though the difficulties
'in his way seemed insuperable, [And
'so they *must* seem] to hold himself in
'suspense, and not offer to make his
'addresses to any other woman.—Ge-
'nerous, noble Grandison!—He *did*
'love me—Discouraged as he was; nay,
'insulted by some of us; [Giacomo
'hears me not,] looking round her.]

* See Letter V. p. 743.

'He, the generous Grandison, *did* love me!' She wiped her eyes.

Recovering herself, and reading on:—'See here, Mrs. Beaumont—He thought himself obliged, in honour to me, and to the persons themselves, to decline proposals of advantage. Surely he must think me an ungrateful creature.'

'But,' (reading on) '*did* he balance in his mind between this lady and me?—He did. But it was because of his uncertainty with *me*.'

Reading to herself, to the words, 'almost an *equal* interest.'—'How is that?' said she, repeating them.—'O, it is explained—But when his dear Clementina—[Do I go too fast for your eye, Mrs. Beaumont?] began to shew signs of recovery,' [She sighed] 'and seemed to confirm the hopes I had given him of my *partiality* for him. [Modest, good man!] Then did I content myself,' says he, [Look, Mrs. Beaumont] "with wishing another husband to the English lady, more worthy of her than my unhappy situation could have made me."—Excellent English lady! If it were in my power, I would make you amends for having shared a heart with you (so it seems) that ought, *my* circumstances and *your* merit considered, to have been all your own!

'What a disappointment was my rejection of him?—See, these are his words.—And these too; that he admires me, however, for my *motives*.

'Marriage, he says, is not in his power; for there is but one woman in the world, now I have refused him, that he can think worthy of succeeding *me*.—What honour he does me. Thank God she is an English woman! O that I had any influence over her! Sweet lady, amiable English woman, let not punctilio deprive you of such a man as this!—Shew her this letter, my good Grandison! Let me transcribe from it, rather for your perusal, happy English lady! certain passages in it, so delicate, so worthy of himself, and of you.

'Thousands, of whom he is not worthy, he says. How can he say so?

'She has for an admirer, every one who knows her.—She shall have me for an admirer, Mrs. Beaumont, if

'she will accept of my fourth brother. She *will* accept of him, if she deserves the character he gives her: let me tell you, lady, that your heart is narrower than that of Clementina, if you think it a diminution to your honour, that he has loved that Clementina. Why cannot you and I be sisters? My love shall be but a sisterly love. You may depend upon the honour of the Chevalier Grandison. He will do *his* duty in every relation of life. What can be your doubts?

'Even Olivia, he says, admires you!—And will such a woman stand upon punctilious observances, like women of ordinary consequence, having to deal with common men?—O that I knew this lady! I would convince her, that he can do justice to *her* greater, and to *my* lesser merits; and yet not appear to be divided by a double love; although he should own to all the world, as he says he will, [See, see, Mrs. Beaumont, these are his very words] his affection for Clementina, and glory in it!

'O Mrs. Beaumont, how my soul, putting her hand to her forehead, then to her heart, 'loves his soul! nor but for *one* obstacle, that would have shaken my faith, and endangered my salvation, (had I got over it) should his soul *only* have been the object of my love.

'Let me but continue single, my dear friends; indulge me in the wish that has been so long next my heart; and take not advantage of the hopes I have given you in writing; and I shall pass happily through this short life; a life that deserves not the bustle which we make about it. Ask me not either to set or follow the example you propose to me: I cannot do either. Unkind chevalier, why would you strengthen *their* hands, and weaken *mine*?—Yet, if it became your justice, what had I but justice to expect from a just man; who has so eminently performed all his own duties, and particularly the filial; which he here calls an article of religion?'

When she came to the concluding part of this letter, and your wishes for her perfect recovery, health, and welfare, and for the happiness of us all; 'May every blessing,' said she, 'he wishes us, be his!'

Then

Then folding up the letter, and putting it in her bosom; 'This letter, and that which accompanied it,' (meaning yours to her) 'I must read over and over.'

Shall I say, my Grandison, that I half pity the lovely Harriet Byron, though her name should be changed to yours? You *must* love Clementina: were a sovereign princess her rival, you *must*. Clementina! who so generously can give up a love as fervent as ever glowed in a virgin heart, on superior motives; motives which regard eternity; and receive joy in the prospect of your happiness with another woman, on a persuasion that that woman can make you happier than she herself could, because of a difference in religion.

My sister chusing to retire to her closet, to re-peruse the two letters, Mrs. Beaumont, knowing our curiosity, put down what had passed; intending, as she said, to write a copy of it for you.

How were we all, on perusing it, charmed with our Clementina! I insisted, that nothing, at present, should be said to her of the Count of Belvedere, and of our wishes in his favour. My father gave into my opinion. He said, he thought the properest time to mention the count to her, was, when we had an answer to the letter I wrote to you on the 5th current, if that could give us assurances that you had made your addresses to the charming Byron, and were encouraged. The general was impatient; but he acquiesced, on finding every one come into my motion: but said, that if all this lenity did not do, he must beg leave to have his own measures pursued.

* *

SOME little particularity has appeared in the dear creature since I have written the above. She has been exceedingly earnest with her mother, to use her interest with my father, and us, to be allowed to go to England; but desires not the permission, till you are actually married. She pleads my health, because of the salutary springs you mentioned to me.

Several other pleas she offered; but, to say truth, they carried with them such an air of flightiness, that I am loth to mention them: yet all of them were innocent, all of them were even

laudable. But, (shall I say?) that some of them appeared too romantick for a settled brain to be so earnest, as she is, for having them carried into execution.

We have no doubt, but all her view is, to avoid marriage, by such a strange excursion. 'Dear creature,' said the bishop, speaking of her just now, 'the veil denied her, she must have *some* point to carry: I wish we saw less rapidity in her manner.'

I, Grandison, for my part, remember how much she and we all suffered by denying her the farewell-visit from you, on your taking leave of Italy the time before the last.

But we think an expedient has offered, that will divert her from this *wildness*: as I must call it: Mrs. Beaumont has requested, that she may be allowed to take her with her to Florence for some weeks. Clementina is pleased with our readiness to oblige them both; and they will soon go.

But all this time she is uniform and steady in her wishes for your marriage. She delights to hear Mrs. Beaumont talk of the perfections of the lady to whom we are all desirous of hearing you are united. You had written, it seems, to Mrs. Beaumont, a character given of this young lady by Olivia, upon a personal knowledge of her. Mrs. Beaumont shewed it to Clementina.

How generously did the dear creature rejoice in it. 'Just such a woman,' said she, 'did I wish for the chevalier. Olivia has shewn greatness of mind in this instance. Perhaps I have thought too hardly of Olivia. Little did I think, I should ever have requested a copy of any thing written by Olivia. Ill-will disables us from seeing those beauties in the person who is the object of it, which would otherwise strike us to her advantage. You must oblige me,' added she, 'with a copy of this extract.'

OCT. 20. N. S.

You will be pleased, I know, my Grandison, with every particular that shall tend to demonstrate the pleasure the dear Clementina takes in hoping you will be soon the happy man we all wish you to be.

This morning she came down with her work into my chamber. 'I in-
' vite

‘vite myself, Jeronymo,’ said she. ‘I will sit down by you, till you are disposed to rise.’ She then, of her own motion, began to talk of you; and I, putting it to her, (as her mother did yesterday) whether she would be really glad to hear of your nuptials, received the same answer she then made; *she sincerely should*: she hoped the next letters would bring an account that it was so. ‘But then, Jeronymo,’ continued she, ‘I shall be teased, persecuted. Let me not, my brother, be persecuted. I don’t know, whether downright compulsion is not more tolerable than over-earnest entreaty. A child, in the first instance, may contract herself, as I may say, within her own compass; may be hardened: but the entreaty of such friends as undoubtedly means one’s good, dilates and disarms one’s heart, and makes one wish to oblige them; and so renders one miserable, whether we do or do not comply. Believe me, Jeronymo, there is great cruelty in persuasion, and still more to a soft and gentle temper, than to a stubborn one: persuaders know not what they make such a person suffer.’

‘My dearest Clementina,’ said I, ‘you have shewn so glorious a magnanimity, that it would be injuring you, to suppose you are not equal to every branch of *duty*. God forbid that you should be called to sustain an unreasonable trial!—In a reasonable one, you must be victorious.’

‘Ah, Jeronymo! How little do I deserve this fine compliment!—Magnanimity, my brother!—You know not what I yet, at times, suffer!—And have you not seen my reason vanquished in the unequal conflict!’ She wept. ‘But let the chevalier be married, and to the angel that is talked of; and let me comfort myself, that he is not a sufferer by my withholding my hand!—And *then* let me be indulged in a single life, in a place consecrated to retirement from the vain world: and we shall *both* be happy.’

Mrs. Beaumont came to seek her. I prevailed on her to sit down, and my sister to stay a little longer. I extolled my sister to her: she joined in the just praise. ‘But one act of magnanimity,’ said Mrs. Beaumont, ‘is wanting to complete the greatness of

‘your character, my love, in this particular case of the expected marriage of the Chevalier Grandison.’

‘What is that, Mrs. Beaumont?’ all attention.

‘You see his doubts, his apprehensions of appearing worthy of the lady so highly spoken of, because of that delicacy of situation (which, as you observe, Olivia also hints at) from what may be called a divided love: Miss Byron may very well imagine, as his love of you commenced before he knew her, that she may injure you, if she receive his addresses: you had the generosity to wish, when you were reading those his apprehensions, that you *knew* the lady, and were able to influence her in his favour.’

‘Well, Mrs. Beaumont—’

‘Can I doubt that Lady Clementina is *able* to set her name to the noble sentiments, that so lately, in reading his letter, flowed from her lips?’

‘What would Mrs. Beaumont have me do?’

‘Let me lead you to your own closet. Pen, ink, and paper, are always before you there. Assume your whole noble self, and we shall see what that assumption will produce.’

‘All that is in my power,’ said she, ‘to promote the happiness of a man who has suffered so much through my means, it is my duty to do.’

She gave her hand to Mrs. Beaumont; who led her to her closet, and left her there. The following is the result. Generous, noble creature!—But does it not shew a raised imagination! especially in the disposition of the lines?

‘Best of men! }
‘Best of women! } Be ye ONE.

‘CLEMENTINA wishes it!

‘GRANDISON, lady, will make you happy.

‘Be it your duty to make *him* so!—

‘Happy, as CLEMENTINA would have made him.

‘Had not obstacles invincible intervened.

‘This will lessen her regrets:

‘For,

‘His felicity, temporal and eternal,

‘Was ever the wish next her heart.

‘GOD

‘ GOD be merciful to you both
 ‘ And lead you into his paths :
 ‘ Then will everlasting happiness be
 ‘ your portion.
 ‘ Be it the portion of CLEMENTINA—
 ‘ Pray for her !—
 ‘ That, after this transitory life is over,
 ‘ She may partake of heavenly bliss :
 ‘ And
 ‘ (Not a stranger to you, lady, HERE)
 ‘ Rejoice with you both HEREAFTER.
 ‘ CLEMENTINA DELLA PORRETTA.’

The admirable creature gave this to Mrs. Beaumont: ‘ Send this, Madam,’ said she, ‘ if you think proper, to your friend and my friend, the Chevalier Grandison. Tell him, that I shall think myself very happy, if it may serve as a testimonial, to the lady whose merits entitle her to his love, of my sincere wishes for their mutual happiness: tell him, that at present I wish for nothing more ardently, than to hear of his nuptials being celebrated.’

Dear Grandison! let your next give us an opportunity to felicitate you on this desirable event. In this wish joins every one of a family to whom you are, and ever will be, dear. Witness, for them all,

THE MARQUIS AND MARCHIONESS
 DELLA PORRETTA.

I. T. R. BISHOP OF NOCERA.

JERONYMO DELLA PORRETTA.

J. P. M. MARESCOTTI.

HORTENSIA BEAUMONT.

LETTER XXXV.

MISS BYRON, TO SIR CHARLES
 GRANDISON.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 1.

HOW, Sir, have the contents of your friend Jeronymo’s letter affected me!—I am more and more convinced, that, however distinguished my lot may be, Clementina only can deserve you. What a vain creature must I be, if I did *not* think so! And what a disingenuous one, so thinking, if I did not acknowledge it!

I cannot, Sir, misconstrue your delicate sensibilities. My own teach me to allow for yours.

‘ Best of men,’ I can, I do, with Clementina, think you: but Harriet’s ambition will be gratified, in being accounted second to HER.

And *does* Clementina wish us ONE! Most noble, most generous of women! Grandison, you say, will make me happy.

But ah, my lovely pattern, *can* Harriet be happy, even with her Grandison, if *you* are not so?

Believe me, LADY! *your* happiness will be essential to *hers*.

God give you happiness! *Harriet prays for it!* my next to divine monitors, it *shall* be my study to make him happy!

But, most excellent of women, *have* you *regrets*? Regrets, which can only be lessened by the joy you will have in his happiness!—And with another! Superlative goodness!

Why, why, when he would allow to you the exercise of your religion, and only insists on the like liberty, are the obstacles you hint at *invincible*!

O Sir! I can pursue this subject no farther. Thus far an irresistible impulse carried me.

How should I be able to stand before this lady, were the visit she was so earnest to be allowed to make to England to take place; yet, in such a case, with what pleasure should I pay my reverence to her *mind* in her *person*!

And does SHE, do her *family*, do you, Sir, wish us *speedily* ONE?—Are you not satisfied with the given month?—Is not a month, Sir, *your declaration so lately made*, a short term? (and let me ask you, but within parentheses, do you not, on an occasion so *very* delicate, in your limited *three* days after your return to us, treat the not-insensible Harriet a little more—Help me, Sir, to a word—than might have been expected from a man so *very* polite?)—And can you so generously, yet so seriously, ask me, from *which* parts of the nuptial life, the *LAST* (what a dreadful idea do you raise in that solemn word!) or the *FIRST*, I would deduct the week’s or fortnight’s supposed delay?—O Sir! what a way of putting it is this!—Thus I answer. —From *neither*! My honour is *your* honour. Determine you, most generous of men, for *your*

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XXXVI.

MISS JERVOIS, TO SIR CHARLES
GRANDISON.

TUESDAY, OCT. 31.

HONOURED SIR,

YOU will think your ward very bold to address you by letter; especially as she is a very poor inditer, and as you are in town: but her heart is in trouble, and she must write; and must beg the favour of you, the most indulgent guardian that ever poor orphan had, to answer her by pen and ink. For whether you can forgive her or not, she will be equally incapable of bearing your goodness, or your displeasure. How weakly I expect myself! I find I shall write worse to you, than to any body else: and why? Because I wish to write best. But I have great awe, and no genius. I am a poor girl in every sense; as you shall hear bye and bye. I hope you won't be very angry with me. If you are, I shall be worse than poor—I shall be miserable.

But to come before my guardian as a delinquent, when I have ambition enough to wish to shine in his eyes, if so it could have been!—It is a very great mortification indeed! If you were to acquit me, I shall have had great punishment in that thought.

But to open my troubled heart to you—Yet how shall I? I thought to tell it you yesterday; but for my life I could not. Did you not observe me once, Sir, hanging upon the back of your chair, unable to stand in your sight? O how I felt my face glow!—*Then it was* I thought to have spoken my mind; but you were so kind, so good to me, I could not, might I have had the world. You took my hand—I shall be very bold to repeat it; but am always so proud of your kind notice, that I can't help it: and you said, drawing me gently to you, 'Why keeps my Emily behind me? What can I do for my Emily? Tell me, child: is there any thing I can do for my ward?' Yet, though the occasion was so fair, I could not tell you. But I shall tire you, before I come to the point (to the fault, I should say) that has emboldened me to write,

This then is the truth of the matter.

My poor mother, Sir, is very good now, you know. You have taken from her all her cares about this world. She and her husband live together happily and elegantly: they want for nothing; and are grown quite religious; so that they have leisure to think of their souls good. They make me cry for joy, whenever I go to them. They pray for you, and heap blessings upon you; and cry to think they ever offended you.

But, Sir, I took it into my head, knowing it was a vast way for them to go from home to somewhere in Moorfields, to hear the preacher they admire so much, and coach-hire, and charities, and contributions, of one kind or other, (for their minister has no establishment) and old debts paying off, that at present, though I believe they are frugal enough, they can't be much beforehand—"So," thought I, 'shall I ride in my guardian's coach, at one time, in Lady G.'s at another, in Lady L.'s at another, though so much better able to walk than my poor mother; while she is growing into years, and when infirmities are coming on; and my guardian's example before me, so opening to one's heart?'—I ventured, therefore, unknown to my mother and her husband, unknown to any body, by way of surprise, to bespeak a plain neat chariot, and agreed for a coachman and a pair of horses; for I had about 130 guineas by me when I bespoke it. 'Out of this,' thought I, '(which is my own money, without account) I shall be able to spare enough for the first half year's expences; after which, they will be in circumstances to keep it on: and as quarters come round,' thought I, 'I will stint myself, and throw in something towards it; and then my poor mother and her husband can go to serve God, and take sometimes an airing, or so, where they please; and make an appearance in the world, as the mother of the girl who is intitled to so large a fortune.' And I don't grudge Mr. O'Hara; for he is vastly tender of my mother now: which must be a great comfort to her, you know, Sir, now she is come to be sorry for past things, and apt to be very spiritless, when she looks back—Poor dear woman!

But

But here, Sir, was the thing: believing it became me, as Lady L. Lady G. and Mrs. Eleanor Grandison, intended to shew their respect to you, on a certain happy occasion, by new cloaths, to shew mine the same way; I went to the mercer's, and was so tempted by two patterns, that, not knowing which to chuse, I bought of both; not thinking, at the time, of the bespoken chariot. To be sure I ought to have consulted Lady L. or Lady G. but, foolish creature as I was, I must be for surprizing them too with my fine fancy.

Then I laid out a good deal more than I intended, in millinery matters; not but I had my pennyworths for my penny: but the milliners are so very obliging; they shew one this pretty thing, and that fashionable one, and are so apt to praise one's taste; and one is so willing to believe them, and be thought mighty clever; that there is no resisting the vanity they raise. I own all my folly: I ever will, Sir, when I am guilty of any greater silliness than ordinary; for I have no bad heart, I hope, though I am one of the flowers I once heard you compare some of us to, who are late before they blow into discretion.

But now, good Sir, came on my distress: for the bespoken chariot was ready; ready sooner by a fortnight than I expected. I thought my quarter would be nearer ended; and I had made a vast hole in my money. I pulled up a courage; I had need of it; and borrowed fifty guineas of Lady G. but, from this foolish love of surprizes, cared not to tell her for what. And having occasion to pay two or three bills, (I was a thoughtless creature, to be sure) which, unluckily, though I had asked for them before, were brought in just then, I borrowed another sum; but yet told not Lady G. for what; and the dear lady, I believe, thought me an extravagant girl: I saw she did, by her looks.

But, however, I caused the new chariot to be brought privately to me. I went in it, and it carried me to Soho; and there, on my knees, made my present to my mother.

But do you think, Sir, that she and Mr. O'Hara, when I confessed that I had not consulted you upon it, and

that neither Lady L. nor Lady G. nor yet Mrs. Eleanor Grandison, knew a syllable of the matter, would accept of it? They would not: but yet they both cried over me for joy, and blessed me.

It is put up somewhere—And there it lies, till I have obtained your pardon first, and your direction afterwards. And what shall I do, if you are angry at your poor ward, who has done so inconsiderate a thing, and run herself into debt?

Chide me, honoured Sir, if you please. Indeed you never yet did chide me. But yours will be chidings of love; of *paternal* love, Sir.

But if you are angry with me more than a day; if you give me reason to believe you think meanly of me, though, alas! I may deserve it; and that this rashness is but a prelude to other rash or conceited steps, (for that is the fear which most terrifies me) and is therefore to be reformed with severity; then will I fly to my dear Miss Byron, that now is!—And if *she* cannot soften your displeasure, and restore me to your *good opinion*—(Mere pardon will not be enough for your truly penitent ward) then will I say, 'Burst, heart! 'ingrateful, inconsiderate Emily, thou 'hast offended thy guardian! What is 'there left in this life, that is worthy 'thy cares?'

And now, Sir, I have laid my troubled heart open before you. I know you will not so much blame the thing, even should you not approve of it, as the manner; doing it (after you had been so extremely generous and considerate to my mother) without consulting either you, or your sisters. O my vanity and conceit! They, they, have misled me. They never shall again, whether you forgive me, or not.

But, good, indulgent, honoured Sir, my guardian, my protector, let not my punishment be the reversing of the gracious grant which my heart has been so long wishing to obtain, and which you had consented to, of being allowed to live immediately in your own eye, and in the presence of my dear Miss Byron, that now is. This rash action should rather induce you to confirm than reverse it. And I promise to be very good. I ever loved her. I shall add filial honour, as I may say, to my love of her. I never

will do any thing without consulting her; and but what you, the kindest guardian that ever poor orphan had, would wish me to do.

And now, Sir, honour me with a few lines from your own hand; were it but to shew me that this impertinence has not so far tired you, as (should you think it just to banish me from your presence for *some time*) to make you discourage applications to you, by pen and ink, from, Sir, *your truly sorrowful ward, and ever obliged, and grateful*

EMILY JERVOIS.

LETTER XXXVII.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, TO MISS JERVOIS.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 1.

I Write to the dear child of my tenderest cares, because she requests me to write: else I had hastened to her in person, to comfort her doubting heart; and to assure her, that nothing but a fault, premeditated, and persisted in, that might have affected her present or future reputation, and consequently her happiness, could make me, for half an hour, offended with her. Your good intentions, my dear child, will ever be your security with me. Men, as well as women, are often misled by their love of surprizes: but the greatest surprize my Emily could give me, would be, if she could do any *one* thing that would shew a faulty heart.

Once more, my dear, pay your duty to your mother, in the chariot which has been the causeless occasion of so much concern to you; and tell her, and Mr. O'Hara, that they have greatly obliged me in declining the acceptance of the chariot, so dutifully presented, till they knew my mind: but that, not so much in the compliment paid to me as *your guardian*, as because it has given me an opinion of their own generosity and discretion. Tell them, that I greatly approve of this instance of your duty to your mother, and of your regard, for her sake, to Mr. O'Hara: tell them, that I join with my ever-amiable ward in requesting their acceptance of it; and do you, my dear, tell Miss Jervois,

that I greatly honour her for this *new* instance of the goodness of her heart.

I inclose a note, and will, to make you easy, carry it to its proper account, that will enable you to pay the debt which you, with so dutiful an intention, have contracted.—Forgive you, my dear! I love, I admire, you for it. I will not have you *flint* yourself, as you call it, in order to contribute to the future expence of the chariot. The present is but a handsome one, respecting your fortune. Be therefore, for your mother's life, the whole expence yours; and it may possibly contribute not a little to the ease of mind of both, (as they now live together not unhappily) if you have the goodness to assure Mr. O'Hara, that you are so well satisfied with his kind treatment of your mother, that you will, on supposition of the continuance of it, before you enter into engagements, which may limit your own power, or make your will dependent on that of another person, secure a handsome provision for him, for his life, in case he survive your mother.

I thank you, my dearest ward, for the affection you express for my beloved Miss Byron. She loves you so tenderly, that it would have been a concern to me, had she not engaged *your* love and confidence. You highly oblige me by promising to consult her on all material occasions. The benefit *you* will receive from her prudent advice and example, and the delight *she* will receive from your company, will be a happiness to all three. My Emily may depend upon every thing to make it compleatly so, that shall be in the power of *her faithful friend, and servant*,

CHARLES GRANDISON.

LETTER XXXVIII.

MISS JERVOIS, TO SIR CHARLES GRANDISON.

THURSDAY, NOV. 2.

A Few lines, Sir; a very few—Not to shew my vanity, my pride, in being allowed to write to my guardian; not to presume to draw him into an intercourse of letters. No, Sir, I write only

only to thank you; which I do a thousand thousand times, for the ease, the joy, you have given to my heart. O how I dreaded to open your letter! But I could not have expected it to be so *very* indulgent to a faulty girl. Not *one* rebuke! Oh, Sir! how *very* good you are! And to send me the money to clear my debts! To bid me make my present! In so gracious a manner to bid me! And to put me upon promising a provision for life for Mr. O'Hara, if he survive my mother; which will prevent their thinking themselves obliged to live more narrowly while they are together, in order to save in view of such an unhappy event!—I flew to them, with the good news—I read the whole letter to them. O how their hearts blessed you at their eyes, for they could not presently speak; and how my tears mingled with theirs! O Sir, you made us all infants!—I, for my part, am still a baby!—Did I ever cry so much for grief, as you have made me cry for joy?—It is well something now and then comes to check one's joy; there would be no bearing it, else. But I shall encroach on your precious time. Thank you, thank you, Sir, a hundred thousand times. My mother is happy! Mr. O'Hara is happy! My Miss Byron will soon be the happiest of all human beings, thank God!—You, my guardian, must be one of the happiest of men! May every body else be happy that you wish to be so! and then how happy will be, good Sir, *your dutiful ward, and obliged servant, ever to be commanded,*

EMILY JERVOIS.

They say you set out for Northamptonshire next *Monday* or *Tuesday*, at farthest. Lord bless me!—Lord bless you! I would say—And bless every body you love!—Amen!—for ever and ever!

LETTER XXXIX.

MISS BYRON, TO LADY G.

THURSDAY, NOV. 2.

I Have laid before you, my dear Lady G. the letters of your brother and Signor Jeronimo; as also my answer to that of your brother: my spirits ne-

ver were so unequal. All joy at one time; apprehension at another; that something will still happen.—Greville is reported to be *so* gloomy, *so* silent! He hates me, he says.—And here, unexpectedly, is poor Mr. Orme returned. Amended in his health a little, those who have seen him say, and he thinks so—I am glad of it. And here are we sitting in judgment, my aunt lady-president, on the patterns you have sent: my uncle, too, will have his opinion be taken—And Mr. Deane, who threatened he would not come to Selby House till the settlements were to be signed, or read—I cannot tell *what*—will be here on Saturday.

* *

Mr. Orme has desired leave to visit me to-morrow. My uncle *so* hurries my spirits; not with his raillery, as he used to do—but with his joy. He talks of nothing but the coming down of your brother, and the limited three days after; and numbers the days, nay, the hours, as they fly: for he supposes Sir Charles will be here on Monday, at farthest; and calls that a delay of particular grace and favour to me. 'For has he not told you,' said he, 'that nothing after Friday 'can, on his part, detain him from 'us?'

But, Lady G. will he not write to my last before he comes? Say my uncle what he pleases, your brother can't be down before Saturday se'nnight, at soonest.

Your fancy and Lady L.'s determinè us. My aunt has undertaken this province: she therefore will write to you what she thinks fit. Is there not too much glare in the flowered silver, as you describe it? Don't, my dear, let me be a bride in a masquerade habit. Humility becomes persons of some degree. We want not glare: we are *known* to be able to afford rich dresses—need them not, therefore, to give us consequence; simplicity only can be elegance. Let me not be gaudy: let not fancy, or art, or study, be seen in my dresses. Something must be done, I grant, on our *appearance*; for an appearance we must not dispense with here in the country, whatever you people of quality may do in town. But let me not, I beseech you, or as little as possible, be marked out for a *lustre*; and be so good as to throw in
a hint

a hint to this purpose to the dear busy girls here, as from yourselves; for they are exercising their fancies, as if I were to be a queen of the May. Your authorities will support me, if they give me cause to differ in opinion from them.

Miss Orme has just been with me. She confirms her brother's sentiment. She is sorry that his impatience has brought him over, when the climate was so favourable to him. She says, I shall find him sincerely disposed to congratulate me on my happy prospect; of which she has given him ample particulars. He could not, she says, but express himself pleased, that neither Fenwick nor Greville, but that one of so superior a character, is to be the man.

What greater felicity can a young creature propose to herself, in the days of courtship, than to find every one in her family, and out of it, applauding her choice? Could I, a few weeks ago, have thought—But hushed be vanity! Pride, withdraw! Meek-eyed humility, stand forth!—Am I indeed to be the happiest of women? Will nothing happen—O no, no! Heaven will protect your brother—Yet this Greville is a trouble to me. Not because of my horrid dream; I am not so superstitious as to let them disturb me: but from a hint he gave Miss Orme.

She met him this morning at a neighbouring lady's. He thus accosted her. 'I understand, Madam, that your brother is returned. He is a happy man. Just in time, to see Miss Byron married. Fenwick, a dog! is gone to howl at Carlisle, on the occasion. Your brother, Miss Orme, and I, have nothing to do but howl in recitative, to each other, here.'

'My brother, Mr. Greville,' answered Miss Orme, 'I am sure will behave like a man on the occasion: nor can you have reason to howl, as you call it. Sir Charles Grandison is your particular friend, you know.'

'True, Miss Orme,' affecting to laugh off this hit, 'I thought I could have braved it out; but now the matter comes near, it sticks here, just here,' pointing to his throat. 'I cannot get it through my gizzard. Plague hard of digestion!' making faces, in his light way.

'But will your brother,' proceeded

he, 'be contented to stay within the noise of the bells, which will (in a few days, perhaps) be set a ringing, for ten miles round! Sir Charles drives on at a diabolical rate, I hear. But he must let me die decently, I can tell him: we will not part forever with the flower of our country, without conditions. Shall you see the fyren, Madam? If you do, tell her, that I have no chance for peace, but in hating her heartily. But,' (whispering Miss Orme) 'bid her not TO BE TOO SECURE.'

I was strangely struck with these last words; for my spirits were not high before. I repeated them; I dwelt upon them, and wept.—Fool that I was! But I soon recollected myself; and desired Miss Orme not to take notice of my tender folly.

FRIDAY.

I HAVE had a visit from Mr. Orme. He has given me some pleasure. I added not to his melancholy. He asked me several interesting questions, which I would not have answered any other man, as I told him. I shall always value Mr. Orme. Your brother is the most generous of men: but were he not so very generous, he ought to allow for my civility to this worthy man; since I can applaud him with my whole heart, for loving the noble Clementina. What a narrow-hearted creature must I be, if I did not?—But as a woman's honour is of a more delicate nature, I believe, than a man's, with regard to *personal* love; so, perhaps, if *this* be allowed me, a man may be as jealous of a woman's *civility*, (in general cases, I mean) as a woman may be of a man's *love* to another object. This may sound strange, at first hearing, Lady G. but I know what I mean.—'Nobody else does, Harriet,' perhaps you will say.—'But they would,' I reply, if I were to explain myself; which, at present, if you apprehend me not, I have no inclination to do.

How did this worthy man praise Sir Charles Grandison! He must see that my pride, no, not pride, my gratitude, was raised by it, as well to the *praiser* as *praised*. He concluded with a blessing on us both, which he uttered in a different manner from what that Balaam Greville uttered his: it was followed with tears, good man! and he left me almost unable to speak. How grateful

in

in our ears are the praises bestowed on those whom we fondly love!

Lucy thinks I had best go to my grandmamma's before he comes down; and that he should visit me there from Selby House. Neither my aunt nor I am of this opinion: but that he should himself go to Shirley Manor, and visit us from thence. For is not Selby House my usual place of residence? My grandmamma will be delighted with his company, and conversation. But as he cannot think of coming down before the latter end of next week, at the soonest, it is time enough to consider of these things. Yet *can* a young creature, the awful solemnity so near, and with a man whom she prefers to all others, find room in her head for any other topic?

I have a letter from my good Mrs. Reeves. She and my cousin are so full of this agreeable subject, that they invite themselves down to us; and hope we will excuse them for their earnestness on this occasion. They are prodigiously earnest. I wonder my cousin can think of leaving her little boy. My aunt says, there is no denying them. How so?—Surely one may excuse one's self to friends one so dearly loves. *Your* presence, my Charlotte, I own, would be a high satisfaction to me: yet you would be a little unmanageable, I doubt. There can be no hope of Lady L.'s: but if there were, neither she, nor any body else, could keep you orderly.—Poor dear Emily!—My aunt wishes, that we *could* have had her with us: but, for her own sake, it must not be. How often do I revolve that reflection of your brother's; that, in our happiest prospects, the sighing heart will confess imperfection!—But I will not add another word, after I have assured you, my dearest ladies, that I am, and ever will be, *your grateful and most affectionate humble servant,*

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XL.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, TO
MISS BYRON.

FRIDAY, NOV. 3.

RECEIVE, dearest, loveliest, of women, the thanks of a most grateful heart, for your invaluable fa-

vour of Wednesday last. Does my *Harriet*, (already, methinks, I have sunk the name of Byron into that of Grandison) do Mrs. Shirley, Mrs. Selby, think, that I have treated one of the most delicate of female minds indelicately, in the *wish* (not the *prescription*) I have presumed to signify to the beloved of my heart; that within three days after my *permitted* return to Northamptonshire, I may be allowed to receive at the altar the greatest blessing of my life? I would not be thought arrogant. I studied my wishes; but I told you in the time let'er, that your *dearest* compliance was to me the greatest desideratum. In every thing, from the date of the condescending letter before me, to the last of my life, shall your wishes determine mine. I will have your whole heart in the grant of every request I make to you, or you shall have the chearful acquiescence of mine with your will. Permit me to say, that the family punctilio was not out of my thoughts, when I expressed my own and *our* wishes to you. Does not the world *as you* expect, on the return of the happy man, a speedy solemnization? I imagined, that whether he be permitted to make the place of his abode Selby House or Shirley Manor, you would not that the happy day should be long deferred, which should give him rank as one of the dear family.

Our equipages, my dearest life, are all in great forwardness. In tenderness to you, I have forborne to consult you upon some parts of them; as my regard for your judgment would otherwise have obliged me to do. The settlements are all ready. Our good Mr. Deane is ready to attend you with them. Allow me, then, to do myself the honour of presenting myself before you at Selby House, on Tuesday next. I will leave it to you to distinguish the happiest day of my life, whether within the succeeding three, four, five, or even six, of my return.

If I have not your commands to the contrary, Tuesday morning then, if not Monday night, shall present to you the most ardent and sincere of men, pouring out on your hand his grateful vows for the invaluable favour of Wednesday's date, which I considered in the sacred light of a plighted love; and, as such, have given it a place next my heart.

My

My most respectful compliments to all whom we both so justly hold dear, conclude me, dearest Madam, *your most grateful, obliged, and ever affectionate,*

CHARLES GRANDISON.

LETTER XLI.

MISS BYRON, TO LADY G.

MONDAY MORNING, NOV. 6.

I Send you, my dearest Lady G. a copy of your brother's letter of Friday last. Lucy has transcribed it for you. Lucy is very obliging. She desires to be allowed to correspond with you; and makes a merit of these transcriptions for an introduction: that is her view. I give you fair notice of it, that you may either check or encourage her, as you think fit.

Have I not cause to think your brother a little out of the way in his resolution of so sudden a return?—This night, perhaps, or to-morrow morning—I am vexed, my dear, because he is such an anticipator, that he leaves not to me the merit of obliging him *beyond* his expectation. However, I shall rejoice to see him. The moment he enters the room where I am, he can have no faults.

My aunt, who thinks he is full hasty, is gone to dine with my grand-mamma, and intends to settle with that dear parent every thing for his reception at Shirley Manor. Nancy is gone with her. My uncle, at Mr. Orme's invitation, is gone to dine with that worthy man.

MONDAY AFTERNOON.

O my dearest Lady G.! what shall we do! All quarrels are at an end! all petulance, all folly!—I may never, never, be his at all!—I may, before the expected time of his arrival, be the most miserable of women!—Your brother, best of men!—may be—Ah—my Charl—

* *
TERRIFIED to death, my pen fell from my fingers—I fainted away—Nobody came near me. I know I was not long insensible—My terrors broke through even the fit I fell into—Nothing but death itself could make me long insensible, on such an occasion—

O how I shall terrify you!—Dearest Lady G.—But here, here comes my Lucy—Let her give the occasion of my anguish.

THE FOLLOWING WRITTEN BY
MISS LUCY SELBY.

AT my cousin's request, while she is laid down, I proceed, my good Lady G. to account to you for her terrors, and for mine also.—Dear creature!—But don't be too much terrified: God, we hope, God, we *pray*, will protect your brother! Mr. Greville cannot be capable of the shocking mischief, barbarity, villainy, which, it is apprehended, he has in view: God will protect your brother!

Here, a note was brought from an anonymous hand—I don't know what I write—from an *unknown* hand; signifying, that Mr. Greville was heard to threaten the life of your brother; and we are told by more than one, that he is moody, and in a bad way as to his mind. And he left his house this morning; so the note says, (and *that he certainly did*) and was seen to take the London road, with several servants, and others—And the dear Harriet has distracted herself and me with her apprehensions. My aunt out, my uncle out, none but maid-servants at home. We, before she came up to her closet, ran up and down, directing and undirecting; and she promised to go up, and try to compose herself, till my uncle came from *the Park*, where he is to dine with Mr. Orme. He is sent for—Thank God my uncle is come!

BY MISS BYRON.

AND what, my dear Lady G. can his coming signify? Lucy is gone down to shew him the anonymous writer's note. Dear, dear Sir! Lord of my wishes! forgive me all my petulance. Come safe—God grant it!—Come safe! And hand and heart I will be yours, if you require it, to-morrow morning!

* *
HERE, Lady G. follows the copy of the alarming note. I broke the seal. It was thus directed—

TO GEORGE SELBY, ESQ. WITH
‘ SPEED, SPEED, SPEED!’

‘ HONOURED SIR,

‘ A Very great respecter of one of
‘ the most generous and noblest
‘ of men, (Sir Charles Grandison, I
‘ mean) informs you, that his life is
‘ in great danger. He over-heard Mr.
‘ Greville say, in a rageful manner,
‘ as by his voice, “ I never will allow
‘ such a prize to be carried from me.
‘ He shall die the death—” and swore
‘ to it. He was a little in wine, it is
‘ true; and I should have disregarded
‘ it for that reason, had I not informed
‘ myself that he is set out with armed
‘ men this morning. Make what use
‘ you please of this: you never will
‘ know the writer. But love and reve-
‘ rence to the young baronet is all my
‘ motive. So help me God!’

Two of my uncle’s tenants, several-
ly, saw the shocking creature on the
London road, with servants. What
will become of me, before morning,
if he arrive not this night in safety!

MONDAY NIGHT, ELEVEN.

My uncle dispatched two servants
to proceed on the London road as far
as they could go for day-light. He
himself rode to Mr. Greville’s. Mr.
Greville had been out all day, and well
attended—Expected, however, to re-
turn at night.—To prepare for his
escape (who knows?) after the black-
est of villainies. My aunt is in tears;
my uncle represents aggravating cir-
cumstances. Our preparations, your
brother’s preparations; Mr. Deane’s
expected arrival of to-morrow—Lucy
weeps; Nancy wrings her hands—
Your Harriet is in silent anguish—
She can weep no more!—She can write
no more!

TUESDAY MORN. 8 O’CLOCK, NOV. 7.

WHAT a dreadful night have I had!
Not a wink of sleep.

And nobody stirring. Afraid to
come down. I suppose, for fear of
seeing each other. My eyes are swell-
ed out of my head.—I wonder my
uncle is not down. He might give
orders about something—I know not
what. What dreadful visions had I

ready, as it seemed, to continue my
disturbance, could I have closed my
eyes to give seeming form to the flying
shadows! *Waking* dreams; for I was
broad awake: Sally sat up with me.
Such startings! such absences—I
never was so before. Such another
night would I not have for the world!
I can only write. Yet *what* do I
write? To what purpose?—You must
not see what I have written. Now on
my knees, praying, vowing: now—
‘ O my Lucy!’

✱ ✱

LUCY entered just here—Nancy fol-
lowed her—Nancy tormented me with
her reveries of the past night: my
aunt is not well; she has not slept:
my uncle fell into a dose, about his
usual rising time; he has had no rest.
My grandmamma must not know the
occasion of our grief, till it cannot be
kept from her—I—But no more—
Dreadful If—

LETTER XLII.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

TUESDAY, 12 O’CLOCK, NOV. 7.

IN A SMALL HAND, UNDER THE SUPER-
SCRIPTION OF THE INNER COVER.

My dearest Lady G. pray read the first page
of this letter, before you open the other
dreadful one, sealed with five seals, and
stitched to the cover, (that it may not
slide *efficiously* into your hands.) Lucy
will have me send the whole of that
shocking letter. Against my judgment,
I comply.

WE met this morning, soul-less,
and forlorn, all equally un-
able either to give or receive consol-
ation. The officious note was taken
up, laid down, taken up again; the
hand endeavoured to be guessed at;
and at last it was concluded, to dis-
patch a servant to Mr. Greville’s, to
learn news of the supposed traitor.

But behold! before the servant could
return, in a riding-dress, having al-
ighted at the outward gate, entered
the hall your noble brother. I was
the first whom he saw; the first who
saw him. I was just going out, in-
tending (yet hardly knowing my in-
tention) to walk in the Elm Row front-

ing the house, in order to shorten the way of the returning servant with news.

He cast himself at my feet. Something he said, and more he intended to say; excusing his early return, and thanking me for my favour of the Wednesday before; when my joyful surprize overpowered both my speech and senses.—And what will you say to me, when I tell you, that, on my recovery, I found myself in his arms, mine clasped about his neck?

He was surprized at my emotion. Well he might—Every one, in a moment, crowded about him—My aunt also folded her arms around him.—‘Welcome, welcome, welcome!’ was all she could at the instant, say.

I, utterly abashed, trembling, and doubting my feet, motioned to quit the hall for the parlour—But nobody minded me; all were busied in congratulating the joy of every heart; till Sally presenting herself, I leaned upon her, and staggering to the parlour, threw myself into an elbow-chair.

Your brother, attended by all my friends, followed me in. My heart again bid him welcome, though my eye could not, at that instant, bear his. He took my hand, as I sat, between both his, and in the most respectful manner, pressing it with his lips, besought me to compose myself.

They had hinted to him in the hall, the cause of all our emotions—They had as much reason to blush, as I had.—Nancy, it seems, even Nancy, snatched his hand, and kissed it, in raptures. How dear is he to us all! He sees it now: there can be no reserves to him, after this. *Punctilio! Family-punctilio!* mentioned he in his letter!—We have now no pretensions to it.

His eyes shone with grateful sensibility. ‘Look down upon me, love—lieft of women,’ said he, with a bent knee; ‘look down upon me, and tell me, you forgive me, for my early return: but, though returned, I am entirely at your devotion.’

Lucy says, she never saw me more to my advantage. I looked down upon him, as he bid me, smiling through my tears. He stole gently my handkerchief from my half-hid face; with it he dried my unaverted cheek, and put it, she says, in his bosom. I have lost it.

My uncle and aunt withdrew with him, and acquainted him with all particulars. To them he acknowledged, in words of eloquent love, my uncle said, the honour done him by me, and by us all, in the demonstrations we had given of our tender regard for him.

I was, by the time of their return to us, pretty well recovered. Sir Charles approached me, without taking notice of the emotion I had been in. ‘Mr. and Mrs. Selby tell me,’ said he, to me, ‘that I am to be favoured with a residence at our venerable Mrs. Shirley’s. This, though a high honour, looks a little distant; so would the next door, if it were not under the same roof with my Miss Byron: but,’ smiling tenderly upon me, ‘I shall presume to hope, that this very distance will turn to my account. Mrs. Shirley’s Harriet cannot decline paying her accustomed duty to the best of grandmothers.’

Bowing, ‘I shall not, Sir,’ said I, ‘be the more backward to pay my duty to my grandmamma, for your obliging her with your company.’

‘Thus,’ resumed he, snatching my hand, and ardently pressing it with his lips, ‘do I honour to myself for the honour done me. How poor is man, that he cannot express his gratitude to the object of his vows, for obligations conferred, but by owing to her new obligation!’

Then turning round to my aunt—‘It is incumbent upon me, Madam,’ said he, ‘to pay my early devoirs to Mrs. Shirley, the hospitable Mrs. Shirley,’ repeated he, smiling; which looked as if he expected to be here. ‘There, besides,’ (looking pleasantly upon my aunt) ‘I may be asked—*here* I am not—to break my fast.’

This set us all into motion. My uncle ran out to look after Sir Charles’s servants, who, it seems, in our hurry, were disregarded: their horses in the court-yard; three of them walking about, waiting their master’s orders. My uncle was ready, in the true taste of old English hospitality, to *pull* them in.

Chocolate was instantly brought for their master; and a dish for each of us. We had made but a poor breakfast, any of us. I could get nothing down before. My aunt put a second dish

dish into my hand: I took her kind meaning, and presented it to Sir Charles. How gratefully did he receive it! Will it *always* be so, Lady G.? My love, heightened by my duty, shall not, when the obligation is doubled, make me less deserving of his politeness, if I can help it.

But still this dreadful note, and Greville's reported moodiness, made us uneasy: the servant we sent returned, with information that Mr. Greville came home late last night. He was not stirring, it seems, though eleven o'clock, when the servant reached his house. He is said to be not well; and, as one servant of his told ours, so very fretful, and ill-tempered, that they none of them know how to speak to him. God grant—But let me keep to myself such of my apprehensions as are founded on conjecture.—Why should I not hope the best? Is not your beloved brother at present safe? And is he not the care of Providence?—I humbly trust he is.

Sir Charles took the note. 'I think I have seen the hand,' said he: 'If I have, I shall find out the writer. I dare say, it is written with a good intention.'

My uncle and we all expressed, some in words, some by looks, our apprehension.

'There cannot possibly be room for any,' said Sir Charles; always present to himself. 'Mr. Greville loves Miss Byron. It is no wonder, as his apprehensions of losing all hopes of her for ever, grow stronger, that he should be uneasy. He would make but an ill compliment to her merit, and his own sincerity, if he were not. But such a stake as he has in his country, he cannot have desperate intentions. I remember to his advantage, his last behaviour here. I will make him a visit. I must engage Mr. Greville to rank me in the number of his friends.'

What he said gave us comfort. No wonder if we women love courage in a man: we *would*, if it be true courage, like that of your excellent brother. After all, my dear, I think we must allow a natural superiority in the minds of men over women. Do we not want protection? And does not that want imply inferiority—Yet if there be

two sorts of courage, an *acquired* and a *natural*; why may not the former be obtained by women, as well as by men, were they to have the same education? NATURAL courage may belong to either. Had Miss Barnevelt, for example, had a boy's education, she would have probably challenged her man, on provocation given; and he might have come off but poorly.

But we have more silly antipathies than men, which help to keep us down: whether those may not sometimes be owing to affectation, do you, Lady G. who, however, have as little affectation as ever woman had, determine. A frog, a toad, a spider, a beetle, an earwig, will give us mighty pretty tender terror; while the heroic men will trample the insect under foot, and look the more brave for their barbarity, and for our *delicate* screaming. But, for an *adventure*, if a lover get us into one, we frequently leave him a great way behind us. Don't you think so, Lady G.?—Were not this Greville still in my head, methinks I could be as pert as ever.

Sir Charles told us, that he should have been with us last night, but for a visit he was obliged to pay to Sir Harry Beauchamp; to make up for which hindrance, he took horse, and ordered his equipage to follow him.

He is gone to pay his duty, as he is pleased to call it, to my grandmamma, in my uncle's coach, my uncle with him. If they cannot prevail on my grandmamma to come hither to dinner, and if she is desirous Sir Charles should dine with her, he will oblige her—*by my aunt's leave*, was his address to her. But perhaps she will have the goodness to add her company to his, as she knows *that* will give us all double pleasure: she loves to give pleasure. Often does the dear lady say, 'How can pained age, which is but a terrifying object to youth, expect the indulgence, the love of the young and gay, if it does not study to promote those pleasures which itself was fond of in youth? Enjoy innocently your season, girls,' once said she, letting half a score of us into country-dances. 'I watch for the failure of my memory; and shall never give it over for quite lost, till I forget what were my own in-

‘nocent wishes and delights in the
‘days of my youth.’

TUESDAY, FIVE O’CLOCK.

My uncle and Sir Charles came back to dinner; my grandmamma with them. She was so good as to give them her company, at the first word. Sir Charles, as we sat at dinner, and afterwards, saw me weak in mind, bashful, and not quite recovered; and he seemed to watch my uncle’s eyes, and so much diverted him and all of us, that my uncle had not opportunity to put forth, as usual. How did this kind protection assure me! I thought myself quite well; and was so cheerfully silent when Sir Charles talked, that my grandmamma and aunt, who had placed me between them, whispered me severally—‘You look charmingly easy, love—You look like yourself, my dear.’ Yet still this mischievous Greville ran in my head.

My uncle took notice, that Sir Charles had said, he guessed at the writer of the note. He wished he would give him an *item*, as he called it, whom he thought of.

‘You observe, Sir,’ answered Sir Charles, ‘that the writer says, Mr. Greville was in wine. He professes to be an encourager of the people of the George in Northampton. He often appoints company to meet him there. I imagine the writer to be the head waiter of the house: the bills delivered me in, seem to have been written in such a hand as the note; as far as I can carry the handwriting in my eye.’

‘Ads-heart,’ said my uncle, ‘that’s undoubtedly right: your name’s up, Sir, I can tell you, among men, women, and children. This man, in his note, calls you (Look, else!) the most generous and noble of men. He says, we *shall never know the writer!*—Ads-dines! the man must deal in art magick, that conceals himself from you, if you have a mind to find him out.’

‘Well, but,’ said Lucy, ‘if this be so, I am concerned at the reality of the information. Such threatenings as Mr. Greville throws out, are not to be slighted.’—‘Very true,’ said my uncle. ‘Mr. Deane and I (Mr. Deane will certainly be here by and bye) will go, and discourse

‘with Greville himself to-morrow,
‘please the Lord!’

Sir Charles begged that this matter might be left to his management. ‘Mr. Greville and I,’ said he, ‘are upon such a foot, as whether he be so sincerely my friend as I am his, or not, will warrant a visit to him; and he cannot but take it as a civility, on my return into these parts.’

‘Should he be affronting, Sir Charles?’ said my uncle.

‘I can have patience, if he should. He cannot be grossly so.’

‘I know *not that*,’ replied my uncle: ‘Mr. Greville is a *roister!*’

‘Well, dear Mr. Selby, leave this matter to me. Were there to be danger; the way to avoid it, is not to appear to be afraid of it. One man’s fear gives another courage. I have no manner of doubt of being able to bring Mr. Greville with me to an amicable dish of tea, or to dinner, which you please, to-morrow.’—‘Ads-heart, Sir, I wish not to see at *either*, the wretch who could threaten the life of a man so dear to us all.’

Sir Charles bowed to my uncle for his sincere compliment. ‘I have nothing to do,’ said he, ‘but to invite myself either to breakfast, or dine with *him*. His former scheme of appearing to the world well with me, in order to save his spirit, will be resumed; and all will be right.’

My aunt expressed her fears, however, and looked at me, as I did at her, with a countenance, I suppose, far from being unapprehensive: but Sir Charles said, ‘You must leave me, my dear friends, to my own methods; nor be anxious for my safety. I am not a rash man: I can pity Mr. Greville; and the man I pity, cannot easily provoke me.’

We were all the easier for what the charmingly cool, because truly-brave, man said on a subject which has given us all so much terror.

But was he not very good, my dear, not to say one word all this day of the important errand on which he came down? And to lead the subjects of conversation with design, as my aunt and grandmamma both thought, as well as I, that my uncle should *not*? and to give me time to recover my spirits? Yet when he did address himself to me, never were tenderness and respect

spect so engagingly mingled. This my uncle observed, as well as my aunt and Lucy. 'How the deuce,' said he, 'does this Sir Charles manage it? He has a way no man but him ever found out—He can court without speech: he can take one's heart, and say never a word.—Hay, Harriet! looking archly.'

Mr. Deane is come—In charming health and spirits—Thank God! With what cordiality did Sir Charles and he embrace each other!

Sir Charles attended my grandmamma home: so we had not his company at supper. No convenience without it's contrary. He is her own son: she is his own parent. Such an unaffected love on both sides!—Such a sweetly-easy, yet respectful, familiarity between them! What additional pleasures must a young woman in my situation have, when she can consider herself as the bond of union between the family she is of, and that she is entering into! How dreadful, on the contrary, must be her case, who is the occasion of propagating dissension, irreconcilable hatred, and abhorrence between her own relations and those of the man to whom she for life engages herself!

My grandmother and Sir Charles were no sooner gone, than my uncle began to talk with Mr. Deane on the subject that is nearest all our hearts. I was afraid the conversation would not be managed to my liking; and having too just an excuse to ask leave to withdraw, from bad, or rather no rest, last night, I made use of it; and here in my closet (preparing now, however, for it) am I your ever affectionate

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XLIII.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, NOV. 8.

SIR Charles let my grandmother come hither by herself. He is gone to visit that Greville. We are all in pain for him: but Mr. Deane comforts us.

After breakfast, thus began my uncle upon me.

'Here, dame Selby, are we still at

'a fault? Harriet knows not what she would be at; and you uphold her in her *nonsenses*. Delicacy! Delicacy! The deuce take me, if I have any notion of it!—What a *pize* are you about?'

'Dear Sir! Why am I blamed?' said I. 'What would you have me do, that I have *not* done?'

'Do! why I would have you give him his day, and keep to it; *that* I would have you do: and not shilly-shally for ever—and subject the best of men to insults. All your men will be easy and quiet, when the ceremony is over, and they know there is no remedy.'

'My good Mr. Selby,' said my grandmamma, 'you now blame without reason. Sir Charles was full of haste. Harriet was a little more nice, perhaps, her lover considered, than she needed to be. Yet I don't know, but I, in her case, should have done as she did; and expected as much time as she was willing to take. It was not a *very* long one, Mr. Selby, from the declaration he made; and he is a man himself of great delicacy. Harriet very readily acknowledged to him the preference she gave him to all men; and when she found him very earnest for a short day, she, by her last letter, threw herself generously into his power. He is full of acknowledgments upon it; and so he *ought* to be. To me he has said all that a man should say of his gratitude, upon the occasion; and he declared to me last night, that it was with difficulty he forbore taking advantage of her goodness to him: but that he checked himself, and led to other subjects, seeing how much the dear creature was disordered, and being apprehensive, that if he had begun upon one so interesting, or even wished to talk with her alone, he should have increased her disorder.'

'Oy, oy! Sir Charles is considerate; and Harriet should be grateful: but indeed my dame Selby is as silly, to the full, as Harriet. She is for having Harriet keep *her* in countenance in the dance she led me, so many years ago—Lady G. for my money. She finds you all out in your masonry.'

'Mr. Selby,' said my aunt, 'I only
reiter

‘refer myself to what our venerable parent just now said.’

‘And so don’t think it worth while to hold an argument with me, I suppose?’

‘I did not know, my dear, that you wanted to hold an argument.’

‘Your servant, Madam—with that fly leer—So like Harriet! and Harriet *so* like you!’

‘But, Mr. Selby,’ said my grandmamma, ‘will you be pleased to tell the dear child, if you think her wrong, what is the next step she should take?’

‘Think her wrong!—Next step!—Why the next step is, as she has promised to oblige him, and to be directed by him, to keep her word, and not *hum* nor *havo* about the matter.’

Mr. Deane, who had been shewn and told every thing that had passed since we saw him last, said, ‘You don’t *know*, Mr. Selby, that my daughter Byron will make unnecessary parade. Sir Charles, you find, in tenderness to her, asked no question yesterday; made no claim—*She* could not begin the subject.’

‘But,’ said Lucy, ‘I cannot but say that my cousin is in *some* fault.’

‘Look you there now!’ said my uncle.

We all stared at Lucy; for she spoke and looked very seriously.

‘Might she not have said,’ proceeded she, ‘when Sir Charles surprized her at his first arrival, (what though her heart was divided between past terror, and present joy?) here I am, Sir, at your service: are you prepared for to-morrow?—And then made him one of her best curtsies.’

‘Sauce-box!—Well, well, I believe I have been a little hasty in my judgment,’ (rapping under the table with his knuckles.) ‘But I am so afraid that something will happen between the cup and the lip—Here, last night, I dreamt that Lady Clementina and he were going to be married—Give me your hand, my dear Harriet, and don’t revoke the *kindness* in your last letter to him, but whatever be the day he proposes, comply, and you will win my heart for ever.’

‘As Sir Charles *leads*, Harriet must *follow*,’ resumed my grandmamma.

‘You men are sad prescribers in these delicate cases, Mr. Selby.—You will be put to it, my dear love,’ taking my hand, ‘before this day is over, now you seem so purely recovered. Sir Charles Grandison is not a dreaming lover. Prepare your mind, my child: you’ll be put to it, I do assure you.’

‘Why, oy; I can’t but say, Sir Charles is a man—Don’t you, my lovely love, be too much a woman!—Too close a copier of your aunt Selby here—and, as I said, you will have my heart for ever—Oy, and Sir Charles’s too; for he is not one of your sorry fellows that can’t distinguish between a favour and a folly.’

My uncle then went out with a flourish, and took Mr. Deane with him; leaving only my grandmamma, my aunt, my Lucy, and your Harriet, together.

We had a good deal of talk upon the important subject. The conclusion was, that I would refer Sir Charles to my grandmamma, if he were urgent for the day, and she was vested with a discretionary power to determine for her girl.

Such of my cloaths, then, as were near finished, were ordered to be produced, with some of the ornaments. They were all to sit in judgment upon them.

Surely, Lady G. these are solemn circumstances, lightly as my uncle thinks of them. Must not every thoughtful young creature, on so great a change, and for life, have conflicts in her mind, be her prospects ever so happy, as the day approaches? Of what materials must the hearts of runaways, and of fugitives, to men half-strangers to them, be compounded?

My aunt has just left with me the following billet, from Sir Charles, directed to my uncle, from Mr. Greville’s.

‘DEAR MR. SELBY,

‘I Regret every moment that I pass out of Selby House, or Shirley Manor: and as I have so few particular friends in these parts out of your family, I think I ought to account to you for the hours I do; nor will I, now our friendship is so unalterably fixed and acknowledged, apologize for giving myself, by this

‘means,

' means, the consequence with your family, that every one of yours, for their single sakes, are of to me, superadded to the tenderest attachments to one dear person of it.

' I found the gentleman in a less happy disposition than I expected.

' It is with inexpressible reluctance that he thinks, as my happy day draws near, of giving up all hopes of an object so dear to him. He seemed strangely balancing on this subject, when I was introduced to him. He instantly proposed to me, and with some fierceness, that I would suspend all thoughts of marriage for two months to come, or at least for one. I received his request with proper indignation. He pretended to give reasons respecting himself: I allowed not of them.

' After some canvassings, he swore, that he would be complied with in something. His alternative was, my dining with him, and with some of his chosen friends, whom he had invited.

' I have reason to think these friends are those to whom he expressed himself with violence at the George, as over-heard, I suppose, by the waiter there.

' He rode out, he owned, yesterday morning, with intent to meet me; for he boasts, that he knows all my motions, and those of a certain beloved young lady. Let him; let every body, who thinks it their concern to watch our steps, be made acquainted with them: the honest heart aims not at secrets. I should glory in receiving Miss Byron's hand from yours, Sir, before ten thousand witnesses.

' Mr. Greville had rode out the night before; he did not say to meet me; but he knew I was expected at Selby House, either on Monday night, or yesterday morning: and on his return, not meeting me, he and his friends passed their night at the George, as mentioned, and rode out together in the morning.—In hopes of meeting me, he said; and to engage me to suspend my happy day. Poor man! Had he been in his right mind, he could not have hoped (had he met me on the road) to have been heard on such a subject.

' An act of oblivion, and thorough

' reconciliation, he calls it, is to pass in presence of his expected friends.

' You will not take notice of what I have hinted at, out of the family, whatever was designed.

' In the temper he would have found me in, had he met me, no harm could have happened; for he is really to be pitied.

' We are now perfect friends. He is full of good wishes. He talks of a visit to Lady Frampton, of a month. I write thus particularly, that I may not allow such a subject as this to interfere with that delightful one which engrosses my whole attention; and which I hope, in the evening, will be honoured with the attention of the beloved and admired of every heart, as well as that of your ever obliged and affectionate

' CH. GRANDISON.'

Poor wicked Greville!—May he go to Lady Frampton's, or wherever else, so it be fifty miles distant from us. I shall be afraid of him, till I hear he has quitted, for a time, his seat in this neighbourhood.

What a glorious quality is courage, when it is divested of rashness! When it is founded on integrity of heart, and innocence of life and manners! But, otherwise founded, is it not rather to be called *savageneſs*, and *brutality*?

How much trouble have I given your brother! What dangers have I involved him in! It cannot be possible for me ever to reward him.—But the proudest heart may deem it a glory to owe obligation to Sir Charles Grandison.

LETTER XLIV.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

WEDNESDAY NIGHT, NOV. 8.

SIR Charles broke away, and came hither by our tea-time. I was in my closet, writing. They all crowded about him. He avoided particulars: only said, that all was friendship between Mr. Greville and himself; and that Mr. Greville came with him part of the way; full of his resumed scheme, of appearing to be upon a good understanding with him, and a friend to the alliance between him and us.

Sir

Sir Charles looked about him, as if for somebody he saw not. My aunt came up to me: 'My dear, do you know who is come?' She then gave me the above particulars. We had a summons to tea. We hastened down. He met us both at the parlour-door. 'O Madam,' said he, 'what precious hours have I lost!—I have been patient of myself!'

I congratulated him on what my aunt had told me. I found he intended, as he says in his billet, that the particulars he gave in it should answer our curiosity; and to have done with the subject. What a charming possession of himself, that he could be in such a brangle, as I may call it, and which might have had fatal consequences; yet be so wholly, and so soon, divested of the subject; and so infinitely agreeable upon half a score others, as they offered from one or other as we sat at tea!

Tea was no sooner over, but he singled me out—'May I, Madam, beg the favour of an half-hour's audience?'

'Sir, Sir!' hesitated the simpleton, and was going to betray my expectation, by expressing some little reluctance; but, recollecting myself, I suffered him to lead me into the cedar-parlour. When there, seating me—'Now, Madam, let me again thank you, a thousand and a thousand times, for the honour of your last condescending letter.'

He but just touched my hand, and appeared so *encouragingly* respectful—I must have loved him then, if I had not before.

'You have, my dearest Miss Byron, a man before you, that never can be ungrateful. Believe me, my dearest life, though I have urged you as I have, you are absolutely your own mistress of the day, and of *every* day of my life, as far as it shall be in my power to make you so. You part with power, my lovely Miss Byron, but to find it with augmentation. Only let me beseech you, now I have given it you back again, not to permit your heart to be swayed by mere motives of punctilio.'

A charming glow had overspread his cheek; and he looked as when I beheld him in his sister's dressing-room, after he had rescued me from the hands

of the then cruel, now mortified, Sir Hargrave Pollexfen.

'Punctilio, mere punctilio, Sir, shall not weigh with me. What I wrote to you, I intended to comply with. My heart, Sir, is—' *Yours!*—I would have said—Why would not my tongue speak it?—'My, my—' I stammered. —Why did I stammer?—Had I not owned it *before* to be so?—'My grandmother, Sir, and aunt—' I could not at that instant, for my life, say another word.

'Sweet confusion! I urge you no more on this topick, just now: I joyfully take your reference.' Then drawing a chair next me, he kissed his own hand, and held it out, as it were, courting mine. I yielded it to him, as by an involuntary motion—yet my heart was forwarder than my hand. He tenderly grasped it—retaining it—and instead of urging the approaching day, talked to me as if it were passed.

'I have a request to make to your grandmother, your uncle and aunt, your Lucy, and our Mr. Deane; it is a very bold one: that when I have been blessed with your hand, they will be so good as to accompany their beloved Harriet, then no more Byron, but Grandison, to my family-seat, and see the beloved of every heart happily fixed, and in possession of it. The house is venerable; I will not call it old; but large and convenient. Compassion for your neighbouring admirers, will induce you to support me in this request. You cannot bear, I imagine, without a lessening of your own joy, (if I prove the just, the grateful man to you, that, if I know myself, I shall be) either to see at church, or in your visits, those men who preferred you to all women; or, if they forbear the one or the other, to account with a gentle sigh for their forbearance. Other women might triumph secretly on such occasions; but I, even I, the successful, the distinguished man, shall not forbear some inward pity for them. Now, Madam, an excursion of a month or two, if no more, made by those dear friends, who otherwise will be loth, so soon as I wish, to part with you; will *avean*, as I may say, these unhappy men from you. Mr. Orme, Mr. Greville, will not then be obliged to quit their

'own

own houses: all your *new* relations will attend you, in turn, in the house that I always loved, and wished to settle in; your own relations with you, and witnesses of our mutual happiness. Support me, generously support me, in this proposal, when I shall be intitled, by your goodness, to make it.—Silent, my dearest love! —If I have been too early in thus opening my heart to you, do me the justice to suppose that it is owing to my wishes to pass over another interesting subject which must take place before my proposal can; and which, however, engages my whole heart.'

I might well be silent: I could not find utterance for the emotions of my heart. I withdrew my hand to take my handkerchief; [you have often told me, Lady G. that I was born in an April morning] but putting it into my other hand, I gratefully (I hope not too fondly) laid it in his way to take again. He did, with an air that had both veneration and gratitude in it—'My dearest life!' tenderly grasping it—'how amiable this goodness!' 'You are not, I see, displeased.'

'Displeased—O Sir Charles!—But, alas! while I am too happy, the exalted lady abroad!—She! she, only—Your friend Jeronymo's last letter—'

Thus brokenly did I express (what my heart was full of) her worthiness, my inferiority.

'Exalted creature!—Angelick goodness! You are Clementina and Harriet, both in one: one mind certainly informs you both.'

Just then came in my aunt Selby. 'I have, Madam,' said he to her, 'been making a request to your beloved niece: I am exceedingly earnest in it. She will be so good as to break it to you; and I hope—'

'O Sir!' interrupted my too eager aunt, supposing it had been for the day, 'Mrs. Shirley has the power—'

'My dear aunt Selby!' said I. 'What have I said, love?'

He caught eagerly at it—'Happy mistake!' said he.—'My dear Mrs. Selby, I thank you.'

He bowed, kissed my hand, and left me, to go to my grandmamma, to inform himself of what he had to hope for, as to the day, from her.

I told my aunt, what the request was; and she approved of his proposal. 'It will be the pride of your uncle's heart and mine,' said she, 'to see you settled in Grandison Hall.'

In less than a quarter of an hour Sir Charles returned, overjoyed, with an open billet in his hand, from the venerable parent. What short work did my grandmamma make of it! This is it—

'TO me, my Harriet, you have referred the most important day of your life. May the Almighty shower down his blessings on it! Thursday, next week, God willing, is the day, which shall crown the happiness of us all.'

'Make no objections, my dearest child.'

'Hasten to me, and say, you acquiesce cheerfully in the determination of your ever affectionate

'HENRIETTA SHIRLEY.'

Had you seen, my dear Charlotte, with what tender respect your brother approached me, and with what an inimitable grace he offered me the open billet, how would you have been charmed with him! 'The excellent Mrs. Shirley,' said he, 'would not permit me to bring this inestimable paper folded. I have contemplated the propitious lines all the way. On my knee let me thank you, my dear Miss Byron, for your acquiescence with her determination.' He kissed my hand on one knee.

He saw me disturbed; [could I help it? There is something awful in the fixing of the *very* day, Lady G. but I tried to recover myself. I would fain avoid appearing guilty of affectation in his eyes.] 'I will not add a word more, my angel,' said he, 'on the joyful subject. Only tell me, shall we hasten to attend the condescending parent?'

'My duty to her, Sir,' said I, (but with more hesitation than I wished) 'shall be an earnest of that which I am so soon, so *very* soon, to vow to you.' And I gave him my hand.

There is no describing to you, my dear Lady G. the looks, the manner, with which it was received, by the most ardent, and yet most respectful, of lovers,

I had scarce approached my grand-mamma, and begun to utter something of the *much* my heart was filled with, when my uncle and Mr. Deane (by mistake, I believe) were admitted.

'Well, let us know every thing about it,' said my uncle—'I hope Sir Charles is pleased. I hope—'

The day was named to him.

'Well, well, thank God!' And he spoke in an accent that expressed his joy.

'Your niece has pleased you *now*, I hope Mr. Selby,' said my grand-mamma.

'Pretty well! pretty well! God grant that we meet with no *put-offs*! I hardly longed so much for my own day with my dame Selby there, as I have done, and do, to see my Harriet, Lady Grandison—God, God, bless you, my dearest love!' and kissed my cheek—'You have been very, *very* good in the main—And, but for dame Selby, would have been better, as far as I know.'

'You don't do me justice, my dear,' replied my aunt.

'Don't I!—Nor did I ever—' taking kindly her hand.—'It was impossible, my dear Sir Charles Grandison, for such a man as I to do justice to this excellent woman. *You* never, Sir, will be so *froppish* as I have been: it was in my nature; I could not help it; but I was always sorry for it *afterwards*—But if Harriet make *you* no worse a wife than my dame Selby has made *me*, you will not be unhappy—And yet I was led a tedious dance after her, before I knew what she would be at—I had like to have forgot that. But one thing I have to request,' proceeded my uncle—'Mr. Deane and I have been talking of it—God bless your dear souls, all of you, oblige me—It is, that we may have a joyful day of it; and that all our neighbours and tenants may rejoice with us. I must make the village smooak. No *bugger-mugger* doings—Let private weddings be for *doubtful* happiness.'

'O my uncle!' said I—

'And O my niece, too: I *must* have it so.—Sir Charles, what say *you*? Are you for chamber-marriages? I say, that such are neither *decent*, nor *godly*. But you would not allow

Lady G. to come off so—And in your *own* case—'

'Am for doing as in Lady G.'s. I must hope to pay my vows at the altar to this excellent lady.—What says my Miss Byron?'

'I, Sir, hope to return mine in the same sacred place,' (my face, as I felt, in a glow) 'but yet I shall wish to have it as private as possible.'

'Why, oy, to be sure—When a woman is to do any thing she is ashamed of—I think she is right to be private, for *example*-sake.—Shall *you* be ashamed, Sir Charles?'

'Sir Charles has given it under his hand this very day,' said Lucy, (interrupting him, as he was going to speak) 'that he shall glory in receiving my cousin's hand before ten thousand witnesses.'

'Make but my dearest Miss Byron easy on this head,' said Sir Charles, —('that task, ladies, be yours) and, so the church be the place, I shall be happy in the manner.'

'The ceremony,' said my grand-mamma, '*cannot* be a private one with us: every body's eyes are upon us. It would be an affectation in us, that would rather raise, than allay, curiosity.'

'And I have as good as promised the two pretty Needhams,' said my uncle—'and Miss Watton and her cousin are in expectation—'

'O my uncle!'

'Dear Harriet, forgive me! These are your companions from childhood! You can treat them but once in your life in this way. They would be glad at heart to return the favour.'

I withdrew: Lucy followed me—'You, Lucy, I see,' said I, 'are for these publick doings—But you would not, if it were your own case.'

'Your case, is my case, Harriet. I should hardly bear being made a shew of with any other man: but with such a man as yours, if I did not *hold up my head*, I should give leer for stare, to see how envy sat upon the women's faces. *You* may leer at the *men*, for the same reason. It will be a wicked day, after all, Harriet; for a general envy will possess the hearts of all beholders.'

Lucy, you know, my dear Lady G. is a whimsical girl.

So, my dear, the solemn day is fixed. If you could favour me with your supporting presence—I know, if you come, you will be very good, now I have not, as I hope you will think, been guilty of *much*, no not of *any*, parade.—Lucy will write letters for me to Lady D. to my cousins Reeves's, and will undertake all matters of ceremony for her Harriet. May I but have the happiness to know that Lady Clementina—What *can* I wish for Lady Clementina?—But should she be unhappy—that would indeed be an abatement of my felicity!

There is no such thing as thinking of the dear Emily. What a happiness, could I have seen Lady L. here! But that cannot be. May the day that will in it's *anniversary* be the happiest of my life, give to *Lord* and *Lady L.* their most earnest wishes!

Sir Charles dispatches Frederick tomorrow to town with letters: he will bring you mine. I would not go to rest till I had finished it.

What have I more to say?—I seem to have a great deal. My head and my heart are full: yet it is time to draw to a conclusion.

Let me, my dearest Lady G. know, if I am to have any hopes of your presence! Will you be so good as to manage with Emily?

My aunt bids me suppose to you, that since we are to have all the world of *our* acquaintance, you should bring down your aunt Grandison with you.—We have at both houses a great deal of room.

Sir Charles just now asked my grand-mamma, whether Dr. Curtis would be satisfied with a handsome present, if every one's dear Dr. Bartlett were to perform the ceremony? My grand-mamma answered, that Dr. Curtis was one of my admiring friends. He had for years, even from my girlhood, prided himself with the hopes of joining my hand in marriage, especially if the office were performed in Northamptonshire. She was afraid he would think himself slighted; and he was a very worthy man.

Sir Charles acquiesced. But, greatly as I respect Dr. Curtis, I should have preferred the venerable Dr. Bartlett to any man in the world. A solemn, solemn subject, though a joyful one!

Adieu, adieu, my dear Lady G. Be sure, continue to love me. I will, if possible, deserve your love. *Wit-ness*

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XLV.

LADY G. TO MISS BYRON.

FRIDAY MORNING, NOV. 18.

EXPECT a letter of hurry, in answer to one, two, three, four, five, six, I don't know how many, of yours; some filled with tenderness, some with love, some with nicety, sense, and nonsense. I shall reckon with you soon for one of them, in which you take intolerable liberties with me. O Harriet! tremble at my resentment. You are downright scurrilous, my dear.

I imputed extravagance to Emily, in my last. The girl's a good girl. I was too hasty. I will shew you two letters of hers, and one of my brother, which clears up the imputation. I love her more and more. Poor girl! Love peeps out in twenty places of hers: in his, he is the best of men—But that you knew before.

And so the honest man kissed you; kissed your lip! O lud! O lud! how could you bear him afterwards in your fight?—Forgiving creature!—And so you were friends with him before you had time to shew your anger.—Nothing like doing impudent things in a hurry. Sometimes respectful, sometimes free: why this is the way of all the fellows, Harriet!—And so they go on till the respectfulness is drawn off, and nothing but the lees are left; and after two or three months are over, the once squeamish palate will be glad of *them*.

I like your uncle better than I like either your aunt or you—He likes me.

What a miserable dog [take the word for shortness; I am in haste] is Sir Hargrave!

Your plea against Clementina being *compelled*, or *over*-persuaded, (the same thing) I much like. You are a good girl.

Betwixt her excellences and yours, how must my brother's soul be divided! I wonder he thinks of either of you.

Als and two bundles of hay, Har-

riety. But my brother is a nobler animal. He won't starve. However, I think, in my conscience, that he should have you both. There might be a law made, that the case should not be brought into precedent till two such women should be found, and such a man; and all three in the like situation.

Huguenot, a miserable devil!—Excellent warning-pieces!

Wicked Harriet! You infected me with your horrible inferences from Greville's temper, threatnings, and so forth. The conclusion of this letter left me a wretch!—If these megrims are the effect of love, thank Heaven, I never knew what it was!

Devilish girl, to torment me with your dreams! If you ever tell me of any more of them, except they are of a different sort, woe be to you!

I like your parting scene, and all that. Your *realities*, thank Heaven, are more delightful than your *reveries*. I hope you'll always find them so.

And so you were full of apprehensions on the favour your aunt did me in employing me about your *nuptial equipments*. Long ago you gave affection to the winds. Good! But the winds would not accept of your present. They puffed it you back again, and your servants never told you it was brought home. I repeat, my dear, that my brother is much more clever, in these scenes of love and courtship, than his mistress. You are a pretty cow, my love: you give good store of milk, but you have a very careless heel. Yet when you *bethink* you, you are very good; but not always the same Harriet. Your nurse in your infancy, *see-sawed* you—*Margery-down*—and you can't put the pretty play out of your practice, though it is out of your memory. I can look back, and sometimes by your forwardness, sometimes by your crowing, know how it was with you eighteen years ago.

My brother's letter to you, after he has mentioned his visits to the two sick baronets, is that of a man who shews you genteelly, and politely, that he is sensible he has a pretty trifler to deal with. I wish you would square your conduct, by what you must imagine a man of his sense would think of you. I should be too proud a minx, in your

case, to owe obligation to my man for bearing with me—Spare me, spare me, Harriet! I have hit myself a terrible box o' the ear. But we can find faults in others, which we will not allow to be such in ourselves—But here is the difference between your conduct *now*, and what mine *was*. I *knew* I was wrong, and resolved one day to amend. You think yourself right, and, while you so think, will hardly ever mend, till your man ties you down to good behaviour.

Jeronymo's letter! O the next to divine Clementina! Indeed, Harriet, I think she out-soars you. I adore her. But will she be prevailed upon to marry?—She will!—If she *does*—Then—But, dear soul!—Pressed as she is—Having refused (instead of being refused) the beloved of her heart, she will still be greater than any of her sex, if she *does*; the man proposed, *sa* unexceptionable; so tenderly loving her, in the height of her calamity, as well as in her prosperity!—Gratitude to him, as well as duty to her parents; parents so indulgent as they have always been to her; will incline her to marry. May she be happy!—I am pleased with your solicitude for her happiness.

I like your answer to my brother: a good and well-deserved resignation. Let's see how you keep to it.

You do keep to it—as I *expected*—Ah! Harriet! you are quite a girl sometimes; though at others, more than woman? 'Will he not ask leave to come down?' Fine resignation!—'Will he not write first!'—Yes, yes, *he* will do every thing he ought to do. Look to your own behaviour, child; don't fear but *his* will be all as it should be.

As to your finery, how now, Harriet! Are *you* to direct every thing; yet pretend to ask advice? Be contented that every thing is *done for you* of this sort, and learn to be humble. Surely we that have passed the rubicon, are not to be directed by you, who never came in sight of the river. But you maidens, are poor, proud, pragmatical mortals. You profess ignorance; but in *heart* imagine you are at the tip-top of your wisdom.

But here you come with your horrid fears again. Would to the Lord the day

day were over; and you and my brother were—Upon my life—you are a—But I won't call you names.

Lucy thinks you should go to Shirley Manor when my brother comes—Egregious folly! I did not think Lucy could have been so silly.

Concerning our cousins Reeves's wanting to be present at your nuptials—your invitation to me—and what you say of Emily—more anon.

Well, and so my brother has sent you the expected letter. Does it please you, Harriet? The deuce is in you, if it don't.

But you are not pleased with it, it seems. He is too hasty for you. Where's the boasted of resignation, Harriet? True *female* resignation!

Tell Lucy, I am obliged to her for her transcriptions. I shall be very proud of her correspondence.

Your aunt thinks he is full hasty.—Your aunt's a simpleton, as well as you. My service to her.

But is the d—l in the girl again? What would have become of Lady L. and me, had you not sent both letters together that relate to Greville's supposed malignance? I tremble, nevertheless, at the thought of what might have been. But I will not forgive Lucy for advising you to send to us your horribly-painted terrors. What could possess *her* to advise you to do so, and *you* to follow her advice? I forgive not either of you. In revenge, I will remind you, that they were *good* women; to whom my brother owed all the embarrassments of his past life.

But a caution, Harriet!—Never, never, let foolish dreams claim a moment of your attention—Imminent as seemed the danger, your superstition made it more dreadful to you than otherwise it would have been. You have a mind superior to such foibles: act up to it's native dignity, and let not the follies of your nurses, in your infantile state, be carried into your maturer age, to depreciate your womanly reason—Do you think I don't dream as well as you?

Well might ye all rejoice in his safety. Hang about his neck, for joy! So you ought, if you thought it would do him honour. Hush, hush, proud girl! don't scold me! I think, were a king your man, he would have been

honoured by the charming freedom. Cast himself at your feet! And you ought to have cast yourself at his. 'There can be no reserve to him after 'this,' you say. Nor ought there, had it not *been* for this: did you not signify to him, by letter, that you would resign to his generosity? Let me whisper you, Harriet—Sure you proud maiden minxes *think*—But I did once—I often wonder in my heart—But men and women are cheats to one another. But we may, in a great measure, thank the poetical tribe for the fascination. I hate them all. Are they not inflamers of the worst passions? With regard to the *epicks*, would Alexander, madman as he was, have been so *much* a madman, had it not been for Homer? Of what violences, murders, depredations, have not the *epick* poets been the occasion, by propagating false honour, false glory, and false religion? Those of the *amorous class* ought in all ages (could their future geniuses for tinkling sound and measure have been known) to have been strangled in their cradles. Abuses of talents given them for better purposes, (for all this time, I put sacred poetry out of the question;) and *avowedly* claiming a right to be *licentious*, and to overleap the bounds of decency, truth, and nature.

What a rant! How came these fellows into my rambling head? O, I remember—My whisper to you led me into all this stuff.

Well, and you at last recollect the trouble you have given my brother about you. Good girl! Had I remembered *that*, I would have spared you my reflections upon the poets and poetasters of all ages, the *truly*-inspired ones excepted: and yet I think the others should have been banished our commonwealth, as well as Plato's.

Well, but, to shorten my nonsense, now you have shortened yours—The day is at last fixed.—Joy, joy, joy, to you, my lovely Harriet, and to my brother!—And it must be a publick affair!—Why—that's right, since it would be impossible to make it a private one.

My honest man is mad for joy. He fell down on his knees, to beg of me to accept of *your* invitation, and of *his* company. I made a merit of obliging him, though I would have been as
humble

humble to *him*, rather than not be with you; and yet, by one faucy line, I imagine you had rather be without me.

Your cousins Reeves's are ready to set out.

God blefs you, invite aunt Nell in form: she thinks herself neglected. A nephew whom she so dearly loves! 'Very hard!' she says.—And she never was but at one wedding, and has forgot how it was; and may never be at another—Pink and yellow, all is ready provided, go down or not—O but, if you chuse not her company, I will tell you how to come off—Give her your word and honour that she shall be a person of prime account at your first christening. Yet she would be glad to be present on both occasions.

But ah, the poor Emily!—She has also been on her knees to me, to take *her* down with me—What shall I do?—Dear soul, she embarrasses me! I have put her upon writing to her guardian, for his leave. I believe she has written. If she knew her own case, I think she would not desire it.

Poor Lady L.!—She is robbed, she says, of one of the greatest pleasures of her life. 'Ah, Charlotte!' said she to me, wringing my hand, 'these husbands owe us a great deal. This is an humbling circumstance. Were not *my* lord and *yours* the best of husbands—'

'The best of husbands! Wretches!' said I. 'You may forgive yours, Caroline—You are a good creature; but not I mine.' And something else I said, that made her laugh in the midst of her *lacrymals*. But she begs and prays of me not to go down to you, unless all should be over with her. I can do her no good: and only increase my own apprehensions, if I am with her. A blessed way two poor souls of sisters of us are in.—Sorry fellows!

And yet, Harriet, with such prospects as these before them, some girls leap windows, swim rivers, climb walls.—Duce take their folly: their choice is their punishment. Who can pity such rash souls as those? Thanks be praised, you, Harriet, are going on to keep in countenance the two anxious sisters—

Who, having shot the gulf, delight to see

Succeeding souls plunge in with like
momentary;

Says a good man, on a still *more* serious occasion.

✱ ✱

Good news! joyful news!—I shall, I shall, go down to you. Nothing to hinder me! Lord L. proud as a peacock, is this moment come for me: I am hurrying away with him. A fine boy!—Sister safe!—Harriet, Lucy, Nancy, for your own future encouragement! Huzza, girls!—I am gone.

LETTER XLVI.

MISS BYRON, TO LADY G.

THURSDAY, NOV. 9.

MY aunt is so much afraid, that every thing will not be ready, that she puts me upon writing to you, to hasten what remains. I am more than half a fool—But that I always was. My spirits sink at the thoughts of so publick a day. The mind, my grandmamma says, *can* but be full; and it would have been filled by the circumstance, had not the publickness of the day given me something more of grievance.

I am afraid, sometimes, that I shall not support my spirits; that I shall be ill—Then I think something will happen—Can it be, that I shall be the wife of Sir Charles Grandison? I can hardly believe it.

Sir Charles is tenderly concerned for me. It would be impossible, he says, that the day could be private, unless I were to go to London; and the very proposing of *that* would put my uncle out of all patience; who prides himself in the thought of having his Harriet married from his own house: nor could I expect my grandmamma's presence. He does all he can to assure my heart, and divert me; a thousand agreeable lively things he says: so tender, so considerate, in his joy!—surely I shall be too happy. But will you come? Can you! And if you do, will you be good? Will you make my case your own?

My uncle, at times, is prodigiously head-strong. Every hour he does or says something wrong; yet we dare not chide him. Thursday next will be one of the greatest days of his life, he says; and it shall be all his own. *the other* dags, hums, or whistles, in every

every motion. He resolves, he says, to get his best dancing legs in readiness. He started up from table after dinner this day, and caught hold of Lucy's hand, and whisked her round the room. 'Dear toad!' he called her; a common address of his to Lucy, (I say, because she has a jewel in her head;) and flourishing about with her in a very humorous manner, put her quite out, on purpose to laugh at her; for she would have been in, if he would have let her, for the humour sake. He was a fine dancer in his youth.

Miss Orme breakfasted with us this morning. She, no doubt, threw herself in our way on purpose to hear the news of the appointed day confirmed. My uncle officiously told her, it would be one day next week. She named the very day, and turned pale, on his owning she was not mistaken. But, recollecting herself; 'Now, then,' said she, 'is the time to remind my brother of a promise he made before he went abroad, to carry me to London, on a visit to some relations there. I will prevail on him, if I can, to set out on Monday or Tuesday.'

'God bless you! my dear Miss Byron,' said she, at parting; 'may your bustle be happily over! I shall pity you. You will pay for being so universally admired. But your penance will be but for two days; the very day, and that of your appearance; and in both your man will bear you out: his merit, his person, his address.—Happy Miss Byron! The universal approbation is yours. But I must have you contrive somehow, that my brother may see him before he is yours: his heart will be easier afterwards.'

—Sent for down by my grandmamma.—Dear Lucy, make up the letter for me. I know you will be glad of the opportunity.

CONTINUED BY LUCY.] 'Will Lady G. admit me, in this abrupt manner, into her *imperial presence*? I know she will, on this joyful occasion, accept of any intelligence. The poor Harriet; my uncle Selby would invite all the country, if they came in his way. Four of my cousin's old play-fellows have al-

ready been to claim his promise. He wished, he said, he had room for all the world; it should be welcome.

'He will have the great barn, as it is called, cleared out; a tight large building, which is to be illuminated at night with a profusion of lights; and there are all his tenants, and those of Shirley Manor, to be treated, with their wives, and such of their sons and daughters as are more than twelve years old. The treat is to be a cold one. Hawkins, his steward, who is well respected by them all, is to have the direction of it. My uncle's October is not to be spared. It will cost two days, at least, to roast, boil, and bake for them. The carpenters are already sent for. Half a dozen bonfires are to be lighted up, round the great barn; and the stacks of wood are not to be spared, to turn winter into summer, as my uncle expresses himself.

'Neither the poor nor the populace are to be admitted, that the confusion almost unavoidable from a promiscuous multitude, may be avoided. But notice will be given, that two houses in the neighbouring village, held by tenants of the family, and one near Shirley Manor, will be opened at twelve on Thursday, and be kept open for the rest of the day, till ten at night, for the sake of all who chuse to go thither. The churchwardens are preparing a list of the poor people; who, on Friday morning, were to receive five shillings apiece, which Sir Charles has desired to make ten; on condition that they shall not be troublesome on the day.

'Poor Sir Hargrave, to whom all this joyful bustle is primarily owing! —I tell Harriet, that she has not, with all her punctilio, been half punctilious enough. She should have had him, after all, on the motive of Prince Prettiman in the *Rehearsal*.

'Dear Madam, can your ladyship allow of this idle rattle? But I have no time to make up for it by a continuous conclusion; though I am, with the truest respect, Lady G.'s most obedient humble servant,

LUCY SELBY.

LETTER XLVII.

LADY G. TO MISS BYRON.

SATURDAY, NOV. II.

I Write a few lines, if, writing to you, I can write a few, by the special messenger that carries down all the remaining apparatus which was committed to my care. We women are sad creatures for delaying things to the last moment. We hurry the men: we hurry our workmen, milliners, mantua-makers, friends, allies, confederates, and ourselves. When once we have given the day, night *and* day, we neither take rest, nor give it: when, if we had the *rare* felicity of knowing our minds sooner, all might go on fair and softly. But then the *gentle* passion, I doubt, would glide into insipidity. Well, and I have heard my brother say, that things in general, are best as they are. Why I believe so; for all these honest souls, as mantua-makers, attire-women, work-women, *enjoy* a hurry that is occasioned by a wedding, and are half as well pleased with it, as if it were their own. They simper, smirk, gossip over bridal finery; spread this on their arms or shoulders; admire that—Look you here—Look ye there! And is not this?—Is not that?—And, did you ever—No, never, in my *born* days!—And is the bride, do you say, such a lovely creature?—And is the bridegroom as handsome a man, as she a woman?—O lud, O dear!—Would to Heaven Northamptonshire were nearer, that one might see how charming, how graceful, how becoming!—and so-forth.

And why should not we women, after all, contrive to make hurry-skurries, [You see how I correct myself as I go along] and make the world think our affairs a great part of the business of it, and that nothing can be done without us? Since, after a few months are over, new novelties take place, and we get into corners, sigh, groan, look silly and meagre, and at last are thrown into *straw*, as it is called; poor Caroline's case; who repines, that she can't be present on this new bustle in the family. But I am to acquaint her with every thing by pen and ink.—Look to your behaviour, Harriet, on the great occasion.

But a word about Caroline.—Were it not for her being deprived of this pleasure, the good creature would be very happy. Lord L. and she are as fond as apes. She has quite forgot all her sufferings for him. He thanks her for his boy. She follows with her eye the little stranger, and is delighted with all that is done *with* him, *to* him, *for* him.—Is pleased with every body, even with very servants, who croud in, by permission, to see his little lordship, and already claim an interest in him. Upon my word, she makes a very pretty fond mother. And aunt Nell, who, by the way, was at the crying-out, and was then *so* frightened! *so* thankful to God! and *so* happy in her own situation, [no, not for the world, would she be other than she was!] now grudges the nurses half their cares.

What good creatures are we women!

Well, but I don't know what to do about Emily. The first vice of the first woman was curiosity, and it runs through all her daughters. She has written to her guardian, and nothing but an absolute prohibition will hinder her from making one in your train. Did the dear girl know the state of her own heart, she would chuse to be a thousand miles off, rather than go. I have set her woman and mine to discourage her. I have reasoned with her myself; but there is no such thing as giving her one's *true* reasons; nor *would* I, willingly: because she herself, having not found out her love to be love, I hope the fire may be smothered in her own heart, by the aid of time and discretion, before discovery; whereas, if the doors of it were to be opened, and the air let in, it might set the whole tenement in a blaze. Her guardian's denial or assent will come, perhaps, in time; yet *hardly*, neither; for we shall set out on Monday. Aunt Nell is so pleased with her nursery of the *little peer*, as she primly calls him, that you are rid of even her *wishes* to be with you. Being *sure of this*, I told her, that your aunt had hinted to me her design to invite her in form; but that I had let you know, that Lady L. would not be able to live without her company, all the world, and the world's wife, attentive and engrossed by your affair. She, good creature! was pleased—So as she could but be thought of importance by somebody,

I knew

I knew she would be happy. I told her that *you* invited nobody, but left all to your friends.—‘Aye, poor dear ‘soul,’ said she; ‘she has enough to ‘think of, well as she loves your brother.’—And sighed for *you*—Worthy ancient! The sigh a little deeper, perhaps, for some of her own recollections.

Mr. and Mrs. Reeves would not stay for us. What will you do with us all?—Croud you, I fear. But dispose of *us*, at Shirley Manor, or Selby House, as you please. Yours, and aunt Selby’s, and grandmamma Shirley’s concern for us, is all we are solicitous about. But servants rooms, nay cocklofts, haylofts, will do. We like to be put to our shifts, now and then—Something to talk of—

But I can tell you, if you don’t know it already, Lord W. and his lady are resolved to do you honour on this occasion; but they will be but little trouble to you. My lord’s steward has a half-brother, a gentleman-farmer, in your neighbourhood.—Sheldon—They will be there: but perhaps you know of this a better way. They will make a splendid part of your train. Gratitude is their inducement.

Lord L. has just now told me, that my sister, in tenderness to him, and in honour to you, has besought *him* to be present. O Harriet! what will you do with yourself?—Aunt Nell and I have the heart-burn for you. But Lord L. *must* be welcome: he is one of those who so faithfully kept your secret.

So, in *our* equipages, will be Lord L. my honest man, Emily, and your Charlotte: Lord L.’s equipages will be at the service of any of your guests; as will our spare one.—I wish Beauchamp could permit himself to be present (I hope he will) on the nuptials of the friend so dear to him, with a lady he so greatly admires.

My woman and Emily’s will be all our female attendants: one nook will serve them both.

My poor man will be mad, before the day comes. He *does* love you, Harriet. My brother, he says, will be the happiest man in the world—*himself* excepted.—A hypocrite! He just popt this in, to save himself.—‘Why dost make this exception, ‘friend?’ said I—‘Thou knowest it to be a mere compliment.’—‘Indeed,

‘indeed,’ (*two* indeeds, which implied, that *one* might have been doubted) ‘I am *now*,’ [A farcasm in his word *now*] ‘as happy as mortal man ‘can be.’—‘Ah, flatterer!’ and shook my head.—A recognition of my sovereignty, however, in his being afraid to speak his conscience. A little of the old leaven, Harriet!—I can’t help it. It is got out of my heart, half out of my head; but, when I take the pen, it will tingle, now and then, at my finger’s end.

Adieu, my love!—God bless you!—I can enter into your joy. A love so pure, and so fervent. The man Sir Charles Grandison. And into your *pain*, also, in a view of a solemnity so near, and to you so awful. With all my roguery, I sympathize with you. I have not either a wicked or unfeeling heart. Such as yours, however, are the true spirits; such as mine are only bully and flash.

Lucy, you are a good girl. I like the whim of your concluding for Harriet. I also like your tenants dining-room, and other managements, as the affair must unavoidably be a publick one.

Neither of you say a word of good Mr. Deane. I hope he is with you. He cannot be a cypher wherever he comes, except on the right-side of the figure, to increase it’s consequence. Don’t be afraid of your uncle; I, I, I will manage him, never fear.

There are other passages, Harriet, in your last letter, which I ought to have answered to—But forgive me, my dear! I had laid it by, (though pleased with it in the main;) and, having answered the most material part, by dispatching your things, forgot it as much as if I had not received it, till the moment I came to conclude. Once more, adieu, my dearest Harriet.

CH. G.

LETTER XLVIII.

MISS JERVOIS, TO SIR CHARLES GRANDISON.

FRIDAY, NOV. 10.

NO sooner, dear and honoured Sir, is one boon granted me, but I have another to beg: yet I blush as I write, for my troublesome-ness, I told

you, Sir, I had furnished myself with new cloaths, on a very joyful occasion—Indeed it is on a *very* joyful occasion. You would lay me under a new obligation to your goodness, if you would be pleased to allow me to attend Lady G. in her journey down. I shall know, by this fresh favour, that you have *quite* forgiven your dutiful ward. I presume not to add another word—But I dare say, dear Miss Byron, that now is, will not be against it, if you are not.—God bless you, my honoured good Sir—But God, I hope, I am sure, *will* bless you; and so shall I, as surely I ought, whether you grant this favour, or not, to *your ever obliged, and grateful*

EMILY JERVOIS.

LETTER XLIX.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, TO MISS JERVOIS.

SUNDAY, NOV. 12.

IT would give me great pain to deny to my good Miss Jervois the grant of any request she shall think fit to make to me. You shall know, you say, by the grant of this favour, that I have quite forgiven my ward.—Was such a test wanted, my dear? I assure you, that what you have lately done for your mother, though I was not consulted in it, has heightened my opinion of the worthiness of your heart.

As to your request, I have pleasure in leaving every thing relating to the happy event to my beloved Miss Byron and her friends. I will entreat her to underwrite her mind on this subject. She grieves that the solemnity cannot be private; which, beloved as she is in this neighbourhood, would be vain to attempt.

If her aunt has no objection from want of room, there cannot, my dear Emily, be any from *your affectionate and true friend,*

CHARLES GRANDISON.

UNDERWRITTEN.

‘MY dearest Miss Jervois will excuse me, that I gave her not a formal invitation, when I intimated my wishes for Lady G.’s presence on the approaching solemn occasion, though

‘at so many miles distance. It is a *very* solemn one. One’s heart, my dear, cannot be so much disengaged, as to attend to invitations for the *very* day, as it might on it’s *anniversary*. We shall have too great a number of friends. O my dear! can you bear to make one in so large a company? I shall not be able to attend to any of my friends on the day: no, not to you, my love. Can you bear with my inattention to every body, to every subject, but one? Can you desire to see your Harriet (joyful as the occasion is, and the chosen wish of her heart) look and behave like a foolish creature? If you can, and Lady G. will take charge of my lovely young friend, all mine will rejoice in being able to contribute to your pleasure, as well as *your ever affectionate*

‘HARRIET BYRON.’

LETTER L.

LADY G. TO LADY L.

SELY HOUSE, TUESDAY, NOV. 14.

WELL, my sister, my friend, my dear Lady L. how do you? *As well as can be expected*, I hope: the answer of a thousand years old, to every enquirer, careful or ceremonious. And how does my dear little boy? As well *as can be expected*, too—I am glad of it.

Here we are!—Every body well, and happy.

I was afraid my brother would have looked more *polite* upon us than *familiar*, as he invited us not: but, no!—He was all himself, as Harriet says. He met us at the coach-door. He handed out his ward. She could not speak. Tears were in her eyes. I could have beat her with my fan. He kissed her cheek.—‘My dear child, I thank you most sincerely for your goodness to your mother.’

I was afraid that her joy would then have been too much for her. She expanded, she collected, her plumes. Her spread arms (soon, however, closed) shewed me, that she with difficulty restrained herself from falling at his feet. He turned from her to me. ‘My best Charlotte, how do you? The journey, I hope, has not incom-

‘moded

‘moded you.’ He led me out, and, taking each of the honest men by the hand, ‘My dear lords, you do me ‘honour.’ He then congratulated Lord L. on the present you had made him, and the family.

At the inner gate met us our sweet Harriet, with joy upon one brow, half the cares of this mortal life on the other. She led us into the cedar-parlour, (my brother returning to welcome in the two honest men) and threw her arms about my neck—‘My dearest Lady ‘G. how much does your presence rejoice me!—I hope,’ (and looked at me) ‘your journey—’ ‘Be quiet, ‘Harriet. You must not think so ‘much of these matters, my love.’ She was a little abashed. ‘Don’t be ‘afraid of me; I will be very good,’ said I. ‘Then will I be very thankful,’ replied she.

‘My lovely Emily,’ turning to her; ‘how does my sweet friend? Welcome, once more, to Selby House.’

The girl’s heart was full. She (thanking her only by a deep curtsy) abruptly withdrew to the window; and, trying for a third hem, in hopes to stifle her emotion, it broke into a half-sob, and tears followed.

Harriet and I looked; *she* compassionately, *I* vexedly, *I* believe; and both shook our heads at each other.

‘Take no notice,’ said I, seeing Harriet move towards the window to her—‘It will go off of itself. Her joy to see her Harriet, that’s all.’

‘But *I must* take notice,’ (for she found that Emily heard her)—‘My dear Emily, my lovely young friend—why—’

‘I will tell you, Madam,’ interrupted she, and threw her arms about Harriet’s neck, as Harriet (sitting in the window) clasped hers about her waist; ‘and I will tell you truth, and ‘nothing but the truth—You wrote so ‘cool to me, about my coming—And ‘yet I to come! But I could not help ‘it—And I thought you now looked ‘a little severely upon me—But love, ‘and, I will say, duty to you, my dearest Miss Byron, AND NOTHING ELSE, made me so earnest to come. Say you forgive me.’

‘Forgive you, my dearest Emily!—I had only your sake, my dear, in view. If I wrote with less warmth ‘than you expected, forgive me. Con-

sider my situation, my love. You ‘are, and ‘ever will be, welcome to me. Your griefs, your joys, are mine—Give me which you please.’

The girl burst into fresh tears—‘I, ‘I, I am now as unable,’ sobbed she, ‘to bear your goodness, as before I ‘was your displeasure—But hide, hide me! Here comes my guardian!—‘What now, when he sees me thus, ‘will become of me?’

She heard his voice at the door, leading in the two lords; and they followed by Mr. Selby, Mrs. Selby, Lucy, Nancy.

Sir Charles went to the two young ladies. Harriet kept her seat, her arms folded about Emily.

‘Sweet emotion!’ said he: ‘my ‘Emily in tears of joy!’

‘What a charming picture!—O my ‘Miss Byron, how does your tenderness to this amiable child oblige me!—‘I sever you not;’ clasping his generous arms about them both.

‘I have afflicted my dear Emily, Sir, ‘without intending it. I wrote coldly my precious young friend thinks; ‘and her love for me makes her sweetly sensible of my supposed ingratitude. But believe me, my dear, I ‘love you with a true sisterly tenderness.’

I took the dear girl aside, and gently expostulated with her upon the childishness of her behaviour, and the uneasiness she would give to Miss Byron, as well as to herself, by repetitions of the like weakness of mind.

She promised fair; but, Lady L. I wish there were more of the child, and less of the woman, in this affair. Poor thing! she was very thankful for my advice; and expressed how wrong she was, *because* it might discourage her guardian and Miss Byron, that *now was*, from letting her live with them: ‘But for my life,’ said she, ‘whatever was the matter with me, I ‘could not help my foolishness.’

Miss Nancy Selby took Emily up with her; and uncle Selby and I had a little lively hit at each other, in the old stile. We drew my brother in. I had not tried his strength a good while; but, as Harriet said in one of the faintest letters she ever wrote, I soon found he was the wrong person to meddle with. Yet he is such a charming raillier, that I wonder he can resist

his talent. No wonder, Harriet would say; because he has talents so superior to that which, she says, runs away with his poor sister.

Emily came down to us very composed, and behaved prettily enough: but had my brother as much mannish vanity as some of the sorry fellows have who have no pretence for it, he would discern the poor Emily's foible to have some little susceptibility in it. I am glad he does not; for it would grieve him. I have already told him of the sufferings of poor Lady Anne S. on her hearing he is near marriage; and he expressed great concern upon it for that really worthy woman.

Mr. Reeves, his wife, and Mr. Deane, were abroad when we arrived. They came in to tea. Our mutual congratulations on the expected happy event, cheered our own hearts and would have delighted yours. Charming, charming, is the behaviour of my brother to his bride-elect. You can have no notion of it; because at Colnebrook we always saw him acting under a restraint; owing, as since we have found, to honour, conscience, and a prior love.

He diverts and turns the course of subjects that he thinks would be affecting to her; yet in such a manner as it is hardly perceivable to be his intention to do so: for he makes something of the begun ones contribute to the new ones; so that, before uncle Selby is aware of it, he finds himself in one that he had not in his head when he set out.—And then he comes with his ‘What a pize was I going to say? But this is not what I had in my head.’ And then, as my brother knows he misses his scent, only because it has not afforded the merry mortal something to laugh at; he furnishes him with some lively and innocent occasion which produces that effect, and then Mr. Selby is satisfied. Mrs. Selby and Lucy see how my brother manages him, and are pleased with it; for it is so delicately done, that something arises from it that keeps the honest man in credit with himself and with every body else, for his good humour, good heart, and those other qualities which make him in his worst subjects tolerable, and in his best valuable.

Venerable Mrs. Shirley is to be here all to-morrow and next day. Mr.

Deane has chosen Shirley Manor for his abode, for the time he stays; so has James Selby, in order to make more room at Selby House for us women. There too Mr. and Mrs. Reeves take up, of choice, their lodgings, though here all day.

Poor Harriet! She told me once, that fear makes cowards loving. She is so fond of me and Lucy, and her aunt, at times, it would be a sin not to pity her. Yet Lucy once tossed up her head, upon my saying to—‘Pity her!’ ‘why, yes, I think I do, now you have put me in the head of it: but I don’t know whether she is not more to be *envied*.’ Lucy is a polite girl. She loves her Harriet. But she knew I should be pleased with the compliment to my brother.

Harriet has just now looked in upon me—‘Writing, Lady G. And of me?—To Lady L. I suppose?’

She clasped her arms about me: ‘Ah, Madam!

‘Thursday! Thursday!’

‘What of Thursday?’

‘Is the day after to-morrow!’

‘Every child can tell that, Harriet.’

‘Ah, but I, with such happiness before me, am sillier *than* a child!’

‘Well, but can I tell you something, Harriet.’

‘What is that?’

‘That the next day to Thursday, is Friday—The next day to that is Saturday—The next—’

‘Pish! I shall stay no longer with you;’ giving me a gentle tap—‘I would not have answered you so.’

Away she tript, desiring her affectionate compliments to dear Lady L.

Let me see!—Have I any more to write? I think not. But a call for supper makes me leave my paper unsubscribed.

* * *

EMILY behaved very prettily at supper; but it would have been as well, if she had not thought so herself: for she boasted of her behaviour afterwards to me. That made it look like an *extraordinary* in her own account.

Mr. Selby sung us a song, with a good fox-hunter air. There is something very agreeable in his facetiousness; but it would become nobody else. I think you and I agreed at Dunstable, that he is a fine, jolly, hearty, handsome-*ish* man—he looks shrewd,

shrewd, arch, open, a true country gentleman aspect; what he says is *so so*.—What he means is better.—He is very fond of your lord—But I think rather fonder of *mine*—A criterion, Lady L.!

As for Lord G. he is in the situation of Harriet's Singleton—He is prepared to laugh the moment Mr. Selby opens his mouth; especially when he twists his neck about, turns a glass upside down, and looks under his bent brows, at the company round, yet the table always in his eye: for then we know, that something is collected, and ready to burst forth.

Well, good night! good night! good night!—Has my godson elect done crying yet? What a deuce has *he* to cry at? Unswaddled, unpinioned, unswathed, legs and arms at full liberty: but they say crying does good to the brats—opens their pipes—and so forth—But tell him, that if he does not learn to laugh, as well as to cry, he shall not be related to

CHARLOTTE G.

LETTER LI.

LADY G. IN CONTINUATION.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 15.

WEDNESDAY is come, and, as Harriet says, to-morrow is Thursday. Ah, Harriet! rich as content! poor as patience!

I have been talking to her: half-comforting her, half-laughing at her. She says, I am but half-good.

All the world is come.—Lord W. and his ever-agreeable lady. Beauchamp, as I am alive, with them! I wish I could see this rogue Emily in love with him. He is certainly in love with her.

'I know it—I know it!—Do you go down about your business.'

Only Lord G. come to tell me what I knew before.

Harriet's gone down to be complimented. She has hardly spirits to compliment.

'Well, well, I'll only tell Lady L. who is come. Does not the poor soul keep her bed? And are we not to be as complaisant to our ill friends, as our well?—I am coming, child.'

Emily, with her pretty impertinence. Neither Lord G. nor Emily, can be any thing, when strangers come, and I stand not by them to shew their signification.

Deuce! a third messenger—O Mrs. Selby herself. I'll tell you more bye and bye, Lady L.—'Your servant,' 'Mrs. Selby. I attend you.'

THE two Miss Needhams, Miss Watson, Miss Barclay, the two Miss Holles's, Mr. Deane—'So, so, so, 'Harriet,' said I, 'What is the meaning of this?'—'My uncle's doings! I have no spirits. Sir Charles should not have been so passive: he, and nobody else, could have prevailed upon my uncle. My aunt has held him in, till her arms ached. O the dear retifft man! She has now let go; and you see how he prances over the whole meadow, the reins upon his neck.'

'Dear girl!' said I, 'I am glad you are so fanciful.'

'I would fain be lively, if I could,' said she. 'Never any creature had more reason, Lady G.—My heart is all gratitude, and, I will say, love.'

'Good girl, hold up your head, my dear, and all will be as it should be.'

Sir Charles staid to attend hither the most venerable of women. Mr. and Mrs. Reeves are to come with them.

You must, as you expect me to be minute, be content with bits and scraps, written by snatches of time. I pity you for your still-life, my dear Lady L. and think your request, that I will *so* write, as to make you suppose yourself on the spot, a reasonable one.

Here is come the man of men!

WITH what respect (all his respect has love in it) did he attend Mrs. Shirley to her seat! And then hastening to Lord and Lady W. he saluted them both, and acknowledged the honour done him by their presence; an honour, he said, that he could not have expected, nor therefore had the thought, the distance so great, of asking it.

He then paid his compliments, in the most affectionate manner, to his amiable friend Beauchamp; who, on his thanking him for his uninvited presence, said, he could not deny himself being

being present at a solemnity that was to compleat the happiness of the best of men, and best of friends.

Sir Charles addressed himself to the young ladies who were most strangers to him; apologizing to them, as they were engaged with Mr. Selby, Mr. Deane, and Lord G. that he did not at first. He sat a few minutes with them: what he said, I heard not; but they smiled, blushed, and looked delighted upon each other. Every body followed him in his motions, with their eye. So much presence of mind never met with so much modesty of behaviour, and so charming a vivacity.

The young ladies came only *intendedly* to breakfast; and that at Mr. Selby's odd invitation. They had the good sense to apologize for their coming this day, as they were to make part of the cavalcade, as I may call it, tomorrow. But the odd soul had met the four at a neighbouring lady's, where he made a gossiping visit, and would make them come with him.

I observed, that nobody cared to find fault with him; so I began to rate him; and a very whimsical dialogue passed between us at one end of the room.

I made the honest man ashamed of himself; and every body in our circle was pleased with us. This misled me to go on; and so, by attending to his nonsense, and pursuing my own, I lost the opportunity of hearing a conversation, which, I dare say, would have been worth repeating to you by pen and ink. Harriet shall write, and give it you.

Mr. Orme and his sister, we are told, set out yesterday for London. Mrs. Selby and Harriet are yet afraid of Greville.

The gentlemen and some of the ladies, myself (but not Harriet) among them, have been to look at the preparations made in the lesser park, for the reception of the tenants. Mr. Selby prided himself not a little on his contrivances there. When we returned, we found Harriet at one end of the great parlour, sitting with Emily; her grandmother, Mrs. Selby, Lucy, in conversation at the other; the good girl's hand in hers, Emily blushing, looking down, but delighted, as it seemed; Harriet, with sweetness, love, and compassion, intermingled in her aspect, talking to her, and bending over

her, her fine neck. I thought I never saw her look so lovely. Elder sister like, and younger, one instructing in love, the other listening with pleasure.

They took every body's attention, as the room filled with the company, who all crowded about Mrs. Shirley, affecting not to heed the two friends. 'What would I give,' said Lady W. to Sir Charles and her lord, 'for a picture of those two young ladies,' [Emily just then kissed the hand of her lovely friend with emotion, and Harriet lifted up Emily's to her lips] 'if love, dignity, and such expression, could be drawn in the face of one lady; and that reverence, gratitude, and modest attention, in the other? —I congratulate you, Sir Charles, with all my heart. I have observed with rapture, from every look, every word, and from the whole behaviour of Miss Byron, that your goodness to hundreds will be greatly recompensed.—O my good Lord W.' turning to him, 'Miss Byron will pay all our debts.'

'Every attitude, every look, of Miss Byron's,' said my lord, 'would furnish out a fine picture. Wherever she is, I cannot keep my eyes from following her.'

My brother bowed, delighted.

How pleased was Mrs. Shirley, Mrs. Selby—Every body! But what a different man is Lord W. to what he once was! Lifted up from low keeping, to a wife, who, by her behaviour, good sense, politeness, gives him consequence. Once I thought him one of the lowest of men. I denied him, in my heart, a relation to my mother, and thought him a savage.

The two young ladies, finding themselves observed, stood up, in a parting posture; but Emily, seeming eager to detain her dear friend's attention, Harriet took a hand of Emily's in each of hers.

I had sidled that way—'Yes, my dear,' said the lovely Harriet, 'a friendship unalterable, as you say, by time or fate. Dearest Emily, command me ever.'

Emily looked about her—'O, Madam, I want to *kneel* to you. I will ever, ever——' 'My good Lady G.' said Harriet, approaching me, one of Emily's hands in hers, 'we have promised a friendship that is to continue to the
'end

'end of our lives. We are to tell each the other all her faults. How causelessly has my Emily been accusing herself!—The most ingenuous of human hearts is hers.'

She left Emily's hand in mine, and bent towards Mrs. Shirley, and the whole circle of friends surrounding her chair.

'O my dear Lady G.!' said Emily, whisperingly, as we followed the meek-eyed goddess of wisdom, [such her air, her manner, her amiableness, seemed in my thought, at that time, to make her,] 'never, never, was such graciousness! I cannot bear her goodness. What a happy creature shall I be, if I follow her example, and observe her precepts!—' You cannot, my dear,' said I, 'have a better guide: but, love, you must not be capricious, as you were at first coming.' She professed she would not. 'I have been excusing myself to her, Madam,' said the dear girl, 'and am forgiven.'

My brother met the lovely creature. He took her hand, and, leading her towards her grandmother, 'We have been attentive, my dearest life, to you and Emily. You love *her*: she adores *you*.—My Beauchamp, you know not the hundredth part of the excellences of this admirable woman.'

'You were born for each other. God preserve you both, for an example to a world that wants it.'

Harriet curtsied to Beauchamp. Her face was overspread with a fine crimson; but she attempted not to speak. She squeezed herself, as it were, between the chairs of her grandmother and aunt; then turned about, and looked *so* charmingly! 'Miss Jervois, Sir,' said she, to my brother, 'has the best of hearts. She *deserves* your kind care. How happy is she, in such protection!'

'And how much happier will she be in yours, Madam!' replied he. 'Of what a care, my Emily,' turning to her, 'has this admirable lady already relieved my heart! The care the greater, as you deserve it all. In every thing take her direction: it will be the direction of love and prudence. What an amiable companion will you make her! and how happy will your love of each other make me!'

Emily got behind me, as it were.

'Speak for me to my guardian; promise for me, Madam—You never, never shall break your word through my fault!'

Beauchamp was affected. 'Graciousness,' said he, looking at Harriet, '—and goodness,' looking at Emily, '—how are they here united! What a happy man will he be, who can intitle himself to a lady formed upon such an example!'

A sun-beam from my brother's eye seemed to play upon his face, and dazzle his eyes. The fine youth withdrew behind Lady W.'s chair. Mr. Selby, who had been so good as to give us his silent attention, then spoke, with a twang through his nose. 'Adad, adad,' said he, 'I do not know what to make of myself—But go on, go on; I love to hear you.'

Your good lord, my dear, enjoyed the pleasure we all had; mine tossed up his head, and seemed to snuff the wind: and yet, my dear Lady L. there was nothing so very extraordinary said; but the *manner* was the thing, which shewed a meaning, that left language behind it.

My brother is absolutely passive as to the oeconomy of the approaching solemnity. Mrs. Shirley, Mrs. Selby, Lady W. your Charlotte, and Lucy, are the council appointed; but uncle Selby will put in, to marshal this happy proceeding. *What a pize*, he says, is not Harriet *his* daughter? Will it not be his day?

Mrs. Selby tries to smile off his oddity; but now and then we see her good-naturedly reddened at it, as if for his sake. Lucy looks at her uncle as if she could hardly excuse his particularities; but Mrs. Shirley has always something to say for him. She enters into his character; she knows the honesty, as well as generosity, of his heart; that it all proceeds from joy and love; and always allows for him—as I would have my friends allow for me: and, to say truth, I, for my own part, like him the better for wanting allowances; because his case, in that respect, is mine. Ah, my dear, it is the thoughtful, half-asleep, half-awake, blinking cat, that catches the mouse. Such as your Charlotte, with their kittenish tricks, do but fright away the prey; and if they could catch it, had rather play with it than kill it.

Harriet

Harriet is with her virgins: her dress is left to her own choice. I slept in just now—She met me at her dressing-room door, and looked *so* lovely! *so* silly! and *so* full of unmeaning meaningness. [Do you understand me, Lady L.?] She sighed—‘What would my ‘Harriet say to me?’ said I, taking her hand—‘I don’t know;’ again sighed—‘But love me, Lady G.’

‘Can I help it?’ said I; and putting my arms about her, kissed her cheek.

Uncle Selby has provided seven gentlemen of the neighbourhood, to match the number of the ladies; for there will be sixteen of us: Mr. *Godfrey*, Mr. *Steele*, Mr. *Falconbridge*, three agreeable young men, sons of gentlemen in the neighbourhood, Mr. Selby’s chosen friends and companions in his field-sports; his cousin *Holles*, brother to the Miss *Holles*’s, an admirer of Miss *Needham*; young Mr. *Roberts*, an admirer of Miss *Barclay*; Mr. *Allestree*, a nephew of Sir John, a young man of fine qualities, engaged to Miss *Dolly Needham*; and Lord *Reresby* of Ireland, (related to Mr. Selby’s favourite, Sir Thomas *Falconbridge*;) a young nobleman of shining parts, great modesty, good-nature, and, what is worth them all, Mrs. *Shirley* says, a man of virtue.

Lord W. was very desirous of giving so rich a jewel as Harriet to his nephew, in return, as he said, for *as* rich a jewel which he had presented to him; but Mr. Selby would not admit of that. I told him, on his appeal to me, that he was right, once in his life.

Mr. Selby talks much of the music he has provided for to-morrow. He speaks of it as a *band*, I assure you.



WE have had a most agreeable evening. My brother was the soul of the company. His address to his Harriet was respectfully affectionate, yet, for her sake, not very peculiar. Every body, in turn, had his kindest notice, and was very happy in it. To-morrow’s solemnity was often hinted at by Mr. Selby, and even by my flippant lord—But Sir Charles always insensibly led to more general subjects; and this supported the spirits of the too-thoughtful Harriet, and she behaved, on the whole, very prettily. His joy visibly was joy; but it seemed to be

of so familiar and easy a nature, as if it would last.

He once occasionally told the happy commencement of his acquaintance with Miss *Byron*; on purpose, I saw, to remind her, that he ought not to be thought of as a stranger to her, and to engage her in easy familiarity. But there was a delicacy observed by him in this remembrance. He began not from the time that he rescued her from Sir *Hargrave*; but from the first visit she made me in St. James’s Square; though she, with great gratitude, carried it back to its real date.

Mrs. *Shirley* retired soon, as is her custom, her Harriet attending her. The old lady is lame, and infirm; but, as she sits, is a very fine woman; and every body sees that she was once a beauty. I thought I never saw beauty in full bloom so beautiful as when it supported beauty in ruins, on the old lady’s retiring, with a face *so* happy, leaning one arm on her lovely grandchild, a neat crutch-stick in the other, lightening her weight to the delicately-formed supporter of her old age. It was so striking a picture, that every soul, all standing up, from reverence, on her retreating, observed it; nor took off their eyes till the door shut out the graceful figures.

The old lady’s lameness is owing, it seems, to a strained sinew, got in leading up a dance, not many years ago, proposed by herself, in order to crown the reconciliation which she had brought about, between a couple that had, till then, been unhappy; and which her good-nature and joy made her not sensible of till she sat down. Pity that any thing should have hurt so benign, so cheerful, so benevolent a woman! Why did not Harriet tell us this circumstance? It would have heightened our value for her: and the more, if she had told us, as is the truth, that she never considers it as a hurt, (so honourably come by) but when she thinks she is troublesome to those about her.

Harriet returned to the company more cheerful than when she left it, enriched with her grandmother’s blessings, and prayers for her and my brother, (as she whispered me) and in having been allowed to support the tottering parent.

‘Harriet,’ said I, aloud, ‘you were
‘a very

'a very naughty girl to accuse me, as
'once you did, of reflecting upon age.
'You never, in my eyes, looked more
'lovely than you did half an hour ago,
'supporting the best of old ladies.'

'We are all of your ladyship's
'mind,' said Lady W.—'A new
'grace, believe me, my dear, shone
'out in every graceful feature.'

'Your kind notice, ladies,' bowing
to me and Lady W. 'does me honour;
'but more to your own hearts.'

Most gracefully does the dear girl
receive and return a compliment; but
this, Lady L. I need not now say to
you: we have both admired her on
these occasions. How happy will she
make a man, who can be so *sensible* of
his happiness! And how happy will
he make *her*! He, who has the most
grateful and enlarged of human hearts!

Soon after tea [I tell you things
out of course, Lady L. as they come
into my head] we most of us withdrew,
to hear read the marriage-articles:
when they were ready to sign, Harriet
was sent for in. She would not come
before. She begged, she prayed she
might not. The first line of each
clause, and the last, for form-sake,
were run over, by Mr. Deane, as fast
as he could read. How the dear crea-
ture trembled when she came in, and
all the time of the shortened reading!
But when the pen was given her, to
write her name, she dropt it on the
parchment, out of her trembling hand.
Sir Charles saw her emotion with con-
cern; and held her up, as she stood.
'My dearest life,' said he, 'take time.
'—Be composed,—putting the pen
with reverence in her fingers.

She tried to write; but her pen
would not touch the parchment, so as
to mark it. She soon, however, made
another effort, his arm round her waist.
—She then signed them; but Sir Charles
held her hand, and the parchments in
them, when she delivered them.—
'As your act and deed, my dearest
'love?' said Sir Charles.—'Yes,
'indeed,' replied she, and made him
a curtsy; hardly knowing what she
did.

She must hear of this, when she can
bear it. You charged me to be very
minute on the behaviour of our Har-
riet: you was sure it would be a pat-
tern. But, no: you see she is too timid,

She accompanied me to my chamber
when we retired for the night. She
sighed. I took notice of it.—'O my
'Charlotte,' said she, 'to-morrow, to-
'morrow!—'

'Will be the beginning of your
'happiness, my Harriet!—What vir-
'gin heart,' said I, 'but must have
'had joy, on her contemplating the
'man of sense and politeness, had his
'behaviour of this night *only* been the
'test of her judgment of him!'

'True; and I *have* joy: but the
'circumstance before me is' a solemn
'one: and does not the obligation
'lie all on his side?'

'Does he behave to you, my love,
'as if he thought *any* of it did?'

'O no! no! But the fact is other-
'wise; and as I know it, the obliga-
'tion is heightened by his polite good-
'ness to me.'

'Dearly does he love his Harriet;
'(to-morrow will you be *his* Harriet
'for life.) Are you not convinced
'that he loves you?'

'I am, I am! But—'

'But what, my dear?'

'I never can deserve him. Hapless,
'hapless Clementina! she *only* could!
'Let a fortnight after to-morrow be
'over, and she be not *un*-happy, and
'what a thrice happy creature shall
'I be!'

I kissed her glowing cheek—'Sup-
'port yourself like a heroine to-mor-
'row, my dear. You will have a
'task, because of the crowds which
'will attend you; but it is the tax
'you pay for being so excellent, and
'so much beloved.'

'Is it not strange, Lady G. that
'my grandmamma should join to sup-
'port my uncle in his vehemence for
'a publick day? Had it been only his
'command, I would have rebelled!'

'The pride they take in the alliance
'with my brother, not for his situa-
'tion in life, but for his transcendent
'merit, is their motive; your grand-
'mother's particularly. She considers
'the day as one of the happiest of her
'life: she has begged of me to sup-
'port you in undergoing it. She says,
'if there should be a thousand spec-
'tators, she knows it will give pleasure
'to as many hearts; and to *hers* the
'more, for that reason. And you
'will be,' continued I, 'so lovely a

‘pair, when joined, that every beholder, man and woman, will give him to you; you to him.’

‘You are very good, my dear Lady G. to encourage me thus: but I told my grandmother, this night, that she knew not the hardship she had imposed on me, by insisting on a publick day: but I would not begin so great a change, whatever it cost me, by an act of opposition and disobedience to the will of so dear a parent. But your *brother*, my dear Lady G.’ continued she, ‘who would have thought *he* would have given into it?’

‘As your friends mean a compliment to my brother,’ replied I; ‘so *he*, by his acquiescence, means one to you, and to them. He is not a confident man: he looks upon marriage in as awful a light as you do; but he is not shy of making a publick declaration of his love to the woman he has chosen. He has told me, talking of this very subject, that publick ceremony is not what, for your delicacy-sake, he would have proposed: but *being* proposed, he would not, by any means, decline it. He had no concern but for you; and he took your acquiescence as a noble instance of your duty and obligingness to one of the most affectionate and worthy of parents.’

‘O my dear Lady G. how good was you to come down! Support me in the arduous task of to-morrow!’ — ‘You will not want my support, my love; you will have Sir Charles Grandison bound, both by duty and love, to support you.’

She threw her arms about me: ‘I will endeavour to behave as I ought, in a circumstance that shall intitle me to such protection, and to such a sister.’

My fidgetting lord thrust in (unsent for) his sharp face; and I chiding him for his intrusion, she slipped away, or I had designed to attend her to her chamber; and there, perhaps, should we have staid together most part of the night. If I had, I don’t suppose that I should have deprived her of any rest. What makes my foolish heart throb for her? so happy as she is likely to be! — But sincerely do I love her.

I should have told you, that Emily behaved very prettily. Mr. Beau-

champ had a rich opportunity to engage her, while the settlements were executing.

On our return to them, the poor girl was wiping her eyes. ‘How now, Emily?’ said I, softly. — ‘O Madam, Mr. Beauchamp has been telling me how ill Sir Harry is! His own eyes set mine the example. How I pity him! And how good he is! No wonder my guardian loves him.’

Beauchamp may possibly catch her in a weeping fit. The heart, softened by grief, will turn to a comforter. Our own grief produces pity for another; pity, love. They are next neighbours, and will call in to ask kindly how a sufferer does: and what a heart must that be, that will not administer comfort when it makes it’s neighbourly call, if comfort be in it’s power?

‘Lord G. you are very impertinent.’ — I am in the scribbling vein, my Caroline; and here this man — ‘Say another word, Lord G. and I’ll sit up all night — Well, well, now you return not sauciness for threatening, I will have done.’

Good-night — Good-morrow, rather, Lady L. — O Lady L! *Good-morrow* may it be!

CH. G.

LETTER LII.

LADY G. }
MISS SELBY, } TO LADY L.

THURSDAY MORNING, NOV. 16.

YOU shall find me, my dear sister, as minute as you wish. Lucy is a charming girl. For the humour’s sake, as well as to forward each other, on the joyful occasion, we shall write by turns.

It would look as if we had determined upon a publick day, in the very face of it, were we to appear in full dresses: the contrary, therefore, was agreed upon yesterday. But every one, however, intends to be dressed as elegantly as morning-dresses can make them. Harriet, as you shall hear, is the least shewy. All in virgin-white. She looks, she moves, an angel. I must go to the dear girl. — ‘Lucy, where are you?’

‘Here,

' Here, Madam—But how can one write, when one's thoughts—'
' Write as I bid you. Have I not given you your cue?'

LUCY; TAKING UP THE PEN.] Dear Lady L. I am in a vast hurry. Lord W. Lady W. and Mr. Beauchamp are come. Sir Charles, Mr. Deane, Mr. and Mrs. Reeves's, have been here this *half-hour*. Has Lady G. dated?—No, I protest! We women are above such little exactnesses. Dear Lady L.! the gentlemen and ladies are all come. They say the church-yard is crouded with more of the living, than of the dead, and there is hardly room for a spade. What an image, on such a day! We are all out of our wits between joy and hurry. My cousin is not well; her heart misgives her! Foolish girl!—She is with her grandmamma and my grandmamma Selby. One gives her hartshorn, another salts. ' Lady G. Lady G. I must attend my dear Miss Byron: in an hour's time that will be her name no longer.'

LADY G.] Here, here, child—Our Harriet's better, Lady L. and ashamed of herself. Sir Charles was sent for up, by her grandmother and aunt, to soothe her. Charming man! Tenderness and love are indeed tenderness and love in the brave and manly heart. Emily will not be married, on any consideration. There is terror, and not joy, she says, in the attending circumstances. Good Emily, continue to harden thy heart against love, and thoughts of wedlock, for two years to come; and then change thy mind, for Beauchamp's sake!

' Dear Lucy, a line or two more. ' Your uncle; I hear his voice, summing—' The man's mad; mad indeed, Lady L.—In *such* a hurry!—' Lucy, they are not yet all ready.'

' Nor I,' says the raptured saucy face, ' to take up the pen—not a line more can I, will I, write, till the knot is tied.'

Nor I, my dear Lady L. till I can give you joy upon it.

I fib: for this hurrying soul himself, in driving every body else, has forgot to be quite ready.—But we are in v. y good time. Lucy has brought

me up the order of procession, as Earl Marshal Selby has directed it. Here I pin it on.

First Coach (Mr. Selby's.)

The Bride - - Mr. Selby
Mrs. Shirley - - The Bridegroom.

Second Coach (Mrs. Shirley's.)

Miss Emily Jervois Lord Rensby
Miss Needham - Mr. Beauchamp.

Third Coach (Sir Charles's.)

Miss Barclay - - Mr. Falconbridge
Miss Watton - - Mr. Allestree.

Fourth Coach (Lord W.'s.)

Mrs. Selby - - Lord W.
Lady W. - - Lord L.

Fifth Coach (old Mrs. Selby's.)

Old Mrs. Selby - Lord G.
Lady G. - - - Mr. Deane.

Sixth Coach (Mr. Reeves's.)

Mrs. Reeves - - Mr. James Selby
Miss Lucy Selby - Mr. Reeves.

Seventh Coach (Sir John Holles's.)

Miss Nancy Selby - Mr. Holles
Miss Kitty Holles - Mr. Steele.

Eighth Coach (Lord G.'s.)

Miss Patty Holles - Mr. Godfrey
Miss Dorcy Needham Mr. Roberts.

Each coach four horses. Sir Charles's state-coach to be reserved for the day of publick appearance.

[From Selby House to the church, half a mile, in coaches; foot-way not so much.]

Emily was very earnest to be bride-maid, though advised to the contrary. Mr. Beauchamp was a brideman, at his own request also.

I will go back to the early part of the morning.

We were each of us serenaded, as I may say, by direction of this joyful man uncle Selby, (*awakened*, as he called it, to mufick) by James Selby, playing at each person's door an air or two, the words from an epithalamium (whose, I know not)—

' The day is come, you wish'd so long;
' Love pick'd it out amidst the throng:
' He dithines to himself this fun,
' And takes the reins, and drives it on.'

It is indeed a fine day. The sun
5 U 2 seemed

seemed to reproach some of us; but Harriet slept not a wink. No wonder.

I hastened up to salute her. She was ready dressed. 'Charming readiness, my love!' said I.

'I took the opportunity while I was able,' answered she.

Lucy, Nancy, were with her, both dressed, as she, for the day; that they might have nothing to do but to attend her. What joy in their faces! What sweet carefulness in the lovely Harriet's!—'And *will* this day,' said she once, in a low voice, to me, 'give me to the lord of my heart?—Let not grief come near it; joy can be enough painful!'

LUCY.] My cousin, her spirits over-hurried, was ready to faint in her grandmother's arms; but, revived by the soothing, the blessings, of her venerable parent, soon recovered. 'Let nobody be frightened,' said her grandmother: 'affright not, by your hurrys, my lovely child! A little fatigued; her spirits are hurried: her joy is too much for them.'

What a charming presence of mind has Mrs. Shirley! Lady G. bids me write any thing to your ladyship, so I *will* but write; and forbids me apologizing either for manner or words.

Sir Charles was admitted. She stood up the moment she saw him, love and reverence in her sweet aspect. With a kind impatience he hastened to her, and threw himself at her feet, taking her hand, and pressing it with his lips—'Resume your magnanimity, my dearest life: by God's blessing, with the man before you, you will have *more* than a chance for happiness.'

'Forgive me, Sir,' said she, sitting down; (she could hardly stand.) 'I can have no doubt of your goodness: but it is a great day! The solemnity is an awful one!'

'It is a great, a solemn, day to me, my dearest creature! But encourage my joy by your smiles. It can suffer abatement only by giving you pain.'

'Generous goodness! But—'

'But what, my love! In compliance to the best of parents, to the kindest of uncles, resume your usual presence of mind. I, else, who shall glory before a thousand wit-

nesses in receiving the honour of your hand, shall be ready to regret that I acquiesced so cheerfully with the wishes of those parental friends for a publick celebration.'

'I have not been of late well, Sir: my mind is weakened. But it would be ungrateful, if I did not own to you, that my joy is as strong as my fear: it overcame me. I hope I shall be better. You should not have been called to be a witness of my weakness.'

'This day, my dearest love, we call upon the world to be witnesses to our mutual vows. Let us shew that world, that our hearts are one; and that the ceremony, sacred as it is, cannot make them more so. The engagement is a holy one: let us shew the multitude, as well as our surrounding friends, that we think it a laudable one. Once more I call upon you, my dearest life, to justify my joy by your *apparent* approbation. The world around you, love—liest of women, has been accustomed to see your *lovers*, shew them now the husband of your choice.'

'O Sir! you have given me a motive! I will think of it throughout the whole sacred transaction.' She looked around her, as if to see if every body were really that moment to attend her to church.

LADY G.] The ceremony is happily over; and I am retired to oblige my Caroline. You have the form of the procession. When every thing was ready, Mr. Selby thought fit to call us down in order into the great hall, marshalling his fours; and great pride and pleasure did he take in his office. At his first summons, down came the angel, and the four young ladies, and each of the four had her partner assigned her.

Emily seemed, between the novelty and the parade, to be wholly engaged.

Harriet, the moment she came down, flew to her grandmamma, and knelt to her, Sir Charles supporting her as she knelt, and as she arose. A tender and sweet sight!

The old lady threw her arms about her, and twice or thrice kissed her forehead; her voice faltering—'God bless, bless, sustain my child—after aunt kissing her cheek—'But, now, my

'my dearest love,' whispered she, 'I call upon you for fortitude.'

She visibly struggled for resolution; but seemed, in all her motions, to be in a hurry, as if afraid she should not hold it. She passed me with such a sweet confusion! 'Charming girl!' said I, taking her hand, as she passed, and giving way to her quick motions, for fear restraint should disconcert her.

When her uncle gave the word for moving, and approached to take her hand, she in her hurry, forgetting her cue, put it into Sir Charles's. 'Hold,' said her uncle, sweeping his bosom with his chin, in his arch way, 'that must not yet be.' My brother, kissing her hand, presented it, in a very gallant manner, to her uncle. 'I yield it to you, Sir,' said he, 'as a precious trust; in an hour's time to be confirmed mine by divine, as well as human functions.'

Mr. Selby led the lovely creature to the coach, but stooped at the door with her, for Mrs. Shirley's going in first: the servants at a distance all admiring, and blessing, and praying, for their beloved young lady.

Sir Charles took the good Mrs. Shirley's hand in one of his, and put the other arm round her waist, to support her. 'What honour you do me, Sir!' said she. 'I think I may throw away *this*:' (meaning her ebony crutch-stick) 'do I ail any thing?' Her feet, however, seconded not her spirits. My brother lifted her into the coach. It was so natural to him to be polite, that he offered his hand to his beloved Harriet; but was checked by her uncle, (in his usual pleasant manner:) 'Stay your time, too, ready Sir,' said he. 'Thank God it will not be so long before *both* hands will be yours.'

We all followed, very exactly, the order that had been, with so much proud parade, prescribed by Earl Marshal Selby.

The coach-way was lined with spectators. Mr. Selby, it seems, bowed all the way, in return to the salutes of his acquaintance. Have you never, Lady L. called for the attention of your company, in your coach, to something that has passed in the streets, or on the road, and at the same time thrust your head through the window so that nobody could see but yourself? So it was with Mr. Selby, I doubt not.

He wanted every one to look in at the happy pair; but took care that hardly any body but himself should be seen. I asked him afterwards, if it were not so? He knew not, he said, but it might. I told him, he had a very jolly comely face to shew, but no head. He does not spare me: but true jests are not always the most welcome. Tell a lady of forty, that she is sixty or seventy, and she will not be so angry as if she were guessed to be eight or nine and thirty. The one nobody will believe; the other every body. My Lord G. I can tell you, fares well in Mr. Selby's company.

'Lucy, my dear girl, take the pen. You don't know, you say, what I wrote last—Read it, my girl—You have it—Take the pen; I want to be among them.'

LUCY.] Lady G. must have her jest, whether in the right place, or not. Excuse me, both sisters. How *could* she, however, in a part so interesting? She says, I must give an account of the procession, and she will conduct them into the church; I out of it. I cannot, she says, after so many wishes, so many suspenses, so much expectation, before it came to this, be too minute. Every woman's heart leaps, she says, when a wedding is described; and wishes to know all, *how and about it*. Your ladyship will know, that these words are Lady G.'s own: but what can I say of the procession?

The poor Harriet—Fie upon me!—The *rich* Harriet, was not sorry, I believe, that her uncle's head, now on this side, now on the other, in a manner, filled the coach: but when it stooped at the church-yard, an inclosed one, whose walls keep off coaches near a stone's throw from the church-porch, then was my lovely cousin put to it; especially as her grandmother walked follow. We were all out of our coaches before the father and the bride entered the porch. I should tell your ladyship, that the passage from the entrance of the church-yard to the church is railed in. Every Sunday the crowd (gathered to see the entry go in and come out) are accustomed to be bounded by their rails; and were the more contentedly so now: the whole church-yard formed one mass (but for that separating passage) of living matter, distinguished

distinguished only by separate heads; not a hat on the men's; pulled off, perhaps, by general consent, for the convenience of seeing, more than from designed regard in *that* particular. But, in the main, never was there such silent respect shewn, on the like occasion, by mortal mob. We all of us, Lady L. have the happiness of being beloved by high and low.

But one pretty spectacle it is impossible to pass by. Four girls, tenants daughters, the eldest not above thirteen, appeared with neat wicker-baskets in their hands, filled with flowers of the season. Cheerful way was made for them. As soon as the bride, and father, and Sir Charles, and Mrs. Shirley, alighted, these pretty little Flora's, all dressed in white, chaplets of flowers for head dresses, large nose-gays in their bosoms, white ribbands adorning their stays and their baskets; some streaming down, others tied round the handles in true lover's knots; attended the company; two going before; the two others here and there, and every where; all strewing flowers: a pretty thought of the tenants among themselves. Sir Charles seemed much pleased with them: 'Pretty dears!' he called them, to one of them.

'God bless you!' and, 'God bless you!' was echoed from many mouths. Your brother's attention was chiefly employed on Mrs. Shirley, because of her age and lameness. Here my good Lady G. perhaps would stop to remark upon the worthy nature of the English populace, when good characters attract their admiration; for even the populace took notice, how right a thing it was for the finest young gentleman their eyes ever beheld, to take such care of so good an old lady. He *deserved* to live to be old himself, one said; they would warrant, others said, that he was a sweet-temper'd man; and others, that he had a good heart. In the procession one of us picked up one praise, another another. Though Lady G. Lady W. and the four bride-maids, as well as the lords, might have claimed high notice; yet not any of them received more than commendation: we were all considered but as satellites to the planets that passed before us. What, indeed, were we more? But let me say, that Mrs. Shirley had her share in reverence, as the

lovely couple had theirs in admiration. But O how my dear cousin was affected, when she alighted from her uncle's coach!

The churchwardens themselves were so complaisant as to stand at the church-door, and opened it on the approach of the bride, and her nuptial father. But all the pews near the altar were, however, filled (one or two excepted, which seemed to be left for the company) with ladies and well-dressed women of the neighbourhood: and though they seemed to intend to shut the doors after we had all got in, the church was full of people. Mr. Selby was displeased, for his niece's sake; who, trembling, could hardly walk up to the altar. Sir Charles *seated* his venerable charge on a covered bench on the left side of the altar; and by her, and on another covered bench on the right side, without the rails, we all, but the bride-maids and their partners, took our seats. They stood, the men on the bridegroom's side; the maids on Harriet's—Never—

LADY G.] 'Are you within the church, Lucy?—You are, I protest. Let me read what you have done. Come, pretty well, pretty well—You were going to praise my brother: leave that to me. I have an excellent knack at it.'

Never was man so much, and so deservedly admired. He saw his Harriet wanted support and encouragement. The minister stood suspended a few moments, as doubting whether she would not faint. 'My dearest love,' whispered Sir Charles, 'remember you are doing honour to the happy, thrice happy, man of your choice; shew he is your choice, in the face of this congregation.'—'Pardon me, Sir, I will endeavour to be all you wish me.'

Sir Charles bowed to the minister to begin the sacred office. Mr. Selby, with all his bravery, trembled, and, overcome by the solemnity of the preparation, looked now pale, now red. The whole congregation were hushed and silent, as if nobody were in the church but persons immediately concerned to be there. Emily changed colour frequently. She had her handkerchief in her hand; and (pretty enough!) her sister bride-maids, little thinking that Emily had a reason for her





her emotion, which none of them had, pulled out *their* handkerchiefs too, and permitted a gentle tear or two to steal down their glowing cheeks. I fixed my eye on Emily, sitting outward, to keep her in order. The doctor began—*‘Dearly beloved—’* ‘Ah, Harriet!’ thought I; ‘thou art much quieter now, than once thou wert at these words.’

No impediments were confessed by either of the parties, when they were referred to by the minister, on this head. I suppose this reference would have been omitted by Sir Hargrave’s snuffling parson. To the question, to my brother, *‘Wilt thou have,’* &c. he cheerfully answered, *‘I will.’* Harriet did not say, *I will not.* *‘Who giveth this woman,’* &c. ‘I, I, I,’ said uncle Selby; and he owns, that he had much ado to refrain saying—*‘With all my heart and soul!’* Sir Charles seemed to have the office *by* heart; Harriet in her heart: for before the minister could take the right-hand of the good girl to put it into that of my brother, his hand knew it’s office; nor did her trembling hand decline the favour. Then followed the words of acceptance; *‘I Charles, take thee, Harriet,’* &c. on his part; which he audibly, and with apparent joy and reverence in his countenance, repeated after the minister. But not quite so alert was Harriet, in her turn: her hand was rather taken, than offered. Her lips, however, moved after the minister; nor seemed to hesitate at the little piddling word *obey*; which, I remember, gave a qualm to my poor heart, on the like occasion. The ring was presented. The doctor gave it to Sir Charles; who, with his usual grace, put it on the finger of the most charming woman in England; repeating after the minister, audibly, *‘With this ring I thee wed,’* &c. She brightened up; when the minister, joining their right-hands, read, *‘Those whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder.’* And the minister’s address to the company, declaring the marriage, and pronouncing them man and wife, in the name of the Holy Trinity; and his blessing them, swelled, she owns, her grateful

heart, ready to bursting. In the responses, I could not but observe, that the congregation generally joined, as if they were interested in the celebration.

Sir Charles, with a joy that lighted up a more charming flush than usual on his face, his lively soul looking out at his fine eyes, yet with an air as modest as respectful, did credit to our sex before the applauding multitude, by bending his knee to his sweet bride, on taking her hand, and saluting her, on the conclusion of the ceremony—*‘May God, my dearest life,’* said he, audibly, *‘be gracious to your Grandson, as he will be good to his Harriet, now no more Byron!’*—She curtsied low, and with so modest a grace, that every soul blessed her; and pronounced her the loveliest of women, and him the most graceful and polite of men.

He invited Dr. Curtis to the wedding-dinner, and led his bride into the vestry.

She was followed by her virgin-train; they by their partners.

She threw herself, the moment she beheld her grandmother, at her feet. *‘Bless, Madam, your happy, happy child.’*

‘God for ever bless the darling of my heart!’

Sir Charles bent his knee to the venerable lady, with such a *conspicuous* dignity, if I may so express myself; *‘Receive and bless, also, your son, my Harriet’s reverend parent, and mine.’*

The dear lady was affected. She slid off her seat on her knees, and with uplifted hands and eyes, tears trickling on her cheeks; *‘Thou, Almighty, bless the dear son of my wishes!’*

He raised her with pious tenderness, and saluted her. *‘Excellent lady!’*—He would have said more, but was affected—Every body was—And having seated the old lady, he turned to Mrs. Selby—*‘Words are poor,’* said he; *‘my actions, my behaviour, shall speak the grateful sense I have of your goodness,’* saluting her—*‘Of yours, Madam,’* to Mrs. Shirley—*‘And of yours, my dearest life,’* addressing himself to his lovely bride, who seemed hardly able to sustain her

* When Sir Hargrave Pollexfen would have compelled her to be his, Vol. I. p. 103.

joy, on so respectful a recognition of relation to persons so dear to her. 'Let me once more,' added he, 'bless the hand that has blessed me!'

She cheerfully offered it: 'I give you, Sir, my hand,' said she, curtseying, 'and with it a poor heart—A poor heart, indeed! But it is a grateful one! It is all your own!'

He bowed upon her hand. He spoke not. He seemed as if he could not speak.

Joy, joy, joy! was wished the happy pair, from every mouth. 'See, my dear young ladies,' said the happy and instructing Mrs. Shirley, addressing herself to them, 'the reward of duty, virtue, and obedience! How unhappy must those parents and relations be, whose daughters, unlike our Harriet, have disgraced themselves, and their families, by a shameful choice!—As my Harriet's is, such,' looking around her, 'be your lot, my amiable daughters!'

They every one besought her hand, and kissed it; and some by speech, all by looks and curtsies, promised to cherish the memory of this happy transaction, for their benefit.

Emily, when she approached the venerable lady, sobbing, said, 'Bless me, my dear blest, my dear grandmamma Shirley!—Let me be your own granddaughter!—She embraced and blessed the dear girl!—'Ah, my love,' said she, 'but *will* you supply the place of my Harriet to me? *Will* you be my Harriet? *Will* you live with me, and Mrs. Selby—as Harriet did?'—Emily started: 'Ah, Madam, you are all goodness! Let me try to make myself, in some little way, agreeable to my dear Miss Byron that was, and live a little while in the sunshine of my guardian's eye; and then how proud shall I be to be thought, in any one least degree, like your Harriet!'

This I thought a good hint of Mrs. Shirley. Our Harriet (my dear Caroline) shall not be made unhappy by the edit; nor shall the dear girl neither, if I can help it, be made so by her own foible. We will watch over both, for the good of both, and for the tranquillity of the best of men.

Bauchamp's joy shone through a cloud, because of his father's illness; but it *did* shine.

Mr. Selby and my lord were vastly alive. Lord L. was fervent in *his* joy, and congratulations; but he was wiser than both put together. Nothing was wanting to shew that he was excessively pleased; but I was afraid the other two would not have considered the vestry as part of the church; and would have struck up a tune without music.

How sincerely joyful, also, were Lord and Lady W.! My lord's eyes burst into tears more than once: 'Nephew!' and 'Dear nephew!' at every word, whether speaking of or to my brother; as if he thought the relation he stood in to him a greater glory than his peerage, or aught else that he valued himself upon, his excellent lady excepted.

Upon my honour, Caroline, I think, as I have often said, that people may be *very* happy, if not *most* happy, who set out with a moderate stock of love, and supply what they want in that with prudence. I really think, that my brother and Harriet cannot be happier than are now this worthy couple; times of life considered on both sides, and my lord's inferior capacity allowed for. For certainly, men of sense are most capable of joyful sensations, and have their balances; since it is *as* certain, that they are also most susceptible of painful ones. What, then, is the stuff, the nonsense, that romantick girls, their romancing part of life not wholly elapsed, prate about, and din one's ears with, of *first* love, *first* flame, but *first* folly? Do not most of such give indication of gunpowder constitutions, that want but the match to be applied, to set them into a blaze! Souls of tinder, discretions of flimsy gauze, that conceal not their folly.—One day they will think as I do; and perhaps before they have daughters who will *convince* them of the truth of my assertion.

But here comes Lucy.—'My dear girl, take the pen—I am too *sentimental*. The French only are proud of sentiments at this day; the English cannot bear them: story, story, story, is what they hunt after, whether sense or nonsense, probable or improbable.'

LUCY.] 'Bless me, Lady G.! you have written a great deal in a little time. What am I to do?'

LADY G.] 'You brought the happy pair into the church. I have told Lady L. what was done there: you are to carry them out.'

LUCY.] 'And so I will.'—'My dearest love,' said her charming man to my cousin, who had a little panick on the thoughts of going back through so great a crowd, 'imagine, as you walk, that you see nobody but the happy man whom you have honoured with your hand: every body will praise and admire the loveliest of women. Nobody, I hope, will blame your choice. Remember at whose request it was, that you are put upon this difficulty; your grandmamma's and uncle's.' She, one of the best of women, was married to one of the best of men. I was but acquiescent in it. Shew, my dearest life, all your numerous admirers and well-wishers, that you are not ashamed of your choice.'

'O Sir! how charmingly do you strengthen my mind! I will shew the world, that my choice is my glory.'

Every body being ready, she gave her hand to the beloved of her heart.

The bells were set a ringing the moment the solemnity was concluded; and Sir Charles Grandison, the son of our venerable Mrs. Shirley, the nephew of my uncle and aunt Selby, husband of my dear and ever-dear Harriet, and the esteemed of every heart, led his graceful bride, through a lane of applauding and decent-behaving spectators, down through the church—and still more thronging multitudes in the church-yard, the four little Flora's again strewing flowers at their feet, as they passed. 'My sweet girls,' said he, to two of them, 'I charge you, compleat the honour you have done us, by your presence at Selby House: you will bring your companions with you, my loves.'

My uncle looked around him as he led Mrs. Shirley: *so* proud! and *so* stately! By some undesigned change, Mr. Beauchamp led Miss Jervois. She seemed pleased, and happy; for he whispered to her, all the way, praises of her guardian. 'My guardian!' twice or thrice, occasionally, repeated she aloud, as if she boasted of standing in some relation to him.

The bride and bridegroom stopt for Mrs. Shirley, a little while, at the

coach-side; a very grateful accident to the spectators: he led them both in; with a politeness that attends him in all he does. The coach wheeled off, to give way to the next; and we came back in the order we went.

'Now, my dear Lady G. you, who never were from the side of your dear new sister for the rest of the day, resume the pen.'

LADY G.] 'I will, my dear; but in a new letter. This fourth sheet is written down to the very edge. Caroline will be impatient: I will send away this.'

Joy to my sister! Joy to my aunt! Joy to the earl! To Lady Gertrude! To our dear Dr. Bartlett! To every one, on an event so happy; and so long wished for by us all!

'Sign, Lucy, sign.'

'After your ladyship.'

'*There then,*' CHARLOTTE G.

'*And, there then,*' LUCY SELEY.

LETTER LIII.

LADY G. TO LADY L. IN CONTINUATION.

THIS happy event has been so long wished for by us all; we are so much delighted with the bride, as well as the bridegroom; so many uncertainties, so many suspenses, have fallen in; so little likelihood once that it ever would have been; and you are so miserably tied by the leg, poor Caroline! and so little to divert you, besides the once smiling to the ten times squalling of your little stranger; that compassion, love, both, incite me to be minute; that so you may be as much with us in idea, as we all wished you could have been in person.

Crowds of people lined the way, in our return from church, as well as in our way to it; and blessings were pronounced upon the happy pair, by hundreds, at their alighting at Selby House.

When we were all assembled in the great hall, mutual congratulations flowed from every mouth: then did every man salute the happy bride; then did the equally happy bridegroom salute every lady—There was among us the height of joy; joy becoming the

awful solemnity; and every one was full of the decent behaviour, and the delight expressed by the crowds of spectators of all ranks, and both sexes; a delight and decency worthy of the characters of the admirable pair; and Miss Needham declared, and all the young ladies joined with her, that if she could be secure of the like good behaviour and encouragement, she would never think of a private wedding for herself. Mr. Selby himself was overjoyed, too much even to utter a jest; now, now, he said, he had attained the height of his ambition.

The dear Harriet *could* look up: she *could* smile around her. I led her, with Lucy, into the cedar-parlour—'Now, my dear love,' said I, the moment we entered it, throwing my arms about her, just as her lips were joyfully opening to speak to me, 'do I salute my real sister, my sister Grandison, in my dear Lady L.'s name, as well as in my own: God Almighty confirm and establish your happiness!'

'My dearest, dearest Lady G. how grateful, how encouraging, to my heart, is your kind filiation! Your continued love, and that of my dear Lady L. will be essential to my happiness.'

'May our hearts be ever united!' replied I. 'But they must: for were not our minds kindred minds before?'

'But you must love my Lucy,' said she, presenting her to me—'You must love my grand—' 'Mamma,' said I, catching the word from her, 'your aunt, your uncle, your cousins, and your cousins' cousins, to the twentieth generation.—And so I will: ours yours; yours ours! We are all of one family, and will be for ever.'

'What a happy creature am I!' replied she—'How many people can *one* good man make *his*!—But where is my Emily, sweet girl? Bring to me, Lucy, bring to me my Emily!'

Lucy went out, and led in the dear girl. With hands and eyes uplifted, 'My dear Miss Byron, that was, now Lady Grandison,' said she, 'love me; love your Emily. I am now *your* Emily, *your* ward; love me as well as you did when Miss Byron.'

Harriet threw her arms about her neck; 'I do, I will, I must! you shall be my sister, my friend; my Emily

'now, indeed! Love me, as I will love you: and you shall find *your* happiness in *mine*.'

Sir Charles entered: his Beauchamp in his hand. Quitting his and taking hers, he kissed it. 'Once more,' said he, 'do I thank my dearest life for the honour she has done me:' then resuming, with his other hand, his Beauchamp's, he presented each to the other, as brother and sister.

Beauchamp, in a graceful manner, bowed on her hand: she curtsied to him with an air of dignity and esteem.

He then turning to Emily; 'Acknowledge, my dear,' said he, 'your eldest sister: my Harriet will love her Emily.—Receive, my dearest life, your ward.—Yet,' (to Emily) 'I acquit not myself of the power, any more than of the will, of obliging you at first hand.'

'O Sir!' said the sobbing girl, 'you are all goodness! But I will make no request to you, but through my dearest Lady Grandison's mediation. If she approve of it first, I shall not doubt of its fitness to be complied with.'

Was not that pretty in Emily? O how Beauchamp's eyes loved her!

'But why, ladies,' said Sir Charles, 'do you sequester yourselves from the company? Are we not all of a family to-day? The four little Flora's, with their baskets in their hands, were entering the gate, as I came in: receive them, my love, with your usual graciousness. We will join the company, and call them in.—My Beauchamp, you are a bride-man; restore my bride to her friends and admirers within.'

He took Emily's hand. She looked so proud!—Harriet gave hers to Beauchamp. We followed them into the great hall: Mr. Selby had archness in his look, and seemed ready to blame us for withdrawing.—Sir Charles was aware of him. 'My dear Mr. Selby,' said he, 'will you not allow us to see the pretty Flora's?'—'By all means,' said Mr. Selby; and hurried out, and introduced them.

Sweet pretty girls! We had more leisure to consider the elegant rusticity of their dresses and appearance. They had their baskets in their hands, and a curtsy and a blush ready for every one in company. Sir Charles seemed

to expect that his bride would take notice of them first; but observing that she wanted presence of mind, he slept to them; took each by the hand, the youngest first; called them pretty loves; 'I wish,' said he, 'I could present you with as pretty flowers as you threw away in honour to this company; putting into each basket, wrapped up in paper, five guineas: then presented them, two in each hand, to his bride; who, by that time, was better prepared to receive them with that sweet ease and familiarity which give grace to all she says and does.

The children afterwards desiring to go to their parents, the polite Beauchamp himself, accompanied by Lucy, led them to them, and returned, with a report from all the tenants, that they might have the honour, some time in the day, to see the bride and bridegroom among them, were it but for two minutes. 'What says my love?' said Sir Charles.—'O, Sir, I cannot, cannot.'—'Well, then, I will attend them, to make your excuse, as well as I can.' She bowed her thanks.

The time before dinner was devoted to conversation.

Sir Charles was nobody's; not, not very particularly his bride's: he put every one upon speaking in turn. For about half an hour he sat between the joyful Mrs. Shirley and Mrs. Selby; but even then, in talking to them, talked to the whole company: yet, in his air and manner to both, showed so much respect, as needed not the aid of a particular address to them in words.

This was observed to me by good Lord L. For Harriet (unwittingly, every eye continually upon her, thoughtful, bashful) withdrawing, a little before dinner, with a cast of her eye to me, I followed her to her dressing-room. There, with so much expressiveness of meaning, tho' not of language; so much tenderness of love; so much pious gratitude; so much true virgin sensibility; did she open her heart to me; that I shall ever revolve what passed in that conversation, as the true criterion of virgin delicacy unmingled with affectation. Nor was I displeased, that in the height of her grateful self-congratulation, she more than once acknowledged a sigh for the admirable

Clementina. We just began to express our pleasure and our hopes in the good behaviour of our family, when we were called to dinner.

It was a sumptuous one.

Mr. Selby was very orderly, upon the whole: but he remembered, he said, that when *he* was married, (and he called upon his dame to confirm it) he was obliged to wait on his bride, and the company; and he insisted upon it, that Sir Charles should.

'No, no, no!' every one said; and the bride looked a little serious upon it: but Sir Charles, with an air of gaiety that infinitely became him, took a napkin from the butler; and, putting it under his arm, 'I have only one request to make you, my dear Mr. Selby—When I am more awkward than I ought to be, do you correct me; and I shall have both pride and pleasure in the task.'

'Adieu!' said Mr. Selby, looking at him with pleasure.—'You may be any thing, *do* any thing; you cannot conceal the gentleman. Adieu, heart, you must always be the first man in company—Pardon me, my lords.'

Sir Charles was the modestest servitor that ever waited at table, while his napkin was under his arm: but he laid it down while he addressed himself to the company, finding something to say to each, in his pithy, agreeable manner, as he went round the table. He made every one happy. With what delight did the elder ladies look upon him, when he addressed himself to each of them! He stooped at the bride's chair, and made her a compliment with an air of tenderness. I heard not what it was, sitting at distance; but she looked grateful, pleased; smiled, and blushed. He passed from her to the bride-maids, and again complimented each of them. They also seemed delighted with what he said. Then going to Mr. Selby; 'Why don't you bid me resume the napkin, Sir?'—'No, no; we see what you can do: your conformity is enough for me. You may now sit down, when you please. You make the waiters look awkward.'

He took his seat, thanked Mr. Selby for having reminded him of his duty, as he called it, and was all himself, the most graceful and obliging of men.

You know, my dear Lady L. how much I love to praise my brother. Neither I, nor the young ladies, not even those who had humble servants present, regarded any body but him. *My poor lord!*—I am glad, however, that he has a tolerable good set of teeth. —They were always visible. A good honest sort of man, though, Lady L. whatever you may think of him.

After dinner, at Mr. Selby's reminding motion, Sir Charles and the men went to the tenants. They all wished him joy; and, as they would not sit down while he stood, Sir Charles took a seat among them, and all the rest followed his example.

One of the honest men, it seems, remembered the nuptials of Mr. and Mrs. Byron, and praised them as the best and happiest of the human race: others confirmed *his* character of both; another knew the late Mr. Shirley, and extolled him as much; another remembered the birth, another the christening, of the bride; and others talked of what an excellent creature she was from infancy. 'Let me tell you, 'Sir,' said one grey-headed man, 'you will have much ado to deserve her; and yet you are said to be as good as you are handsome.' The women took up the cause; they were fired, by what they had heard, if any man in the world could deserve the bride, it was Sir Charles Grandison; and they would swear for him by his looks. One of the honest men said, they should all have taken it as a *hugeus* favour, were they allowed to wish the bride joy, though at ever so great a distance.

Sir Charles said, he was sure the women would excuse her this day; and then the men would, in complaisance to them. "We will hope," said he, looking all around him, "before we leave Northamptonshire, for one happy dinner together."

They all got up to bow and curtsy, and looked upon each other; and the men, who are most of them freeholders, wished to the Lord for a new election, and that he would come among them. They had no great matter of fault to find, they said, with their present representatives; but any body who would oppose Sir Charles Grandison, would stand no chance. The women joined in the declaration, as if

they thought highly, as Sir Charles pleasantly observed, of their own influence over their husbands. They all wondered that he was not in parliament, till they heard how little a while he had been in England.

He took leave of the good people (who, by their behaviour and appearance, did as much credit to their landlords as to themselves) with his usual affability and politeness; repeating his promise of a day of jubilee, as some of them called it.

The ball, at the request of the whole company, was opened by the bride and bridegroom. She was very uneasy at the general call. Sir Charles saw she was, and would have taken out Miss Needham; but it was not permitted. The dear creature, I believe, did her best at the time; but I have seen her perform better; yet she did exceedingly well. But such a figure herself, and such a partner; how could she do amiss?

Emily was taken out by Beauchamp. He did his best, I am sure; and almost as much excelled his pretty partner, as his beloved friend did his.

Emily, sitting down by me, asked if she did not perform very ill. "Not very ill, my dear," said I, "but not so well as I have seen you dance." —"I don't know," said she, "what ails me: my heart is very heavy, Madam. What can be the meaning of it? But don't tell Lady Grandison so.—High-ho!—Lady Grandison! What a sound is that? A charming sound! But how shall I bring my lips to be familiarized to it?"

"You are glad she is married, my love, I dare say?"

"Glad! To be sure I am! It is an event that I have long, long wished for: but new names, and new titles, one knows not how to frame one's mouth to presently. It was some time before I could call you Lady G. But don't you pity poor Lady Clementina, a little, Madam?"

"A great deal, I do. But as she refused my brother—"

"Ah! dear! that's the thing! I wonder she could—when he would have let her have the free exercise of her religion."

"Had you rather your guardian had had Lady Clementina, Emily?"

"O no! How can you ask me such a question,

‘ a question, Madam? Of all the women in the world, I wished him to have Miss Byron. But she is too happy for pity, you know, Madam! — Here’s me! What does she look so thoughtful for? Why does she sigh so? Surely she cannot be sorry!’

‘ Sorry! No, my love! But a change of condition for life! New attachments! A new course of life! Her name sunk, and lost! The property, person and will, of another, excellent as the man is; obliged to go to a new house; to be ingrafted into a new family; to leave her own, who so dearly love her; an *irreversible* destiny! — Do you think, Emily, new in her present circumstances, every eye upon her, it is not enough to make a considerate mind, as hers is, thoughtful?’

‘ All these are mighty hardships, Madam!’ putting up her lip — ‘ But, Lady G. can you suppose she thinks them so? If she *does* — But she is a dear good lady! — I shall ever love her. She is an ornament of our sex! See, how lovely she looks! Did your ladyship ever see so sweet a creature? I never did.’

‘ Not for beauty, dignity, ease, figure, modesty, good sense, did I ever!’

‘ She is my *guardianess*, may I say? Is there such a word? — I shall be as proud of her, as I am of my guardian. Yet there is no cause of sighing, I think. — See my guardian! her husband! Unfashionable as the word is, it is a pretty word. The *house-band*, that ties all together. Is not *that* the meaning? — Look round! How does he surpass all men! — *His* ease, talk of ease! *His* dignity, talk of dignity! As handsome a man, as she is a woman! See how every young lady eyes him; every young gentleman endeavours to imitate him. I wish *he* would take me out; I would do better.’

This was the substance of the whispering dialogue that passed between Emily and me — Poor girl!

Mr. Selby danced with Lucy, and got great applause. He was resolved, he said, to have one dance with the bride. She besought him not to think of it. Her grandmamma, her aunt, entreated for her. She desired Sir Charles to interpose — ‘ If, my dearest

life, you *could* oblige your uncle — ‘ I cannot, cannot think of it,’ said she.

‘ Lady G.’ said Sir Charles, ‘ be so good as to challenge Mr. Selby.’ I stood forth, and offered my hand to him. He could not refuse it. He did not perform so well as he did with Lucy. ‘ Go,’ said I, when we had done, ‘ sit down by your dame, and be quiet: you have lost all your credit. You dance with a bride!’ — Some people know not how to bear applause; nor to leave off when they are well. Lord L. took out Mrs. Selby. She dances very gracefully. Your lord, you know, is above praise. The young Lord Reresby and Miss Needham distinguished themselves. My odd creature was in his element. He and Miss Barclay, and another time he and Emily, did very handsomely; and the girl got up her reputation. Lord W. did hobble, and not ungracefully, with old Mrs. Selby; who had not danced, she said, for twenty years before; but, on so joyful an occasion, would not refuse Lord W.’s challenge: and both were applauded; the time of life of the lady, the limpingness of my lord, considered.

There was a very plentiful sideboard, of rich wines, sweetmeats, &c.

We all disclaimed formal supper.

We went afterwards into country-dances.

Mrs. Shirley retired about ten. Harriet took the opportunity of attending her. I had an intimation to follow.

I found her just dropt on her knees to her grandmamma; who, with her arms about her neck, was folding to her fond heart the darling of it.

I was called upon to give my opinion, whether she should return to the company, or not: I gave it, that she should; and that she should retire, for the night, about eleven. As to the bridesmaids, I said, I would manage, that they should only attend her to her chamber, and leave her there, with her aunt, Lucy, and me. Lord L. undertook to make the gentlemen give up form; which, he said, they would the more easily do, as they were set into dancing.

After all, Lady L. we women, dressed out in ribbands, and gaudy trappings, and in virgin-white, on

our wedding-days, seem but like milk-white heifers led to sacrifice. We ought to be indulged, if we are not shameless things, and very wrong indeed, in our choice of the man we *can* love.

Mr. Selby broke from his partner, Miss Barclay, to whisk into the figure of the bride.

Sir Charles joined the deserted lady, who seemed much better pleased with her new partner than with her old one.

Lord W. who was sitting down, took Mrs. Selby, and led her into the dance.

I drew Miss Needham to the side-board, and gave her her cue: she gave theirs to the three other bridesmaids.

About eleven, Mrs. Selby, unobserved, withdrew with the bride. The bridesmaids, one by one, waited on her to her chamber; saluted her, and returned to company.

The dear creature wanted presence of mind. She fell into my reflection above. 'O my dear Lady G.!' said she, 'was I not right when I declared, that I never would marry, were it not to the man I loved above all the men in the world?'

She complimented me twenty times, with being very good. She prayed for me; but her prayers were meant for herself.

You remember, that she told me on my apprehensiveness on the like occasion, that she made me loving to her. On her blessing me, 'Ah, Harriet,' said I, 'you now find, that apprehension, will make one *pious*, as well as *loving*.'

'My sister, my friend, my own, my Caroline's, my brother's, dear Lady Grandison!' said I, when I left her, near undressed, 'God bless you! And God be praised, that I can call you by these tender names! My brother is the happiest of men; you of women. May we never love each other less, than we do now! Look forward to the serene happiness of your future lot. If you are the joy of our brother, you must be our joy, and the jewel of our family.'

She answered me only by a fervent embrace, her eyes lifted up, furcharged, as I may say, with tears of joy, as in thankfulness.

I then rustled down stairs, and into the company.

My brother instantly addressed me. — 'My Harriet,' whispered he, with impatience, 'returns not this night.'

'You will see Mrs. Selby, I presume, bye and bye,' returned I.

He took his seat by old Mrs. Selby, and fell into talk with her, to avoid joining in the dances. His eye was continually turned to the door. Mrs. Selby at last came in. Her eyes shewed the tender leave she had taken of her Harriet.

My brother approached her. She went out: he followed her.

In a quarter of an hour she returned.

We saw my brother no more that night.

We continued our dancings till between three and four.

I have often observed, that we women, whether weakly or robust, are hardly ever tired with dancing. It was so with us. The men, poor souls! looked silly, and sleepy, by two; all but my ape: he has a good many *femalities*, as uncle Selby calls them. But he was brought up to be idle and useless, as women generally are.

I *must* conclude my letters whimsically, my dear: if I did not, you would not know them to be written by *your*

CHARLOTTE G.

LETTER LIV.

LADY G. IN CONTINUATION.

EMILY, Lucy, and I, went to pay our morning congratulations as soon as we arose, which was not very early, to my brother, being told that he was in the cedar-parlour, writing. He received us like himself. 'I am writing,' said he, 'a few very short letters. They are to demand the felicitations, one, of our beloved Caroline; one of our aunt Grandison; one of the Earl of G. and one of our dear Dr. Bartlett. There is another; you may read it, Charlotte.'

That also was a short one; to signify, according to promise, as I found, to Signor Jeronymo della Porretta, the actual celebration of his nuptials.

I returned it to him — 'Like my brother,' was all I said.

It concluded with a caution given in the most ardent terms, against precipitating the admirable Clementina.

We went up to the bride. She was dressing.

dressing. Her aunt was with her, and her two cousins Holles's, who went not home the preceding night.

The moment we entered, she ran to us; and, clasping her arms about my neck, hid her blushing face in my bosom—'My dearest, dearest Lady G.' murmured she—'Am I indeed your sister, your sister Grandison! And will you love me as well as ever?'

'My dearest lovely sister! my own sister Grandison! my brother's wife! Most sincerely do I repeat, joy, joy, joy, to my Harriet!'

'O Lady G.! How you raise me! Your goodness is a reasonable goodness to me! I never, never, but by your's, and your sister's example, shall be worthy of your brother!'

Then embracing Emily; 'Wish me joy, my loved! In my joy shall you find your own!'

Emily wept, and even sobbed—'You must, you must, treat me less kindly, Madam. I cannot, cannot bear your goodness. On my knees I acknowledge my other guardian. God bless my dear, dear Lady Grandison!'

At that moment, as they were folded in each other's arms, entered my brother—He clasped his round his sweet bride: 'Pardon this intrusion,' said he—'Excellent creature, continue to love my Emily!—Continue, my Emily, to deserve the sisterly love of my Harriet!'

Then turning to me, saluting me, 'My Charlotte loves my Harriet; so does our Caroline. She fondly loves you both. God continue your love to each other! What a sister has yesterday's happy event given to each other!—What a wife to me!—We will endeavour, my love,' (to her) 'to deserve our happiness; and I humbly trust, it will be continued to us.'

He saluted Mrs. Selby—'My own aunt Selby! What obligations am I under to you, and to our venerable Mrs. Shirley, for giving to an angel an angel's education, and conferring on me the blessing!'

'Congratulate me, my dear cousins Holles's, saluting each. 'May you both be as happy, whenever you alter your single estate, and I will endeavour to make your lovely cousin!'

He withdrew, bowing to us; and with so much respectfulness to the happy Harriet, as delighted us all.

Lucy went down with him, to pay her morning compliments to the two grandmamma's.

'Sister,' said Kinty Holles, after he was gone—'we never, never, can think of marrying, after we have seen Sir Charles Grandison, and his behaviour.'

Lucy came up with Nancy. They embraced their cousin. 'Your grandmamma and my grandmamma, my dearest cousin, are impatient to see you, in your grandmamma's chamber; and the gentlemen are crying out for their breakfasts in the great parlour.' We hurried down. The bride threw herself at her grandmamma's feet, for her blessing. It was given in such a tender and pious manner, that we were all affected by it. 'The best of sons, of men,' said she, afterwards, 'has but just left me. What a blessing to all around him, is a good man! Sir Charles Grandison is every thing.—But, my dear loves,' to the younger ladies, 'let a good man, let life, let manners, be the principal motive of your choice: in goodness will you have every sanction; and your fathers, mothers, relations, friends, every joy!—My dearest love, my Harriet,' taking her hand, 'there was a time that I thought no man on earth could deserve you: now it is my prayer, and will be, that you may deserve this man. But let us join the gentlemen. Fear not, my Harriet—Sir Charles's character will preserve with every one its dignity, and give a sanction to the solemnity that has united you to him. My dearest love! be proud, and look assured: you may, or who can? Yesterday's transaction is your glory; glory in it, my Harriet!'

We attended the two elder ladies down. Harriet, as bashful people ever do, increased her own difficulties, by staying behind with her Lucy. We were all seated at the breakfast-table, and laid for them: Mr. Selby grew impatient; every one having declared themselves ready for breakfast. At last, down came the blushing bride, with her Lucy. Sir Charles seeing Mr. Selby's countenance turning peevishly arch; just as he had begun, 'Let me tell you, niece—' and was coming over with something, he arose, and taking his

his bride's hand, led her to her seat. 'Hush, my dear Mr. Selby,' said he: 'nobody must call to account my wife, and I present.'—'How, Sir! How, Sir! Already have I lost my niece?'

'Not so, Mr. Selby. All her duties will have strength given them by the happy event of yesterday; but you must not let a new-married man see how much easier it is to find fault than to be faultless.'

'Your servant, Sir!' replied Mr. Selby—'You'll one day pay for your complaisance, or my niece is not a woman. But I was ready primed. You have robbed me of a jest; and that, let me tell you, would have been more to me than my breakfast.'

After breakfast, Lucy gave us a lesson on the harpsichord. Sir Charles accompanied her finger, at the desire of the company.

Lord and Lady W. excused themselves to breakfast, but came to dinner. We entertained one another with reports of what passed yesterday; what people said; how the tenants feast was managed; how the populace behaved at the houses which were kept open. The churchwardens list was produced of the poor recommended by them: it amounted to upwards of 140, divided it into two classes; one of the acknowledged poor, the other of poor housekeepers and labouring people who were ashamed to apply; but to whom the churchwardens knew bounty would be acceptable. There were above thirty of these, to whom Sir Charles gave very handsomely, but we knew not what. The churchwardens, who are known to be good men, went away blessing him, with hearts running over at their lips, as if they themselves were to find their account in his goodness.

SATURDAY.

WE have had a smart debate this morning, on the natural independency of our sex, and the usurpation of the other. Particulars bye and bye.

My brother is an irresistible man. To-morrow he has carried it to make his appearance at church, against all their first intentions, and that by their own consents. He had considered every thing they had not. Mr. Beauchamp has letters which require him

to go up to town: Lord and Lady W. are desirous to get thither, his lordship having some gouty warnings; I am obliged to go up, having hated to set about any thing preparatory to your case, Caroline! [If the wretch were to come in my way just now, I should throw my standish at him, I believe.] The Earl and Lady Gertrude are in town; and I am afraid of another reprimand. The earl never jests but he means the same as if he were serious. I shall take Emily with me, when I go. Mrs. Reeves wants to be with her little boy. Yet all these people are desirous to credit the appearance.—I had like to have forgot your good man—He longs to see his Caroline; and hopes to engage my brother to stand in person as his urchin's sponsor. So you see that there is a necessity to consent to make the appearance to-morrow, of the bride will lose the flower of her company.

God continue the happiness of this charming pair! Their behaviour to each other is just what I would wish it to be; tender, affectionate, without fulsome fondness. He cannot be more respectful to the dear creature now, than he was before marriage; but from his present behaviour, I dare answer for him, that he will not be less so: and yet he is so lively, that he has all *the young man* in his behaviour, whenever occasions call for relaxation; even when subjects require seriousness, as they do sometimes, in conversations between Mrs. Shirley, Mrs. Selby, Mr. Deane, and him; his seriousness, as Mrs. Shirley herself finely observed in his absence, is attended with such vivacity, and intermingled with such entertaining illustrations, all naturally arising from and falling into the subject, that he is sure of every one's attention and admiration.

'The features of his manly face, and the turn of his fine eye,' observed she, on another occasion, 'are cast for pity, and not for censure.' And let me add a speech of his, when he was called up to censure a person, on a slight representation of facts—

'The whole matter is not before us,' said he: 'we know not what motives he may have to plead by way of extenuation, though he may not be able entirely to excuse him-

self.

'self. But as it appears to me, I
' would not have done so.'

But what, my dear, am I about?
Are they not my brother's praises that
I am expatiating upon? Was I ever
to be trusted with that subject? Is there
no man, I have been asked, that is
like your brother?—He, I have an-
swered, is most likely to resemble him,
who has an unbounded charity, and
universal benevolence, to men of all
professions; and who, imitating the
divinity, regards the heart, rather than
the head, and much more than either
rank or fortune, though it were prince-
ly; and yet is not a leveller, but
thinks that rank or degree intitles a
man, who is not utterly unworthy of
both, to respect.

I will write one more letter, and
then give way to other affairs.

I never thought I should have been
such a scribbler. But the correspond-
ence between my brother and Dr. Bart-
lett; into which we were all so eager
to peep; that of this dear creature with
her Lucy, which so much entertained us,
and which led us, in her absence, to
wish to continue the series of it; the
story of Clementina so interesting; all
our suspenses so affecting; and the
state of this our lovely friend's heart
so peculiar; and the desire of amusing
you in your confinement: all these, to-
gether, led me on. But now one let-
ter more shall conclude my task.

Lord L. has just now mentioned to
his brother his wishes that he would
stand godfather to the little lord. My
brother caught his hand, and besought
his pardon for not offering *himself*.
'You do me, my dear lord,' said he,
'both honour and pleasure. Where
'was my thought?—But this dear
'creature,' turning to his bride, 'will
'be so good as to remind me of all
'my imperfections. I am in a way to
'mend; for the duties inseparable
'from my delightful new engagement
'will strengthen all my other duties.'

'I have taken upon me, Sir,' said
she, 'to request the favour of my Lord
'and Lady L.'s acceptance of me for
'a godmother.'

'To which I have objections,' said
I. 'I have a prior claim. Aunt
'Eleanor has put in hers, Lady W.
'hers; and this before Miss Byron
'was *Lady Grandison*.'

'Your circumstance, my dear Lady
'G. according to a general observa-
'tion of our sex, is prohibitory.'

'Will you, my brother,' appealed
I, 'allow of superstitious observances,
'prognosticks, omens, dreams?'

'O no! My Harriet has been tell-
'ing me how much she suffered lately
'from a dream, which she permitted to
'give strength and terror to her appre-
'hensions from Mr. Greville. Guard,
'my dear ladies, against these imbe-
'cilities of tender minds. In these
'instances, if in no other, will you
'give a superiority to our sex, which,
'in the debate of this morning, my
'Charlotte would not allow of.'

I will begin my next letter with an
account of this debate; and if I can-
not comprize it in the compass I intend
to bring it into, my one more letter
may perhaps stretch into two.

LETTER LV.

LADY G. IN CONTINUATION.

THE debate I mentioned, began
on Friday morning at breakfast-
time; brought on by some of uncle
Selby's good-natured particularities;
for he will always have something to
say against women. I bespoke my
brother's neutrality, and declared I
would enter the lists with Mr. Selby,
and allow all the other men present to
be of his side. I had a flow of spirits.
Man's usurpation, and woman's nat-
ural independency, was the topic.
I carried on my argument very trium-
phantly; now and then a sly hint,
popt out by my brother, half-discon-
certed me: but I called him to order,
and he was silent; yet once he had
like to have put me out—Wrapping his
arms about himself, with inimitable
humour—'O my Charlotte,' said he,
'how I love my country! ENGLAND
'is the *only* spot in the world, in which
'*this* argument can be properly debat-
'ed!—Very sly—Was it not?

I made nothing of Mr. Selby. I
called him the tyrant of the family.—
And as little of Mr. Deane, Lord L.
and still less of my own lord, who
was as eager in the debate as if it con-
cerned him more than any-body to re-
sist me; and this before my brother;

who by his eyes, more than once, seemed to challenge me, because of the sorry creature's earnestness. All those, however, were men of straw, with me; and I thought myself very near making Mr. Selby ask pardon of his dame for his thirty years usurpation. In short, I had half-established our sex's superiority on the ruin of that of the sorry fellows, when the debate was closed, and referred to Mrs. Shirley, as moderatrix; my brother still excluded any share in it.—She indeed obliged me to lower my topails a little.

'I think,' said the venerable lady, 'women are generally too much considered as a species apart. To be sure in the duties and affairs of life, where they have different or opposite shares allotted them by Providence, they ought not to go out of their own sphere, or invade the men's province, any more than the men theirs. Nay, I am so much of this opinion, that though I think the confidence which some men place in their wives, in committing all their affairs to their care, very flattering to the opinion both of their integrity and capacity; yet I should not chuse (without considering trouble) to interfere with the management without doors, which I think more properly the man's province, unless in some particular cases.'

'But in common intercourse and conversation, why are we to be perpetually considering the *sex* of the person we are talking to? Why must women always be addressed in an appropriated language; and not treated on the common footing of reasonable creatures? And why must they, from a false notion of modesty, be afraid of shewing themselves to *be such*, and affect a childish ignorance?'

'I do not mean, that I would have women enter into learned disputes, for which they are rarely qualified; but I think there is a degree of knowledge very compatible with their duties; therefore not unbecoming them, and necessary to make them fit companions for men of sense: a character in which they will always be found more useful than that of a plaything, the amusement of an idle hour.'

'No person of sense, man or woman, will venture to launch out on a subject with which they are not well

'acquainted. The *lesser* degree of knowledge will give place to the *greater*. This will secure subordination enough. For the advantages of education which men must necessarily have over women, if they have made the proper use of them, will have set them so forward on the race, that we can never overtake them. But then don't let them despise us for this, as if their superiority were entirely founded on a natural difference of capacity: despise us *as* women, and value themselves merely *as* men; for it is not the hat or cap which covers the head, that decides the merit of it.'

'In the general course of the things of this world, women have not opportunities of sounding the depths of science, or of acquainting themselves perfectly with polite literature: but this want of opportunity is not entirely confined to *them*. There are professions among the men no more favourable to these studies, than the common avocations of women. For example; merchants, whose attention is (and, perhaps, with regard to the publick, more usefully) chained down to their accounts. Officers, both of land and sea, are seldom much better instructed, though they may, perhaps, pass through a few more forms: and as for knowledge of the world, women of a certain rank have an equal title to it with some of them. A learned man, as he is called, who should despise a sensible one of these professions, and disdain to converse with him, would pass for a pedant; and why not for despising or undervaluing a woman of sense, who may be put on the same footing? Men, in common conversation, have laid it down for a rule of good-breeding, not to talk before women of things they don't understand; by which means an opportunity of improvement is lost; a very good one, too; one that has been approved by the ablest persons who have written on the education of children; because it is a means of learning insensibly, without the appearance of a task. Common subjects afford only common-place, and are soon exhausted: why, then, should conversation be confined to such narrow limits, and be liable to continual repetition; when,

‘when, if people would start less beaten subjects, many doubts and difficulties concerning them might be cleared up, and they would acquire a more settled opinion of things, (which is what the generality much want, from an indolence that hinders them from examining) at the same time that they would be better entertained, than with talking of the weather, and such kind of insipidities?’

Lady W. applauding Mrs. Shirley’s sentiments, ‘A-propos,’ said she; ‘let me read you the speech,’ (taking it out of her pocket-book) ‘of an East India officer, to a pedant, who had been displaying his talents, and running over with terms of art, and scraps of Latin, mingled with a profusion of hard words, that hardly any of the company understood; and which, at the same time that it diverted all present, cured the pretended scholar of his affectation for ever after.’ My lady read it, as follows—

“I am charmed with this opportunity,” said the officer, “of discoursing with a gentleman of so much wit and learning; and hope I shall have his decision in a point which is pretty nice, and concerns some eastern manufactures, of ancient and reverend etymology. Modern criticks are undetermined about them; but, for my part, I have always maintained, that *chints*, *bull-bulls*, *morees*, and *ponabaguzzys*, are of nobler and more generous uses than *doorguzzees* or *nourfurmanys*: not but I hold against *byram-pauts* in favour of *niccannes* and *boralchauders*. Only I wish, that so accurate a judge would instruct me, why *tapzils* and *sallampores* have given place to *neganepauts*? And why *bejatapoutz* should be more esteemed than the finer fabrick of *blue chelloes*?”

‘A very good rebuke of affectation,’ said Sir Charles, (‘and your ladyship hints it was an efficacious one.’) It serves to shew, that men, in their different attainments, may be equally useful; in other words, that the knowledge of polite literature leads not to every part of useful sci-

ence. I remember, that my Harriet distinguishes very properly, in some of her letters to her Lucy, between *language* and *science*; and that poor Mr. Walden (that, I think, was his name) was pretty much disconcerted, as a pedant may sometimes be, when, (and he bowed to his Harriet) he has a *natural genius* to contend with.” She blushed, and bowed as she sat.—“And I remember, Sir,” said she, ‘you promised to give me your animadversions on the letters I consented you should see: will you be pleased to correct me now?’

‘Correct you, my dearest life!—What a word is that? I remember, that, in the conversation in which you were obliged, against your will, to bear so considerable a part, you demonstrated, that genius, without deep learning, made a much more shining figure, in conversation, than learning without genius: but, upon the whole, I was a little apprehensive, that true learning might suffer, if languages were too slightly treated. Mr. Walden made one good observation, or rather remembered it, for it was long ago made, and will be always of weight, that the knowledge of languages, any more than the advantage of birth, was never thought lightly of by those who had pretensions to either. The knowledge of the Latin language, in particular, let me say, is of a singular use in the mastery of every science.

‘There are who aver, that men of parts have no occasion for learning: but, surely, our Shakespeare himself, one of the greatest geniuses of any country or age, (who, however, is an adept in the superior learning, the knowledge of nature) would not have been a sufferer, had he had the greater share of human learning which is denied him by some criticks.’

‘But, Sir Charles,’ said Mr. Deane, ‘don’t you think that Shakespeare, who lived before the great Milton, has an easier, pleasanter, and more intelligible manner of writing, than Milton? If so, may it not be owing to Milton’s greater learning, that Shakespeare has the advantage of that immortal poet in perspicuity?’

'Is the fact certain, my dear Mr. Deane, that Milton wants perspicuity? I have been bold enough sometimes to think, that he makes a greater display of his reading, than was quite necessary to his unbounded subject. But the age, in which Shakespeare flourished, might be called the age of English learning, as well as of English bravery. The queen and her court, the very ladies of it, were more learned than any court of our English sovereigns was before, or hath been since. What a prodigy of learning, in the short reign of Edward the VIth, was the Lady Jane Grey!—Greek, as well as Latin, was familiar to her: so it was to Queen Elizabeth. And can it be supposed, that the natural geniuses of those ladies were more confined or limited, for their knowledge of Latin and Greek? Milton, though a little nearer us, lived in harsher and more tumultuous times.'

'O, Sir!' said Harriet, 'then I find I was a very impertinent creature in the conversation to which you refer.'

'Not so, my dearest love!—Mr. Walden, I remember, says, that learning, in that assembly, was not brought before a fair tribunal. He should have known, that it had not a competent advocate in him.'

'But, Sir Charles,' said Mr. Beauchamp, 'I cannot but observe, that too much stress is laid upon learning, as it is called, by those who have pretensions to it. You will not always find, that a scholar is a more happy man than an unlearned one. He has not *generally* more prudence, more wisdom, in the management of his affairs.'

'What, my dear Beauchamp, is this, but saying, that there is great difference between theory and practice? This observation comes very generously, and, with regard to the ladies, very gallantly, from you, who are a learned man: but as you are also a very prudent man, let me ask you, Do you think you have the less prudence for your learning? If *not*, is not learning a valuable *addition*?'

'But pray, Sir Charles,' said Mrs. Selby, 'let me ask your opinion: do you think, that if women had the same opportunities, the same educa-

tion, as men, they would not equal them in their attainments?'

'Women, my dear Mrs. Selby, are women sooner than men are men. They have not, therefore, *generally*, the learning-time, that men have, if they had equal geniuses.'

'If they had equal geniuses, brother! Very well.—My dear sister Harriet, you see you have given your hand to one of the lords of the creation.—Vassal! bow to your sovereign.'

SIR CH. 'My dearest love, take not the advice without the example.'

LADY G. 'Your servant, Sir. Well, but let me ask you, do you think that there is a natural inferiority in the faculties of the one sex? A natural superiority in those of the other?'

SIR CH. 'Who will answer this question for me?'

'Not I,' said Lord L.—'Not I,' said Mr. Deane.—'Not I,' said Mr. Beauchamp.

'Then I have fairly taken you in—You would, if you could, answer it in the ladies favour. This is the same as a confession. I may, therefore, the more boldly pronounce, that, generally speaking, I have no doubt but there is.'

'Help me, dear ladies,' said I, 'to fight this battle out.—You say, Sir, you have no doubt that there is a natural inferiority in the faculties of us, poor women; a natural superiority in you, imperial men.'

'Generally speaking, Charlotte. Not individually *you*, ladies, and *us*, men—I believe all we who are present, shall be ready to subscribe to your superiority, ladies.'

'I believe, brother, you sib: but let that pass.'

'Thank you, Madam. It is for my advantage that it should; and, perhaps, for *yours*,' smiling.—'There is a difference, pardon me, ladies, we are speaking *generally*, in the *constitution*, in the *temperament*, of the two sexes, that gives to the one advantages which it denies to the other: but we may not too closely pursue this subject, though the result, I am apt to believe, would put the matter out of dispute. Let us be more at large: why has nature made a difference in the beauty, proportion, and symmetry, in the *persons* of the

‘two sexes? Why gave it delicacy, softness, grace, to that of the woman—as in the ladies before me; strength, firmness, to men; a capacity to bear labour and fatigue; and courage, to protect the other? Why gave it a distinction, both in qualities and plumage, to the different sexes of the feathered race? Why in the courage of the male and female animals!—The surly bull, the meek, the beneficent cow, for one instance?’

We looked upon one another.

‘There are exceptions to general rules,’ proceeded he. ‘Mrs. Shirley surpasses all the men I ever knew, in wisdom—Mrs. Selby and Lady G.’—

‘What of us, brother!—What of us—to the advantage of your argument?’

‘Heroick Charlotte!—You are both very happily married—The men the women, the women the men, you can mutually assist and improve each other. But still—’

‘Your servant, brother,’ interrupted I.—‘Your servant, Sir Charles,’ said Mrs. Selby.—‘And I say, your servant, too,’ said Mr. Selby.

‘Who sees not that my sister Charlotte is ready to disclaim the competition in fact, though not in words? Can there be characters more odious than those of a masculine woman, and an effeminate man? What are the distinguishing characteristicks of the two sexes? And whence this odiousness? There are, indeed *men*, whose minds, if I may be allowed the expression, seem to be cast in a female mould; whence the fops, foplings, and pretty fellows, who buzz about your sex at publick places; *women*, whose minds seem to be cast in a masculine one; whence your Barnabes, my dear, and most of the women who, at such places, give the men stare for stare, swing their arms, look jolly; and those married women who are so kind as to take the reins out of their husbands hands, in order to save the honest men trouble.’

‘Your servant, Sir—Your servant, Sir—’ And some of them looked as if they had said, ‘you cannot mean me, I hope;’ and those who spoke not, bowed and smiled thanks for his compliment to one fourth of the sex.

My lord insultingly rubbed his hands

for joy; Mr. Selby crowded; the other men slyly smiled, though they were afraid of giving a more open approbation.

‘O my sister!’ said I, taking Harriet’s hand, ‘we women are mere nothings—We are nothing at all!’

‘How, my Charlotte! Make you no difference between being every thing and nothing?’

‘Were it not, my dear ladies,’ proceeded he, ‘for male protectors, to what insults, to what outrages, would not your sex be subject?—Pardon me, my dearest love, if I strengthen my argument by your excellences,’ bowing to his Harriet. ‘Is not the dear creature our good Mrs. Shirley’s own daughter? All the feminine graces are hers. She is, in my notion, what all women should be—But wants she not a protector? Even a dream, a reverie—’

‘O Sir, spare me, spare me!’ sweetly blushing, said the lovely Harriet. ‘I own I should have made a very silly, a very pusillanimous man!—It is not long since, you know, Lady G. that I brought this very argument in favour of—’

‘Hush, Harriet! You will give up the female cause.’

‘That is not fair, Charlotte,’ rejoined my brother; ‘you should not intercept the convictions of an ingenious mind—But I *will* spare my Harriet, if she will endeavour, for her own sake, to let nothing disturb her for the future but *realities*, and not any of *those* long, if they are inevitable ones.’

‘But pray, Sir,’ said I, ‘proceed in your argument, if you have any more to say.’

‘O Charlotte! I have enough to say, to silence all your opposition, were I to give this subject it’s due weight. But we are only, for pleasure’s sake, skimming over the surface of the argument. Weaker powers are given generally for weaker purposes, in the œconomy of providence. I, for my part, however, disapprove not of our venerable Mrs. Shirley’s observation; that we are apt to consider the sex *too much* as a species apart: yet it is my opinion, that both God and nature have designed a very apparent difference in the minds of both, as well as in the peculiar

‘ peculiar beauties of their persons. Were it not so, their offices would be confounded, and the women would not perhaps so readily submit to those domestick ones in which it is their province to shine, and the men would be allotted the distaff, or the needle—and you yourselves, ladies, would be the first to despise such. I, for my part, would only contend, that we men should have power and right given us to protect and serve your sex; that we should purchase and build for them; travel and toil for them; run through, at the call of Providence, or of our king and country, dangers and difficulties; and, at last, lay all our trophies, all our acquirements, at your feet; enough rewarded in the conscience of duty done, and your favourable acceptance.’

We were all of us again his humble servants. It was in vain to argue the tyranny of some husbands, when he could turn upon us, the follies of some wives; and that wives and daughters were never more faulty, more undomestick, than at present; and when we were before a judge, who, though he could not be absolutely unpolite, would not flatter us, nor spare our foibles.

However, it stuck a little with Harriet, that she had given cause to Sir Charles, in the dispute which she formerly bore a part in, relating to learning and languages*, to think her more lively than she ought to be, and had spoken too lightly of languages. She, sweetly blushing, like a young wife solicitous for the good opinion of the beloved of her heart, revived that cause.

He spoke very highly in her praise, upon the occasion; owned, that the letters he had been favoured with the sight of, had given him deeper impressions in her favour, than even her beauty; hoped for farther communications; applauded her for her principles, and her inoffensive vivacity—‘ That sweet, that innocent vivacity, and noble frankness of heart,’ said he, taking her hand, ‘ which I hope you will never think of restraining.’

‘ As to the conversation you speak of,’ proceeded he, ‘ I repeat, that I was apprehensive, when I read it, that languages were spoken of in it

‘ slightly; and yet, perhaps, I am mistaken.—You, my Beauchamp, I think, if my dearest life will oblige us both by the communication, and chuses to do so, (for that must be the condition on which all her goodness to us must be expected) shall be judge between us: you know, better than I, what stores of unexhausted knowledge lie in the works of those great ancients, which suffered in the hands of poor Mr. Walden; you know what the past and present ages have owed, and what all future will owe, to *Homer, Aristotle, Virgil, Cicero*; you can take in the necessity there is of restraining innovation, and preserving old rules and institutions, and of employing the youth of our sex, who would otherwise be much worse employed, (as we see in those who neglect their studies) in the attainment of languages that can convey to them such lights in every science; though it were to be wished, that morals should take up more of the learner’s attention than they generally do. You know, that the truest parts of learning are to be found in the Roman and Greek writers; and you know, that translation (were every thing worthy our notice translated) cannot convey those beauties which scholars only can relish; and which learned foreigners, if a man travels, will expect should not have escaped his observation. As to the ladies, Mrs. Shirley has admirably observed, that there is a degree of knowledge very compatible with their duties—(condescending excellence!) bowing to Mrs. Shirley) and highly becoming them; such as will make them rejoice, and, I will add, improve a man of sense, sweeten his manners, and render him a much more sociable, a much more amiable creature, and, of consequence, greatly more happy in himself, than otherwise he would be from books and solitude.’

‘ Well but, brother, you said just now, that we were only, for pleasure’s sake, skimming over the surface of the argument; and that you had enough to say to silence all my opposition, were you to give the subject it’s due weight. I do assure

* you, that, to silence all my opposition, you must have a vast deal more to say, than you have said hitherto; and yet you have thrown in some hints which stick with me, though you have concluded with some magnificent intimations of superiority over us—Power and right to protect, travel, toil for us, and lay your trophies at our feet, and so-forth—Surely, surely, this is diminishing us, and exalting yourselves, by laying us under high obligations to your generosity. Pray, Sir, let us have, if you please, one or two intimations of those weightier arguments, that could, as you fancy, silence your Charlotte's opposition. I say, that we women, were our education the same—You know what I would be at—Your *weightier* arguments, if you please—or a specimen only *en passant*.'

'Supposing, my Charlotte, that all human souls are, in themselves, equal; yet the very design of the different machines in which they are inclosed, is to super-induce a temporary difference on their original equality; a difference adapted to the different purposes for which they are designed by Providence in the present transitory state. When those purposes are at an end, this difference will be at an end too. When sex ceases, inequality of souls will cease; and women will certainly be on a foot with men, as to intellectuals, in Heaven. There, indeed, will you no longer have *lords* over you; neither will you have *admirers*: which, in *your* present estimate of things, will perhaps balance the account. In the mean time, if you can see any occasions that may call for stronger understandings in male life, than in your own; you, at the same time, see an argument to acquiesce in a persuasion of a present inequality between the two sexes. You know, I have allowed exceptions. Will you, Charlotte, compliment yourself with being one?'

'Now, brother, I feel, methinks, that you are a little hard upon Charlotte—But, ladies, you see how the matter stands.—You are all silent.—But, Sir, you graciously allow, that there *is* a degree of knowledge which is very compatible with the DUTIES

of us women, and highly *becoming* us: will you have the goodness to point out to us what this compatible learning is, that we may not mistake—and so become excentric, as I may say, burst our orb, and do more mischief than ever we could do good?'

'Could I point out the boundaries, Charlotte, it might not to *some* spirits be so proper: the limit might be treated as the one prohibited tree in the garden. But let me say, that genius, whether in man or woman, will push itself into light. If it has a laudable tendency, let it, as a ray of the divinity, be encouraged, as well in the one sex as the other; I would not, by any means, have it limited; a little knowledge leads to vanity and conceit. I would only, methinks, have a parent, a governor, a preceptor, bend his strength to restrain it's foibles; but not throw so much cold water upon the sacred flame as should quench it; since, if it did, Rapidity, at least dejection, might take the place of the emanation, and the person might be miserable for life.'

'Well, then, we must *compromise*, I think,' said I. 'But, on recollection, I thought I had enjoined you, Sir Charles, to the observance of a neutrality.—Harriet,' whispered I, 'we are only, after all, to be allowed, as far as I can find, in this temporary state, like tame doves, to go about house, and so-forth, as Biddy says, in the play.'

Harriet, could she have found time, (but, by mutual consent, they are hardly ever asunder) would have given you a better account of this conversation than I have done; so would Lucy: but take it, as it offers, from *your ever affectionate*

CHARLOTTE G.

LETTER LVI.

MISS LUCY SELBY, TO LADY L.

SUNDAY, NOV. 19.

MY dear Lady G. insists upon my writing to your ladyship an account of the appearance which the loveliest couple in England made this day at church.

We

We all thought nothing could have added to the charms of our Harriet's person; but yet her dress and jewels did. I sighed, from pride for the honour of female beauty, to *think* they did. 'Can my dear Harriet,' thought I, 'exquisitely lovely as she is, in any dress, be ornamented by richer silks than common, by costly laces, by jewels? Can dress add grace to that admirable proportion, and those fine features, to which no painter yet has ever done justice, though every family related to her has a picture of her, drawn by a different hand of eminence?'

We admired the bridegroom as much as we did her, when (before we could have thought he had been half ready) he joined Mrs. Shirley, my aunt Selby, and me, in the great parlour, completely dressed. But what we most admired in him was, that native dignity and ease, and that inattentiveness to his own figure and appearance, which demonstrate the truly-fine gentleman, accustomed, as he is, to be always elegant.

When his lady presented herself to him, and to us, in all her glory, how did the dear creature dazzle us! We involuntarily arose, as if to pay our homage to her. Sir Charles approached her with rather an air of greater freedom than usual, as if he considered not the dress, as having added to the value he has for her: yet, loveliest of women, he called her; and, taking her hand, presented her to her grandmother: 'Receive, and again bless, my angel,' said he, 'best of parents! —How lovely! But what is even all this amazing loveliness to the graces of her mind? They rise upon me every hour.—She hardly opens her lips, but I find reason to bless God, and bless you both, my dear ladies: for God and you have given her goodness.—My dearest life, allow me to say, that this sweet person, which will be your first perfection in every stranger's eye, is but a second in mine.'

'Instruct me, Sir,' said she, bashfully, bowing her face upon his hand, as he held hers, 'to *deserve* your love, by improving the mind you have the goodness to prefer; and no creature was ever on earth so happy as I shall be.'

'My dear daughter,' said her delighted grandmother, 'you see, can hardly bear your goodness, Sir. You must blame her for something, to keep down her pride.'

'My Harriet,' replied he, 'cannot be proud of what the silkworm can do for her, or of the jeweller's polish: but now you call upon me, Madam, I will tax her with a real fault. I open all my heart to her, as subjects occasionally offer: I want her to have a will, and to let me know it. The frankest of all female hearts will not treat me with that sweet familiarity which banishes distance.—You see, my dearest love, that I chide you before your parental friends, and your Lucy.'

'It is your own fault, Sir: indeed it is. You prevent me in all my wishes. Awe will mingle with the love of persons who are under perpetual obligation.—My dear two mamma's, you must not blame me; you must blame Sir Charles: he takes away, by his goodness, even the power of making suitable acknowledgments, and then complains I do not speak.'

My uncle Selby came in. He stood looking upon my cousin, for a few moments in silence; then broke out, 'Sir Charles Grandison, you may indeed boast, that you have for a wife the *flower of the British world*, as you once called her—and, let me tell you, niece, you have for a husband the noblest and gallantest of men. Happy, happy pair! say I.—My dear Mr. Deane,' said he, who just then entered, 'if you will keep me in countenance, I will venture to salute that charming creature.'

Sir Charles presented his bride to them both. With a bent knee she received their salutes. At that moment came in the three lords, who followed the example. Lord W. called her angel—Sir Charles looked delighted with the praises of his bride.

The rest of the company being come, we proceeded to church.

We were early; but the church was crowded. How were the charming couple admired on their alighting, and as they walked to their pew!—Never did my cousin *herself* look so lovely. How charmingly looked the bridegroom! But he forgot not that humble deportment,

department, full of reverence for the place, and the divine offices, which seemed to make him absent for the time to that splendor and beauty which took every eye *out of* our own pew. His example was enough to give a proper behaviour, had it been needful, to every one *in it*.

I should have told your ladyship, that Mr. Greville had sent, over-night, a suddenly complaisant request to my aunt, in writing, importing, that as he heard the bride would make her appearance on the morrow, the bride-men and maids, if it broke not into our ceremonial, would accept of his pew, which is over-against ours, for the *look* of the thing, he said; though he could not promise but he should all the day curse the occasion. By this we found, he was not gone to Lady Frampton's, as he had designed. His offer was thankfully accepted.

There was a great concourse of the genteelst people there. Every body, men and women, looked delighted on the occasion. The humility of the bride was tried, by the respects paid her between the offices, by all who had ever been in her company. They should have reined in their own pride; for it was to *that*, as much as to respect to her, I doubt not, that their notice was owing. She looked conscious, bashful; *fly*, I told her afterwards. She hates the word: but, as I said, she should not have given the idea, that made no other word so proper to express it, and which must be more observable in *her* generally open free countenance, than in that of any other. She more than once saw devoirs paid her by a *leer*; when her sweet face was so disposed, that, had she *not* returned the compliment, it might have passed that she had not seen them. But what an insensible must have been my cousin, had she not been proud of being Lady Grandison! She is not quite an angel, yet: she has a *few* *femalities*, as my uncle whimsically calls our little foibles. So, perhaps, she *should*. But nobody saw the least defect in your brother. His dress most charmingly became him; and when he looked upon his bride, his eyes were fixed on her eyes, with such a sweet benignity and complaisance, as if he saw her mind through them, and could not spare a glance to her ornaments:

yet by his own dress he shewed, that he was no stoical non-conformist to the fashion of the world. But the politeness and respect with which he treated her, did them both credit, and credit (as Lady G. observed) to the whole sex. Such unaffected tenderness in his respect; and known to be so brave, so good a man!—O my dear Lady L. what an admirable man is your brother! What a happy creature is my Harriet!

When divine service was over, I was afraid our procession, as I may call it, would have been interrupted by the compliments of some of the gentry of our acquaintance, whose opened pew-doors shewed their readiness to address them: but all passed in silent respects from gentlemen and ladies. My cousin when she came home, rejoiced, that one of her parading times was over: 'But when, my dearest love,' said Sir Charles, 'will the time be past, that all who see you will admire you?'

The church in the afternoon was still more crowded than before. How were Sir Charles and my uncle blessed by the poor, and people of low degree, for their well-dispensed bounty to them!

My cousin has delighted Mrs. Shirley, by telling her, that Sir Charles had said there would be a rite wanting, till he and she had communicated, according to the order of the church, at the altar, on this particular occasion.

Just now is every thing settled that Sir Charles wished to be settled. Lady G. will acquaint you with particulars, I doubt not.

Permit me to commend myself to your ladyship's favour, as one of the *humblest and sincerest of your servants*,

LUCY SELBY.

P. S. Lady G. has half broke my heart.

On perusal of what I have written, she says, I have not done my best: I have not given half particulars enough.—In short, she finds a multitude of faults with me—Even calls me names, 'Sorry girl—lazy!' and I can't tell what.

But do you, Madam, acquit me, and I shall be easy.

I told her, that I thought I had been very minute.

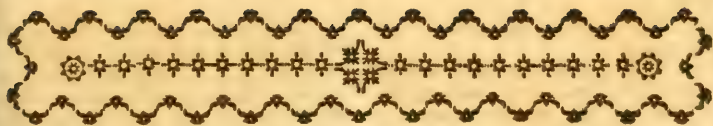
‘What to a lying-in woman,’ she says, ‘who has no variety before her! all one dull chamber-scene, hourly acted over again—The subject *jà* rich!’

I answered, it should then have had the richest pen!—Why did she not write *herself*? If it was *not* for laziness-sake, it was for self-sake, that she did not. As I knew Lady L.

would have been a gainer by the change of pen, I had much rather have been in the company for which she quitted the task, than grubbing pens in my closet; and all to get nothing but discommendation.

I have shewn her this my postscript. She raves: but I am hardened. She will soon have an opportunity to supply all my defects, in person.

END OF THE SIXTH VOLUME.




THE
HISTORY
OF
SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, BART.
VOLUME THE SEVENTH.

LETTER I.

MISS LUCY SELBY, TO LADY G.

SATURDAY, NOV. 25.

 Y OU enjoined me, my dear Lady G. at parting on Monday last to write to you; and to be very particular in what I wrote. I will, because I love and fear you. Otherwise I would not write at all; first, because I had not the good fortune to please you, in mine to Lady L. and next, because I shall so soon have the honour to attend you in town. Well then, I begin.

On Tuesday we women were employed in preparations for the tenants jubilee, next day. Sir Charles, attended by my brother James, paid a morning visit to Mr. Greville, whom he found moody, reserved, and indispensed. My brother James says, that he never saw such a manly, yet tender treatment, from one man to another, as Sir Charles gave him; and that he absolutely subdued him, and left him acknowledging the favour of his visit, and begging a repetition of it, as often as he could, while he staid in these parts; and that, he said, as well for his credit, as for his comfort. 'But when, Sir Charles,' said he, 'do you carry from us the syren! I will call her names. I hate her. The sooner the better, Curse me, if I

' shall be able to creep out of the house, while she is visible on Northamptonshire ground—Though I was a friend to the match—Do you mind that, young man,' (to my brother James.)—'O love, love,' added he, 'of what contradictions art thou the cause? Though I hate her, I almost long to see her. You'll allow me to visit you both, I hope, when I have got over these plaguy megrims.'

The same day Sir Charles, making a visit to Sir John Holles's family, found Miss Orme there, expecting her brother to call for her in his post-chaise.

Great civilities passed between Sir Charles and Miss Orme. She was doubtful whether her brother had, at that time, best see Sir Charles; as he was weak in health and spirits: but just as Sir Charles was at the gate, going in his chariot, attended by Sir John and the young ladies, poor Mr. Orme came.

The liveries would not allow Mr. Orme to doubt who it was. He turned pale. Sir Charles addressed himself to him with his usual polite freedom. 'Knowing, Sir,' said he, 'that Mr. Orme was expected by one of the best of sisters, I presume to salute you, as the Mr. Orme to whom I have been desirous, ever since I have been in Northamptonshire, to pay my compliments.'

'Sir Charles Grandison, Sir—'

'At your service, Mr. Orme,' taking his hand.

'The happiest man in the world,' replied Mr. Orme, with some emotion.

'The best, the loveliest woman on earth, calls you hers.'

'I am, I think myself, the happiest of men. But it will add to my joy, to have it wished me by so good a man as Mr. Orme.'

'Ah, Sir!—Could I with joy to any man on this occasion, it would be to you, because of your character; and in the reflection, that the most excellent of women must be happier with you, than any other man could have made her. — But self, self, Sir! He is, indeed, a hero, who, with such a fervent attachment as mine, can divest himself of self. I loved her, Sir, from her early infancy, and never knew another love.'

'The man, Mr. Orme, who loved Miss Byron, gave distinction to himself. Permit me to present her to you, and you to her, as dear friends; and allow me a third place in your friendship. You have a sister who justly claims a second. I dare engage for the dear creature, from what I know of her value for Mr. Orme, that she will allow of this friendship, on the foot of his own merits, were my recommendation out of the question.'

'O Sir Charles! you are, you ought to be, the man. And will you allow me, on these terms, to visit you, and visit her?—But, alas! I fear I cannot soon—'

'At your own time, my dear Mr. Orme.—At Mr. Selby's; at her house in London; in Hampshire; wherever she is; and whether I am present or absent, Mr. Orme will be received as *her* brother and *my* brother, as *her* friend and *my* friend.'

'Good God! Good God!—He gushed into tears. He ran into the house to hide his emotion; but in vain—'Forgive me,' said he, 'forgive me, Sir John!' (who just then came in from taking leave of his noble guest) 'but there is no bearing this man's magnanimity!—He is all I have heard of him. Happy, happy Miss Byron!—No man but this could deserve her. But where is he?' ringing: 'I will ask his pardon for my abrupt departure from him.'

'He is gone,' answered Sir John. 'I saw him in his chariot! Good Mr. Orme! he called you, and sighed for you.' Poor Mr. Orme declared, that he would wait upon Sir Charles, and tell him, how acceptable to his heart, and what balm to his mind, would be the tender he had the goodness to make him. 'Sister,' said he, 'you were at the gate, as well as the young ladies; did he not hint, did he not say, that Miss Byron spoke of me with tenderness?'

I begin to fancy I am in a way to please you, Lady G. of which, at taking up my pen, I had little hopes, and therefore intended not to take much pains about it. I am very faucy; you'll say, perhaps.

In the afternoon, a letter was brought from Sir Rowland Meredith. My cousin intends to shew it to you in town. Such a mixture of joy and sadness; of condolence and congratulation; I believe was never seen in one sheet of paper. It is dated from Windfor. The good man was there in his way to town; resolving to pay a visit to the *wonderful man*, as he calls him, of whom he had heard so great a character; and who was probably to be the husband of his daughter Byron; and there he heard (from Lord W.'s domesticks, I suppose) that Sir Charles was in Northamptonshire, and that the marriage was actually solemnized. He therefore intended to set out directly for Bath, where Mr. Fowler was, or at the Hot Wells, at Bristol, pursuing measures for his health; with a view to console his *poor boy*.

This is a good old man. Methinks I am half ready to wish, that some of my cousin's admirers would dry up their tears, and come among us: yet we are nice and dainty girls, some of us, let me tell you.—'Tis foolish, however, to suggest *leavings*, and such sort of stuff; the lady such as but one man could deserve; *his* merit allowed universally.

Sir Charles acquainted his lady with all that had passed between him and Mr. Orme. She received his account with joy and thankfulness.

'You are entered, Sir,' said she, 'into a numerous family. I have called Sir Rowland Meredith my father; Mr. Fowler my brother. Be pleased to read this letter.'

'I remember

' I remember the relation, my dear, and acknowledge it. Mr. Fowler is another Mr. Orme. Sir Rowland is a very worthy man.'

He read it—'What an excellent heart has Sir Rowland! Cultivate, my dearest love! their friendship, as I will Mr. Orme's. My pity for these worthy objects, joining with yours, and the frankness of our mutual behaviour to them, will strengthen their hearts. We owe it to them, my dearest life, as much as is in our power, to soften their disappointment.—Could they have a greater?'

Who, Madam, can think of a man, after this—Except one might hope, from the personal knowledge of his charming behaviour, that the men who addressed us might be improved by such an example?

The tenants jubilee, as they call it, was on Wednesday. It was a much more orderly day than we expected. Sir Charles was all condescension and cheerful goodness: my cousin, all *graciousness*, was the word for her. Mrs. Shirley was of the company. How she was revered!—She ever was! Once when the bride was withdrawn, and Sir Charles was engaged in talk with Mr. Deane, she whispered two or three of her tenants to tell the rest, that it was great joy to her, to be assured, that, after her departure, the tenants of her dear Mr. Shirley would be treated with as much kindness, (perhaps, with more) as he, and as she, after his example, had ever treated them. 'Yet one caution I give,' said she: 'my dear son will see with his own eyes; he will dispense with his own hands. He will not be imposed upon.'

Thursday and Friday the bride saw company. There was as little, both days, of the impertinence that attends form, as, I believe, was ever known on the like occasion. We had a vast number of people: some of them persons of fashion, with whom we had but slender acquaintance; but who wished to see the happy pair.

We shall be this day at Shirley Manor in a family way: in *that*, my dear Lady G. (after all the bustle and parade that we can make) lies the true, because the untumultuous, joy.

To-morrow we shall serve God in our usual way.

Adieu, my dear Lady G.—This is the sort of stuff you must be satisfied with from a poor untalented girl; as is *your ever devoted*

LUCY SELBY.

No end of duty, love, compliments, &c. I begin again to doubt I shan't please you: so am (allowably) tired.

LETTER II.

LADY G. TO MISS SELBY.

MONDAY, NOV. 27.

COME, come, Lucy, you do pretty well. Don't be disheartened, child. Yet you are not *quite* the clever girl I once thought you. You, that held such a part in the correspondence of our Harriet.—But you say, you can't help it. Poor girl! I am sorry for it. Your talents lie in speech, not in writing.—Your account of the interview between Orme and my brother, shews you can't *write at all*—No, not you—Poor Lucy! But write one letter more before you come to town. Do, my dear! You have charming subjects before you, yet.

I, you see, have a talent to make subjects out of *nothing*: you, poor soul! can't follow them, when made to your hand. I'll tell you a story of my good man, and his good woman. A short one. The poor man is very sensible of slight ailments. Happy as *he* is, in a wife, no wonder he is afraid of dying. He was complaining to me just now, [to whom but to a pitying wife should a man complain when he ails any thing?] that he had a troublesome disorder in the inside of his mouth. I looked very grave; shook my careful head. 'I am afraid, my lord, some thing is breeding there, that should not.' He started, and looked concerned. The man will never know me. 'God forbid!' said he—'afraid of nothing less than a cancer.'—'Have I not told you a thousand times, my lord, of your gaping! As sure as you are alive, your mouth is fly-blown.'

Expecting compassion, he found a jest, and never was man so angry. I was forced to take his hand, and stroak his cheeks with mine, to be friends.

But, Lucy, let not any of these slippancies

pancies meet my brother's eye, or invade his ear : I shall be undone if they do.

Carolina is pure well. Her lord is never out either of her chamber, or the nursery.

Aunt Nell makes an admirable nurse. Her parrot and her squirrel are now neglected for a little marimouset. Every body but the real nurse likes aunt Nell. The good creature is so *understanding*, so directing! I protest, these old maids think they know every thing. The nurse, I see, can't endure her.

I interfere not. The boy is robust, and they leave him the free exercise of his limbs, and he has a fine pipe, and makes the nursery ring whenever he pleases; so will do well enough.

But high-ho, Lucy! all these nursery momentos, how do they sadden and mortify me! The word *mother*, what a solemn sound has it to me now; Caroline's situation before me! —But, come, the evil day is at distance: who's afraid?

Beauchamp sighs for Emily: Emily for somebody else. Sir Hargrave is still miserable. Poor Sir Harry! He still lives! But can life be life, where there is no hope?

Write me one more letter before you come up, if it be ever so short a one. Don't be proud and saucy: you imagine, I suppose, that you can't write as well as Harriet and I. Granted. Attempt it not, therefore. But write as well as you can; and that, till Harriet can find herself at leisure to resume her pen, shall content *your true friend and humble servant*,

CH. G.

No end of your compliments to us in town, you say.—No end of ours to you in the country, were I to begin them: therefore will not say a word about them. You know my meaning by my gaping.

LETTER III.

MISS SELBY, TO LADY G.

THURSDAY NIGHT, NOV. 30.

AND *must* I write your ladyship one more letter? And *will* a short one content you?

Well, then, I'll try for it.

On Sunday last, we hoped to be quiet and good: but the church was as much crowded as it was the Sunday before.

Monday and Tuesday the bride and bridegroom returned the visits made them. At one, they met Miss Orme, and accompanied her to her brother's seat at her request. You did not seem to like my account of Sir Charles's interview with Mr. Orme in my last: so I will not tell you what I said on occasion of this visit to that worthy man. I will be as perverse as you are difficult. *I don't care*. Yet, as your new sister described the meeting and parting to me, you would have been pleased with what I could have told you.

Yesterday we had a ball given by Mrs. Shirley. Were I able to write to please you, how I could expatiate on this occasion! How did the bridegroom shine! Every body was in raptures with him, on his charming behaviour to his bride. The notice he took of her was neither too little nor too much, for the most delicate observers. Every young lady envied her; and how coldly did some of them look on their own humble servants! They, indeed, were as regardless of him as their mistresses; so bore the preference the better. My uncle Selby was all, and more than all, he used to be. How happy that he is a sober man! His joy, raised by wine, would have made him mad.

This day we have been all happy together. A calm, serene day; at Shirley Manor! And this is the matter settled among us.—Your brother and new sister; my uncle and aunt Selby; Mr. Deane, and your ladyship's humble servant; are to set out early tomorrow morning for London. My brother James would fain accompany us; Sir Charles kindly inviting him: but I withstood it; so did my aunt; the private reason, because of Miss Jervois.

Sir Charles thinks to stay in town till the Friday following; and then proposes to carry his bride, and all of us, to Grandison Hall.

A motion was made to Sir Charles by my grandmamma Selby; whether he would not chuse to be presented, with his lady, to the king, on their nuptials. Sir Charles answered, that he was ready to comply with every proposal

posel that should shew his duty to his sovereign, and the grateful sense he had of the honour done him by his Harriet.

We are to call on Lord and Lady W. at Windfor; and take them with us.

My cousin and I are to write constantly to our two grandmothers. My sister Nancy devotes herself to *our* grandmother Selby. Misses Holles's will constantly visit Mrs. Shirley. Sir Charles is to bring down his lady twice a year, or oftener, if conveniency permit.

He hoped, he said, after a while, to induce his Harriet to take a trip with him to Ireland, to inspect the improvements making in his estate there. He will find no difficulty, I believe, to prevail upon her to accompany him thither; nor even, were he disposed to it, to the world's end.

He hopes for a visit from the Italian family, so deservedly dear to him; by which he is to regulate many of his future motions.

I cannot say I wish for this visit. I love, I admire, I pity them; and would, had I wings, take a flight into Italy, with all my heart, to see them incognita. Clementina must be a charming creature—But, for Harriet's sake, I have been used to think of her with terror.

For your brother's sake also, Lady G. I rejoice, and so, you know, do Dr. Bartlett and Mrs. Shirley, that she can now be only a visitor. How could Sir Charles, so thorough an Englishman, have been happy with an Italian wife? His heart, indeed, is generously open and benevolent to people of all countries: he is, as I have often heard you say, in the noblest sense, a citizen of the world; but, see we not, that his long residence abroad has only the more endeared him to the religion, the government, the manners of England? You know, that, on a double principle of religion and policy, he encourages the trades-people, the manufactures, the servants, of his own country. Do I not remember a charming lively debate between you and him, on the subject of those elegances in dress and appearance which you said (and I thought you naughty for saying it) were only to be acquired by employing the *better* taste of foreigners?

He concluded it seriously. I recollect nearly his words—'The error, Lady G. is growing too general, is authorized

'by too many persons of figure, not to make one afraid of fatal consequences, from what in it's beginning seemed a trifle. Shall any one pretend to true patriotism, and not attempt to stem this torrent of fashion, which impoverishes our own honest countrymen, while it carries wealth and power to those whose national religion and interest are directly opposite to ours!'

'Good Heaven,' thought I, at the time, 'how was this noble-minded man entangled by delicacies of situation, by friendship, by compassion, that he should ever have been likely to be engaged in a family of Roman catholics, and lived half of his days out of his beloved country! And the other half to have set, as to the world's eye, such an example in it!'

I know, Lady G. he would have made it his study to prevent any mischief to his neighbours from the active zeal of his lady's confessor, had a certain compromise taken effect. I remember the hint he gave to Father Marescotti: but would even *that* good man have thought himself bound to observe faith with hereticks in such a case?

Whither am I rambled: I was going to tell you, that if this Italian family comes over, his new-taken house in Grosvenor Square being, as you know, nearly ready, he proposes to compliment with it those noble guests, for the time of their residence in England; for he will not, it seems, be so soon obliged to quit his present London house, as he thought he must.

And thus, my dear Lady G. have I obeyed your commands. I know you will not be satisfied with me. Had I been able to *follow a subject that was made to my hand*, I should have attempted the parting scene between my cousin and her grandmamma. Could I have borrowed your pen, I would have displayed the tender, yet magnanimous parent, not once, though tottering with age and infirmities, hinting that she might never again see the darling of her heart. She saddened not hope; but encouraged it. All she said demonstrated love of her Harriet, divested of self, and a soul above the weaker passions; and well might she, since she has already, if I may so express myself, one foot among the stars, and

and can look down with pity, unmixed with envy, on all those who by their youth are doomed to toil through the rugged road of life, in search of a happiness that is not to be met with in it; and, at the highest, can be compounded for, only by the blessing of a contented mind. With the same pen, before I had resigned it, would I have described the lovely grandchild embracing the knees of the indulgent parent, not satisfied with one, two, three blessings; and, less generously in the *purport*, though not in the *intent*, (judging from her own present happiness, that there is still something worth wishing for to be met with in this world) praying to God to preserve the over-ripened fruit still on the withered tree: in which we all joined. But O how much less generously, as I hinted, because it was altogether for our own sakes!—But I know not whose pen I must have borrowed, to have done justice to Sir Charles Grandison's behaviour on this occasion!

Excuse this serious conclusion, my dear Lady G. My cousin shall not see it. May she know nothing but felicity! In *hers* is bound up that of Sir Charles Grandison; and in *his* that of hundreds. I long, though we parted so lately, to throw myself at your feet, and to assure you, that whatever defects there are in my pen, there are none in the love borne you, by *your ladyship's* most sincere admirer, and humble servant,

LUCY SELBY.

LETTER IV.

LADY GRANDISON, TO MRS.
SHIRLEY.

THURSDAY, DEC. 7.

LUCY (my ever-honoured grand-mamma) has given you the particulars of the rapturous reception I met with on Saturday, from my dear Lady L. on the visit we made her in her chamber. She, as well as her lord, welcomed and congratulated us, and herself, with *such* a grace!—They are a charming pair!—We all rejoiced with her, on the addition she had made to two families so worthy.

Mrs. Eleanor Grandison received us also in raptures.

How did the tenderly kind notice which Sir Charles took of the lovely little infant, (it is a fine child) delight the happy mother, and every body!

Lord and Lady G. met us at Lady L.'s; Emily, and the Earl of G. and Lady Gertrude with them. How affectionately did the dear girl welcome us, after a few tears, which she endeavoured to hide, and which we passed over as tears of joy! But Lucy has given you all particulars*; and the noble manner also, in which Sir Charles gave me possession of his house, ^{at} our first arrival. Every-body was charmed with it. It cost my aunt some tears.

The christening was delayed till Monday; because Sir Charles was desirous it should be performed at church. He had some few difficulties to get over, before he carried his point; and this was the substance of his reasonings on the subject: 'People of fashion,' he said, 'should consider themselves as 'examples to the lower orders of people. They should shew a conformity to the laws of their country, both ecclesiastical and civil, where they can do it with a good conscience. In the present case, baptism,' said he, 'is one of our two sacraments; and shall it not be performed, when it can, as the church directs; the child in full health?'

I will give you, my dear grand-mamma, journal-wise, I think, an account of our proceedings; still referring myself to my Lucy for such particulars as now I shall not have time to give. For you know, Madam, that my time is not now my own, as it used to be; though I shall think myself very ungrateful, and undutiful too, if I permit my new duties so wholly to engross me, as to furnish an excuse for the neglect of those which from my very birth I owe to you.

I think Lucy has not mentioned to you the lively conversation that passed in the evening, after the christening, between Sir Charles and Lady G. she chusing to single out her brother (as she had threatened, unknown to him, to do) in order to try once more her strength with him, in vivacity and raillery. She delighted every body

* This letter of Miss Selby does not appear.

with her wit: for it was not so rapid and so unguarded as sometimes it is. He *condescended*, was Lucy's just observation, to return wit for her wit, in order to follow her lead, as he saw the company was delighted with their conversation; and was exceeding brilliant. She complimented herself on the merit of having drawn him out, though to her own disadvantage. Finding herself overmatched, she shifted her attacks, and made one upon me; but with so much decorum and complaisance, as shewed she *intended* to do me honour, rather than herself.

TUESDAY EVENING.] Sir Charles is just returned from visiting Sir Harry Beauchamp. The poor man numbers his hours, and owned, that the *three* the best of men gave him (though Sir Charles intended to be back in *one*) were more happy ones than he had promised himself in this life. 'O Madam! how easy sits my Sir Charles's piety upon him! He can pity a dying friend, without saddening his own heart; for he lives the life of duty as he goes along, and fears not the inevitable lot!

WEDNESDAY.] He is just returned from a visit to Sir Hargrave. Sir Hargrave, it seems, complimented him, but with tears in his eyes, on his marriage. 'Great God!' said he, 'how are you rewarded! How am I punished! Is there not hope that I have all my punishment in this life? I am sure it is very, *very* heavy.'

He visited the same day Mrs. Oldham, and her children.

He drank tea this afternoon with the Danby family in full assembly, at the house of their elder brother; and came to my cousin Reeves's to supper. My uncle, aunt, Mr. Deane, and Lucy, accompanied me thither to tea and supper, where, as by promise, we were joined by Lord and Lady G. Lord L. Mrs. Eleanor Grandison, my Emily, and Mr. Beauchamp. Mr. Reeves had also invited Lady Betty Williams. What felicitation did she pour upon me! She sighed, poor lady! for the unhappy step her daughter had taken; and I sighed for the mother; who, though she had not given her daughter a *bad* example, had not set her a *good* one.

Lucy will tell you what a charming evening we had.

ON THURSDAY.] Mr. Grandison presented his new-marked lady to Sir Charles and me, and dined with us. Sir Charles received the lady as well as his cousin, with the utmost politeness. She is far from being a disagreeable woman: but, at first, the awe she had of the people of rank in company, particularly of Lady G. as she owned to me, gave her an air of awkwardness. But Sir Charles's polite notice of her soon made her easy.

Mr. Grandison found an opportunity to praise to me her good sense and fine qualities; but in such a way, as if he were making apologies for having given the *honour* of his name to a woman under his own rank, (ungratefully) who yet had re-established him; he concluded his panegyrick with letting me know, that she had already presented him with 25,000 pounds: he looked as if he thought he deserved it all; and actually called her a very discerning woman. I questioned not, I told him, his gratitude to a lady, so deserving; and he as good as promised to reward her by his love; whispering, with an air of self-sufficiency, sticking his hand in his side, and surveying himself to the right and left, 'Her former husband, Madam, was a very plain, but an honest man.' But 'I do assure you she has taste?'—'O dear! O dear!' thought I to myself.

Sir Charles invited them both to Grandison Hall, and she seemed not a little proud on his calling her; as he did several times, *cousin*.

Lord L. and Lord and Lady G. dined with us, as did Mrs. Eleanor Grandison and Emily. Lady G. in the main behaved prettily enough to Mr. Grandison and his bride. But once, a little forgetting herself, and putting on a supercilious air, I whispered her, 'Dear Lady G. consider you can *give* pride to others by your condescension: you must not yourself *condescend* to be proud.'

'Be you, my Harriet,' re-whispered she, 'always my monitors. It is the sorry fellow, not his wife, that I look down upon. She, a widow, might have done still worse.'

'Cit! Lady G. and in a trading kingdom?'

'Ay, cit, child! Have you not heard my brother say, that even in

'the *republic* of Venice, there are young nobility and old nobility? Distinctions in blood every where but at Amsterdam!'

'Who, and what, at first, made the distinction, my dear?' asked I.

'Be quiet, Harriet!—I think I am very good—'

'And at the *height* of your goodness, Charlotte?'

'Be quiet, when I bid you!' aloud.

Sir Charles, a little jealous of our whispering, for the sake of his cousins, turning to Mr. Grandison, 'Your cousin Charlotte, you know, Sir, is always hard pressed, when she calls out, "*Be quiet.*"'

'I was always rejoiced,' replied he, 'when my cousin was brought to that.'

Sir Charles has been twice at the drawing-room, since we have been in town. He admires the integrity of heart of his sovereign, as much as he reveres his royal dignity. Once, I remember, he wished that his majesty would take a summer progress through his British, another into his Irish, dominions; because the more he was perfectly known, the more he would be beloved: but expressly with this proviso, that every gentleman and woman of condition should be welcome at his court, who came not in new dresses to pay their duty to him; and this left the gentry's vying with each other in appearance, should hurt their private circumstances; and for the same reason, that he would graciously treat, but not be treated by, any of the nobility at their houses.

To-morrow morning, Sir Charles, his grateful Harriet, happy creature! my uncle and aunt Selby, Mr. Deane, and Emily, are to set out by the way of Windsor for Grandison Hall. We are to take an early dinner there with Lord and Lady W. who, on that condition, have promised to attend their beloved nephew, and his friends, to the hall.

Lord G. is allowed to stay a week with us, and no more. He is then to attend his now but half-fancy lady, at one of the Earl of G.'s seats in Hertfordshire; where, by promise of long-standing, she is to keep her Christmas: at which she mutters not a little; because she would fain have been with us; and because she imagines, it will

be proper for her to confine herself at home, by the time they will part with her.

My aunt Selby, and even my uncle, will write. He must, he says, vent the overflowings of his joy.

Lucy loves to describe houses, furniture, gardens. She says, she will sometimes give conversations too, at which I shall not be present; but will leave to my pen persons, characters, and what passes of the more tender sort of conversations where I am by. But as well Lucy's letters, as mine, are to be sent to Lady G. unsealed; and she, after shewing them to her sister, will hasten them to Northamptonshire.

Referring therefore to Lucy for more particular accounts, I subscribe myself, with all duty and grateful love to my grandmamma, as well as with kindest remembrances to all my dear friends, *your happy, thrice happy,*

HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER V.

LADY GRANDISON, TO MRS. SHIRLEY.

GRANDISON HALL, SATURDAY
12 O'CLOCK, DEC. 9.

O My dearest, dearest grandmamma! Here I am! The declared mistress of this spacious house, and the happiest of human creatures! This is all at this instant I can write.

* *

LORD and Lady W. honoured us, as they had proposed, with their company; but detained us so long, that we were obliged to lie one night on the road. But by eleven this morning we arrived here.

At our alighting, Sir Charles, (after paying his compliments in a most respectful manner to Lady W.) clasping me in his arms, 'I congratulate you, my dearest life,' said he, 'on your entrance into *your own* house. The last Lady Grandison, and the present, might challenge the whole British nation to produce their equals.' Then turning to every one of his guests, those of my family first, as they were strangers to the place, he said the kindest, the politest things, that ever proceeded from the mouth of man.

I wept

I wept for joy. I would have spoken, but could not. Every body congratulated the happy Harriet.

Dr. Bartlett was approaching to welcome us; but drew back till our mutual congratulations were over. He then appeared. 'I present to you, my dear Dr. Bartlett,' said the best of men, 'the lovely friend, whom you have so long wished to see mistress of this house.' He then presented me to the doctor.

'God bless you, Madam!' tears in his eyes. 'God bless you both!' Then kissed my offered cheek. He could say no more: I could not speak distinctly.

Sir Charles led me, followed by all our rejoicing friends, through a noble dining-room to the drawing-room, called, the Lady's: 'The whole house, my dear,' said he, 'and every person and thing belonging to it, is yours: but this apartment is more particularly so. Let what is amiss in it, be altered as you would have it.'

'O Sir!' grasping his presenting hand between both mine, was all I could say.

This room is elegantly furnished. It is hung with a light-green velvet, delicately ornamented; the chairs of the same; the frames of them gilt; as is the frame of a noble cabinet in it.—'My mother's, my dearest life,' whispered he. 'It will be always fashionable: and you, I know, will value it on her account.'—Indeed I shall.—He presented me with the keys. 'Here perhaps you will deposit your letters and correspondences; some of which (the continuation of those I have had the honour to see) you will allow me to peruse. But of choice remember, Madam. For your whole heart must be in the grant of the favours you will confer upon me of this kind.'

'Dear Sir,' said I, 'leave me power of speech; my will shall be yours, in every thing.' But you will find a strange, strange heart, laid open to you, if you command from me a sight of the papers, that probably will be repositd here, when all my matters are brought from Northamptonshire.'

'You shall have all the letters you

ever wrote to me, and the venerable circle,' said Lucy; 'a loan, not a gift; if you will shew them to Sir Charles.'

'Courage, Lucy, not inclination, will be only wanting.'

'Thank you, Lucy,' said he.—'Thank you, my love,' to me. 'You must make marks against the passages in the letters you shall have the goodness to communicate, which you would not have me read. I will give you my honour that I will not pass the bounds you prescribe.'

I will snatch another opportunity to proceed.—My dear Sir Charles indulged me. I have told him, that if he now and then misses me, he must conclude that I am doubling my joy, by communicating it, as I have opportunity, to my dear grandmamma.



EVERY-BODY admires the elegance of this drawing-room. The finest japan china that I ever saw, except that of Lady G.'s which she so whimsically received at the hands of her lord, took particularly every female eye.

Sir Charles led me into a closet adjoining—'Your oratory, your library, my love, when you shall have finished it, as you desired you might, by your chosen collection from Northamptonshire.'

It is a sweet little apartment; elegant book-cases, unfurnished. Every other ornament compleat. How had he been at work to oblige me, by Dr. Bartlett's good offices, while my heart perhaps was torn, part of the time, with uncertainty!

The housekeeper, a middle-aged woman, who is noted, as you have heard her master say, for prudence, integrity, and obligingness, a gentlewoman born, appearing; Sir Charles presented her to me. 'Receive, my love, a faithful, a discreet gentlewoman, who will think herself honoured with your commands.—Mrs. Curzon,' (to her) 'you will be happy in a mistress who is equally beloved and revered by all who have the honour of her countenance, if she approve of your services, and if you chuse to continue with us.'

I took her hand: 'I hope, Mrs. Curzon, there is no doubt but you will. You may depend upon every

‘ thing that is in my power to make you happy.’

She looked pleased; but answered only with a respectful curtsy.

Sir Charles led the gentlemen out to shew them his study. We just looked into a fine suite of rooms on the same floor, and joined there.

We found my uncle and Mr. Deane admiring the disposition of every thing, as well as the furniture. The glass cases are neat, and as Dr. Bartlett told us, stored with well chosen books in all sciences. Mr. Deane praised the globes, the orrery, and the instruments of all sorts, for geographical, astronomical, and other scientific observations. It is ornamented with pictures, some, as Dr. Bartlett told us, of the best masters of the Italian and Flemish schools: statues, bustoes, bronzes; and there also, placed in a distinguished manner, were the two rich cabinets of medals, gems, and other curiosities, presented to him by Lady Olivia. He mentioned what they contained, and by whom presented; and said, he would shew us at leisure the contents. ‘ They are not mine,’ added he. ‘ I only give them a place till the generous owner shall make some worthy man happy. *His* they must be. It would be a kind of robbery to take them from a family, that, for near a century past, have been collecting them.’



LUCY says, she will be very particular in her letters. This will take up time; especially as Lady G. and Lady L. must see them in their way to Northamptonshire; though they will not detain them. I shall have an opportunity to send this to London on Monday. This makes me intent to snatch every opportunity of writing. It will otherwise be too long before you will hear of us by my hand.

I do not intend to invade this flow girl’s province; yet I will give you a slight sketch of the house and apartments, as I go along.

The situation is delightful. The house is very spacious. It is built in the form of an H; both fronts pretty much alike. The hall, the dining-parlour, two drawing-rooms, one adjoining to the study, the other to the dining-parlour, (which with the study,

mentioned already, and other rooms, that I shall leave to Lucy, to describe; make the ground-floor) are handsome, and furnished in an elegant, but not sumptuous taste; the hangings of some of them beautiful paper only. There is adjoining to the study, a room called *the Musick-parlour*, so called in Sir Thomas’s time, and furnished with several fine musical instruments; Sir Thomas was as great an admirer of musick as his son; and a performer.

It is no news to you, Madam, that Sir Charles shews a great regard to every thing, place, and disposition, that was his father’s; and not absolutely inconvenient, and inconsistent with the alterations he has thought necessary to make: and which Dr. Bartlett praises highly, and promises to particularize to me. We are to be shewn this musick parlour bye and bye.

The dining-room is noble and well-proportioned: it goes over the hall, large as that is, and dining-parlour. It is hung with crimson damask, adorned with valuable pictures.

Two fine ones drawn by Sir Godfrey, one of Sir Thomas, the other of Lady Grandison, whose lengths particularly took my eye, (with what reverence, that of my lady!) Lady L. Lady G. as girls, and Sir Charles as a boy of about ten years of age, made three other fine whole lengths. I must contemplate them when I have more leisure. The furniture is rich, but less ornamented than that of the lady’s drawing-room.

The best bed-chamber adjoining is hung with fine tapestry. The bed is of crimson velvet, lined with white silk; chairs and curtains of the same.

There is a fine suite of rooms on the first floor which we just step into, mostly furnished with damask.

Mrs. Curzon tells us, that, on occasion, they make fifteen beds, within the house, in which the best lord in the land need not disdain to repose. You remember, Madam, that Sir Charles, in his invitation to the Italian family, tells them, he has room to receive them. The offices, it seems, are exceedingly convenient.

The gardens and lawn seem from the windows of this spacious house to be as boundless as the mind of the owner, and

and as free and open as his countenance*.

My uncle once took my aunt out from the company, in a kind of hurry. I saw his eyes glitten, and was curious, on her return, to know the occasion. This was his speech to her, unable to check his emotion; 'What a man is this, dame Selby! We were surely wanting in respect to him when he was among us. To send such a one to an inn!—Fie upon us!—Lord be good unto me, how are things come about!—Who would have thought it?—Sometimes I wonder the girl is not as proud as Lucifer; at other times, that she is able to look him in the face.'

To this convenient house belongs an elegant little chapel, neatly decorated. But Sir Charles, when down, generally goes to the parish-church, of which he is patron.

The gallery I have not yet seen—Dr. Bartlett tells me, it is adorned with a long line of ancestors.

✱ ✱
AFTER dinner, which was sumptuous and well-ordered, Sir Charles led me into the musick-parlour. O Madam, you shall hear what honour was done me there!—I will lead to it.

Several of the neighbouring gentlemen, he told us, are performers; and he hopes to engage them as opportunity shall offer. 'My dear Dr. Bartlett,' said he, 'your soul is harmony: I doubt not, but all these are in order.—May I ask you, my Harriet?' pointing to the harpsichord. I instantly sat down to it. It is a fine instrument. Lord G. took up a violin; my uncle, a bass-viol; Mr. Deane, a German flute; and we had a little concert of about half an hour.

* Miss Lucy Selby thus describes the situation of the house, and the park, gardens, orchard, &c. in one of her letters, which does not appear.

'This large and convenient house is situated in a spacious park; which has several fine avenues leading to it.

'On the north side of the park flows a winding stream, that may well be called a river, abounding with trout and other fish; the current quickened by a noble cascade, which tumbles down its foaming waters from a rock, which is continued to some extent, in a ledge of rock-work rudely disposed.

'The park is remarkable for its prospects, lawns, and rich appearing clumps of trees of large growth; which must therefore have been planted by the ancestors of the excellent owner; who, contenting himself to open and enlarge many fine prospects, delights to preserve, as much as possible, the plantations of his ancestors; and particularly thinks it a kind of impiety to fell a tree that was planted by his father.

'On the south side of the river, on a natural and easy ascent, is a neat, but plain villa, in the rustick taste, erected by Sir Thomas; the flat roof of which presents a noble prospect. This villa contains convenient lodging-rooms; and one large room, in which he used sometimes to entertain his friends.

'The gardener's house is a pretty little building. The man is a sober diligent man; he is in years: has a housewifely good creature of a wife. Content appears in the countenances of both: how happy must they be!

'The gardens, vineyards, &c. are beautifully laid out. The orangery is flourishing; every thing indeed is, that belongs to Sir Charles Grandison; alcoves, little temples, seats are erected at different points of view: the orchard, lawns, and grass-walks, have sheep for gardeners; and the whole being bounded only by sunk fences, the eye is carried to views that have no bounds.

'The orchard, which takes up near three acres of ground, is planted in a peculiar taste. A neat stone-bridge, in the center of it, is thrown over the river: it is planted in a natural slope; the higher fruit-trees, as pears, in a semicircular row, first; apples at farther distances next; cherries, plumbs, standard apricots, &c. all which in the season of blossoming, one row gradually lower than another, must make a charming variety of blooming sweets to the eye from the top of the rustick villa which commands the whole.

'The outside of the orchard, next the north, is planted with three rows of trees, at proper distances from each other; one of pines; one of cedars; one of Scotch firs, in the like semicircular order; which at the same time that they afford a perpetual verdure to the eye, and shady walks in the summer, defend the orchard from the cold and blighting winds.

'This plantation was made by direction of Sir Thomas, in his days of fancy. We have heard that he had a poetical, and, consequently, a fanciful taste.'

Here is a noble organ : when the little concert was over, he was so good himself, on my aunt's referring to him with asking eyes, to shew us it was in tune.

We all seated ourselves round him, on his preparing to oblige us; and he with a voice admirably suited to the instrument, (but the words, if I may be allowed to say so, still *more* admirably to the occasion) at once delighted and surprized us all, by the following lines—

I.

- ‘ Accept, great Source of ev’ry bliss,
‘ The fulness of my heart,
- ‘ Pour’d out in tuneful extasies,
‘ By this celestial art.

II.

- ‘ My soul with gratitude profound,
‘ Receive a form so bright!
- ‘ And yet I boast a bliss *beyond*
‘ This angel to the sight.

III.

- ‘ When charms of *mind* and person meet,
‘ How rich our raptures rise!
- ‘ The fair that renders earth so sweet,
‘ Prepares me for the skies!’

How did our friends look upon one another as the excellent man proceeded!—I was astonished. It was happy I sat between my aunt and Lucy!—They each took one of my hands. Tears of joy ran down my cheeks. Every one's eyes congratulated me. Every tongue, but mine, encored him. I was speechless. Again he obliged us. I thought at the time, I had a foretaste of the joys of Heaven!—How sweet is the incense of praise from a husband; that husband a good man; my surrounding friends enjoying it! How will you, Madam, rejoice in such an instance of a love so pure and so grateful!—Long, long may it be, for the sake of his Harriet, his and her friends, for the world's sake, before his native skies reclaim him!

He approached me with tender modesty; as if abashed at the applause he met with. But seeing me affected, he was concerned. I withdrew with my aunt and Lucy. He followed me. I then threw myself into his arms; and, had speech been lent me, would have offered him the fervent vows of a heart overflowing with love and gratitude.

LETTER VI.

LADY GRANDISON. IN CONTINUATION.

THE musick-parlour [I can hardly mention it without breaking into raptures] is adorned with a variety of fine carvings, on subjects that do honour to poetry and musick. Be it Lucy's task to describe them. Let me mention other instances of his goodness to one of the happiest creatures on earth.

You know, Madam, Sir Charles, when in Northamptonshire, offered me my choice of servants of both sexes; and when I told him, that I chose not to take with me anyone of either but my Sally, he said, that when I came to Grandison Hall, where they would be all together, I should chuse which of the men-servants I would more particularly call my own. ‘I have not, my dearest life,’ said he, ‘run into the taste of our modern gentry, for foreign servants, any more than for foreign equipages. I am well served; yet all mine are of our own country.’

And then he gave me the names, and an account of the qualities of each.

Frederick I had seen at Selby House, an observant, sensible-looking young man: I chose *him*. He called him in, (my aunt Selby present:) ‘All my servants, Frederick,’ said he, ‘are as much your lady's as mine: but *you* will devote yourself *more particularly* to her commands. I mean not, however, any distinction in your favour, where you all equally merit distinction.—The power, Madam, of change or dismissal through the house, is entirely yours.’

To-morrow, I am to go over all the bridal ostentation again at the parish-church. On Monday, Lady Mansfield and her family are to be here.—‘Your guests, my dear,’ said Sir Charles to me, ‘I hope, for a week, at least.’ This was the first notice he gave of it to Lord and Lady W. What joy and gratitude appeared in her countenance upon it!

Tuesday, by general approbation, (Sir Charles submitting the choice of the

the day to his company) we are to have the neighbouring gentry here to dinner, and for the rest of the day. Sir Charles has been long wished by them all to reside among them. He breaks through the usual forms, and chose this way, at once, to receive the visits of all his neighbours, and in both our names gave the invitation. He shewed us a list of the persons invited. It is a very large one. 'My 'dearest love,' said he, 'we shall be half-familiarized to them, they to us, even to-morrow, by the freedom of this invitation for the Tuesday following.'

Mrs. Curzon came to me for directions about the bed-chambers. I took that opportunity to tell her, that I should add to the number of female servants, only my Sally, of whose discretion I had no doubt. 'You must introduce to me,' said I, 'at a proper time, the female servants. If you, Mrs. Curzon, approve of them, I shall make no changes. I am, myself, the happiest of women: every one who deserves it, shall find her happiness in mine.'

'You will rejoice all their hearts, Madam, by this early declaration of your goodness to them. I can truly say, that the best of masters has not the worst of servants: but Dr. Bartlett would make bad servants good.'

'I shall want no other proof,' said I, 'of their goodness, than their love and respect to Dr. Bartlett.'

In company of my aunt, Lady W. Lucy, Miss Jervois, attended by Mrs. Curzon, we went to chuse our rooms; and those for our expected guests of Monday. We soon fixed on them. My aunt, with her usual goodness, and Lady W. with that condescension that is natural to her, took great notice of Mrs. Curzon, who seemed delighted with us all; and said, that she should be the happier in the performance of her duty, as she had been informed, we were managing ladies. It was a pleasure, she said, to receive commands from persons who knew when things were properly done. You, my dearest grandmamma, from my earliest youth, have told me, that to be respected, even by servants, it is necessary to be able to direct them, and not be thought ignorant of those matters that it becomes a mistress of a family to

be acquainted with. They shall not find me pragmatcal, however, in the little knowledge I have in family matters.

Will nothing happen, my dear grandmamma—But no more of this kind—Shall I, by my diffidences, lessen the enjoyments of which I am in full possession? My joy may not be sufficient to banish fear; but I hope it will be a prudent one, which will serve to increase my thankfulness to Heaven, and my gratitude to the man so justly dear to me.

But do you, my grandmamma, whenever you pray for the continuance of your Harriet's happiness, pray also for that of Lady Clementina: that only can be wanting, in my present situation, to compleat the felicity of *your ever grateful, ever dutiful,*

HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER VII.

LADY GRANDISON. IN CONTINUATION.

SUNDAY NOON.

WHAT a crowded church-yard and church had I to pass through to the handsome seat, which belongs to the excellent patron of it!—How much exalted was I to hear his whispered praises! How did my Northamptonshire friends rejoice in the respectful approbation paid to the happy creature, to whom they are more immediately related! I am always a little mortified by praises of my figure. What a transitory thing is outward form!—May I make to myself a more solid and permanent foundation for that respect, which is generally more pleasing to a female heart than it ought to be!

Sir Charles was not unhappy in his invitation for next Tuesday. I took off, I imagine, some particular addresses to him. Yet several gentlemen at his coach-side acknowledged the favour done them in it.

My uncle, who, you know, Madam, loves every thing that promotes good neighbourhood, is greatly delighted with the thoughts of the day. How proud is he of his Harriet! How much more proud of his relation to the best of men!

I have

I have looked upon what Lucy has written. I see there will be but little room for me to say any thing. She is delighted with her task. It employs all her faculties, displays her fine taste in architecture, painting, needle-works, shell-works. She will give you a description of several charming performances, in the two latter arts, of the late Lady Grandison!—How does the character of that admirable lady rise upon us! With what emulation does it fire me! On twenty accounts, it was a very bold thing, my grandmamma, for your Harriet to aspire to be Lady Grandison!—Yet how does Sir Charles's goodness, his kind acceptance of all my humble endeavours, encourage me!—O Madam! he said truth, when, in courtship, he told me, that I parted with power to have it returned me with augmentation. I don't know how it is, but his freedom of behaviour to me is increased; yet his respectfulness is not diminished.—And, tender as he was before to me, his tenderness is still greater than it was: yet so much unaffected dignity in it, that my reverence for him is augmented, but without any abatement of my love. Then his cheerfulness, his *more* than cheerfulness, his vivacity, shews, that he is at heart pleased with his Harriet. Happy Harriet!—Yet I cannot forbear now and then, when my joy and my gratitude are at the highest, a sigh to the merits of Lady Clementina!—What I am now, should she have been, think I often!—The general admiration paid me as the wife of Sir Charles Grandison, should have been paid to her!—Lady L. Lady G. should have been her sisters!—She should have been the mistress of this house, and co-guardian of Emily, the successor of the late excellent Lady Grandison!—Happless Clementina!—What a strange thing, that adherence to religion in two persons so pious, so good, each in their way, should sunder, for ever sunder, persons whose minds were so closely united!

Sir Charles, by Lucy, invites me, till dinner is ready, to walk with them, at her request, in the gallery. Lucy wants, in describing that gallery, to give you, my dearest grandmamma, (in whom every other of my friends is included) a brief history of the masters of Sir Charles, whose pictures

adorn it. 'I come! Lord of my heart! 'I attend you!'

* *

How, Madam, would you have been delighted, could you have sat in this truly-noble gallery, and seen the dear man, one arm round my waist, pointing sometimes with the other, sometimes putting that other arm round my Lucy's, and giving short histories of the persons whose pictures we saw!

Some of the pictures are really fine. One of Sir Charles's, which was drawn when he was about sixteen, is on horse-back. The horse a managed, curvetting, proud beast.—His seat, spirit, courage, admirably expressed: he must have been, as his sisters say he was, the loveliest, and the most undaunted, yet most modest-looking of youths. He passed his own picture so slightly, that I had not time to take in half the beauties of it. You will not doubt, Madam, but I shall be often in this gallery, were only this one picture there.

What pleasure had I in hearing the history of this ancient family, from this unbroken series of the pictures of it, for so many generations past! 'And 'will mine, one day,' thought I, 'be 'allowed a place among them, near to 'that of the most amiable of them all, 'both as to mind and figure?' How my heart exulted! What were my meditations as I traced the imagined footsteps of dear Lady Grandison, her picture and Sir Thomas's in my eye! as finely executed as those in the best bed-chamber. 'May I,' thought I, 'with 'a happier lot, be but half as deserving!' But, Madam, did not Lady Grandison shine the more for the hardships she passed through?—And 'is it necessary for virtue to be called forth by trials, in order to be justified by it's fortitude under them? What trials can I be called to with Sir Charles Grandison? But may I not take my place on the footsteps of her throne, yet make no contemptible figure in the family of her beloved son? I will humbly endeavour to deserve my good fortune, and leave the rest to Providence.

There are in different apartments of this seat, besides two in the house in town, no less than six pictures of Sir Thomas: but then two of them were brought

brought from his seat in Essex. Sir Thomas was fond of his person; they are drawn in different attitudes. He appears to be, as I have always heard he was, a fine figure of a man. But neither Lucy nor I, though we made not the compliment to Sir Charles, you may suppose, (who always speaks with reverence and unaffected love of his father) thought him comparable in figure, dignity, intelligence, to his son.

We were called to dinner before we had gone half way through the gallery.

We had a crowded church again in the afternoon.

SUNDAY NIGHT.] This excellent Dr. Bartlett! And, this excellent Sir Charles Grandison! I may say.—Sir Charles having enquired of the doctor, when alone with him, after the rules observed by him before we came down, the doctor told him, that he had every morning and night the few servants attending him in his antichamber to prayers, which he had selected out of the church-service. Sir Charles desired him by all means to continue so laudable a custom; for he was sure master and servants would both find their account in it.

Sir Charles sent for Saunders and Mrs. Curzon. He applauded to them the doctor's goodness, and desired they would signify, the one to the men-servants, the other to the women, that he should take it well of them, if they cheerfully attended the doctor; promising to give them opportunity as often as was possible. 'Half an hour after ten, doctor, I believe, is a good time in the evening?'

'That, Sir, is about my time; and eight in the morning, as an hour the least likely to interfere with their business. Whenever it does, they are in their duty; and I do not expect them.'

About a quarter after ten, the doctor slipped away. Soon after, Sir Charles withdrew, unperceived by any of us. The doctor and his little church were assembled. Sir Charles joined them, and afterwards returned to company, with that cheerfulness that always beams in his aspect. The doctor followed him, with a countenance as serene. I took the doctor aside, though

in the same apartment, supposing the matter. Sir Charles joined us.—'O Sir,' said I, 'why was I not whifpered to withdraw with you? Think you, that your Harriet—'

'The company, my dearest love,' interrupted he, 'was not now to be broken up. When we are settled, we can make a custom for ourselves, that will be allowed for by every body, when it is seen we persevere, and are, in every other respect, uniform. —Joshua's resolution, doctor, was an excellent one*. The chapel, now our congregation is large, will be the properest place; and there, perhaps, the friends we may happen to have with us, will sometimes join us.'

MONDAY MORNING.] Sir Charles has just now presented to me, in Dr. Bartlett's presence, Mr. Daniel Bartlett, the doctor's nephew, and his only care in this world; a young gentleman of about eighteen, well educated, and a fine accomptant; a master of his pen, and particularly of the art of shorthand writing. The doctor insisted on the specification of a salary, which he named himself to be 40l. a year, and to be within the house, that he might always be at hand. He could not trust, he said, to his patron's assurance, that his bountiful spirit would allow him to have a regard, in the reward, only to the merit of the service.

MONDAY NOON.] Lady Mansfield, Miss Mansfield, and the three brothers, are arrived. What excellent women, what agreeable young gentlemen, what grateful hearts, what joy to Lady W. on their arrival! What pleasure to Lord W. who, on every occasion, shews his delight in his nephew!—All these things, with their compliments to your happy Harriet, let Lucy tell. I have not time.

* * *

WHAT, my dear grandmamma, shall we do with Lord and Lady W.!—Such a rich service of gilt plate! Just arrived! A present to me!—It is a noble present!—And so gracefully presented! And I so gracefully permitted to accept of it, by my best, my tenderest, friend!—Let Lucy describe this, too.

* 'As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord.' Josh. xxiv. 15.

TUESDAY MORNING.] A vast company we shall have. Gentlemen and their ladies are invited: your Harriet is to be dressed; she is already dressed. How kindly am I complimented by every one of my friends!—Let Lucy, let my aunt, (she promises to assist Lucy) relate all that shall pass, describe the persons, and give the characters of our visitors; our managements, our entertainments, the ball that is to conclude the day and night. I shall not be able, I suppose, to write a line.

WEDNESDAY NOON.] Our company left us not till six this morning. My uncle was transported with the day; with the night.

I will only say, that all was happy; and decency, good order, mirth, and jollity, went through the whole space. Sir Charles was every-where, and with every body. O how he charmed them all! Sir William Turner said once, behind his back, ‘Of what transports did my late friend Sir Thomas, who deoted upon his son, deprive himself, by keeping him so long abroad!’

I could not but think of what my dear Lady G. once wrote, that women are not so soon tired as men with these diversions, with dancing particularly. By three, all but Sir Charles and my uncle seemed quite fatigued; but recovered themselves. My Emily delighted every body. She was the whole night what I wished her to be.—Dear Madam, be not uneasy. We shall be very happy in each other.

O that you were with us, my dearest grandmamma! But you, from your cheerful piety, and joyful expectation of happiness supreme, are already, though on earth, in Heaven!—Yet it is my wish, my aunt’s, my uncle’s, Lucy’s, twenty times a day, that you were present, and saw him, the domestic man, the cheerful friend, the kind master, the enlivening companion, the polite neighbour, the tender husband! Let nobody who sees Sir Charles Grandison at home, say, that the private station is not that of true happiness.

How charmingly respectful is he to my uncle, aunt, and good Mr. Deane! To Lucy, he is an affectionate brother. Emily, dear girl, how she enjoys his tenderness to her!

My uncle is waiting to you, Madam,

a letter. He says, it will be as long as his arm. My aunt will dispatch this day a very long one. Theirs will supply my defects. Lucy is not quite ready with her first letter. If there were not so much of your Harriet in it, I would highly praise what she has hitherto written.

THURSDAY MORNING.] I leave to my uncle the account of the gentlemen’s diversions in the gardens and fields. They are all extremely happy. But Lord G. already pines after his Charlotte. He will not be prevailed upon to stay out his week, I doubt; sweet tempered man! as I see him in a thousand little amiable instances. If Lady G. did not love him, I would not love her. Lord W. is afraid of a gouty attack. He is never quite free. He and his admirable lady will leave us to-morrow.

I think, my dear Lady G. with you, that discretion and gratitude are the corner-stones of the matrimonial fabrick. Lady W. had no prepossessions in any other man’s favour. My lord loves her. What must be that woman’s heart, that gratitude and love cannot engage? But she loves my lord. Surely she does. Is not real and unaffected tenderness for the infirmities of another, the very essence of love? What is wanting where there is that? My Sir Charles is delighted with Lady W.’s goodness to his uncle. He tells her often, how much he reveres her for it.

In our retired hours, we have sometimes the excellent lady abroad, for our subject. I always begin it. He never declines it. He speaks of her with such manly tenderness! He thanks me, at such times, for *allowing* him, as he calls it, to love her. He regrets very much the precipitating of her; yet pities her parents and brothers. How warmly does he speak of his Jeronimo? He has a sigh for Olivia. But of whom, except Lady Sforza and her Laurana, does he not speak kindly?—And then he pities. Never, never, was there a more expanded heart!

* * *

AH, Madam, a cloud has just brushed by us! It’s skirts have affected us with sadness, and carried us from our sunshine prospects *home*; that is to say,

say,

say, 'to thoughts of the general destiny! —Poor Sir Harry Beauchamp is no more! A letter from his Beauchamp; Sir Charles shewed it to me, for the honour of the writer, now Sir Edward. We admired this excellent young man together, over his letter. What fine things did Sir Charles say on this occasion, both by way of self-consolation, and on the inevitable destiny! But he dwelt not on the subject. He has written to Lady Beauchamp, and to the young baronet. How charmingly consolatory!—What admirable!—But Sir Charles, Madam, is a CHRISTIAN!

* *

THIS event has not at all influenced his temper. He is the same cheerful man to his company; to his Harriet; to every body. I am afraid it will be the cause of his first absence from me: how shall I part with him, though it were but for two days?

FRIDAY NOON.] Lady Mansfield, and her sons, Lord G. and Lord and Lady W. have left us. Miss Mansfield is allowed to stay with me some time longer. Emily is very fond of her. No wonder: she is a good young woman.

We are busied in returning the visits of our neighbours, which Sir Charles promised to do, as if they were individually made to us. We have a very agreeable neighbourhood. But I want these visitings to be over. Sir Charles, and his relations and mine, are the world to me. The obligations of ceremony, though unavoidable, are drawbacks upon the true domestick felicity. One happiness, however, results from the hurry and bustle they put us in; Emily's mind seems to be engaged: when we are not quite happy in our own thoughts, it is a relief to carry them out of ourselves.

* *

SIR Charles and I have just now had a short conversation about this dear girl. We both joined in praising her; and then I said, I thought, that some time hence Mr. Beauchamp and she would make a very happy pair.

'I have,' said he, 'a love for both. But as the one is my own very particular friend, and as the other is my ward, I would rather he found for himself, and she for herself, another lover, and that for obvious reasons.'

'But suppose, Sir, they should like each the other?'

'So as they made it not a compliment to me, but gave me reason to believe, that they would have preferred each the other to every one else, were they strangers to me, I would not stand in the way. But the man who hopes for my consent for Emily, must give me reason to think, that he would have preferred her to any other woman, though she had a much less fortune than she is mistress of.'

'I am much mistaken, Sir, if that may not be the case of your friend.'

'Tell me, my nobly-frank, and ever-amiably Harriet, what you know of this subject. Has Beauchamp any thoughts of Emily?'

'Ah, Sir!' thought I, 'I dare not tell you *all* my thoughts; but what I do tell you, shall be truth.'

'I really, Sir, don't imagine Emily has a thought of your Beauchamp—'

'Nor of any other person? Has she?—'

'Lady G. Lady L. and myself, are of opinion, that Beauchamp loves Emily.'

'I am glad, my dear, if any thing were to come of it, that the man loved first.'

I was conscious. A tear unawares dropt from my eye—He saw it. He folded his arms about me, and kissed it from my cheek. 'Why, my love! my dearest love! why this?' and seemed surprized.

'I must tell you, Sir, that you may not be surprized. I fear, I fear—'

'What fears my Harriet?'

'That the happiest of women cannot say, that her dear man loved her first!—'

He folded me in his kind arms. 'How sweetly engaging!' said he: 'I will presume to hope, that my Harriet, by the happiest of all women, means herself—You say not no! I will not insult your goodness so much, as to ask you to say yes. But this I say, that the happiest of all men loved his Harriet, before she could love him; and, but for the honour he owed to another admirable woman, though then he had no hopes of ever calling her his, would have convinced her of it, by a very

'early declaration. Let me add, that the moment I saw you first (distressed and terrified as you were, too much to think of favour to any man) I loved you: and you know not the struggle it cost me (my destiny with dear Clementina so uncertain) to conceal my love—Cost me, who ever was punctually studious to avoid engaging a young lady's affections, lest I should not be able to be just to her; and always thought what is called Platonick love an insidious pretension.'

'O Sir!' and I flung my fond arms about his neck, and called him the most just, the most generous, of men.

He pressed me still to his heart; and when I raised my conscious face, though my eye could not bear his, 'Now, Sir,' said I, 'after this kind, this encouraging acknowledgment, I can consent, I think I can, that the lord of my heart shall see, as he has more than once wished to see, long before he declared himself, all that was in that forward, that aspiring heart.'

Lucy had furnished me with the opportunity before. I instantly arose, and took out of a drawer a parcel of my letters, which I had sorted ready, on occasion, to oblige him; which, from what he had seen before, down to the dreadful masquerade-affair, carried me to my setting out with his sisters to Colnebrook.

I think not to shew him farther, by my own consent, because of the recapitulation of his family-story, which immediately follows; particularly including the affecting accounts of his mother's death; his father's unkindness to the two young ladies; Mrs. Oldham's story; the sisters conduct to her; which might have revived disagreeable subjects.

'Be pleased, Sir,' said I, putting them into his hands, 'to judge me favourably. In these papers is my heart laid open.'

'Precious trust!' said he, and put the papers to his lips: 'you will not find your generous confidence misplaced.'

An opportunity offering to send away what I have written, here, my dearest grandmamma, concludes your ever dutiful

HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER VIII.

LADY GRANDISON. IN CONTINUATION.

SATURDAY MORNING, DEC. 16.

I Will not trouble you, my dear grandmamma, with an account of the preparations we are making to benefit and regale our poorer neighbours, and Sir Charles's tenants, at this hospitable season. Not even Sir Charles Grandison himself can exceed you, either in bounty or management, on this annual solemnity. Sir Charles has consulted with Dr. Bartlett, and every thing will be left to the direction of that good man. My uncle and aunt have dispatched their directions to Selby House, that *their* neighbours and tenants may not suffer by their absence.

The gentlemen are all rode out together, the doctor with them, to *reconnoitre* the country, as my uncle calls it. Emily and Lucy are gone with them, on horseback. My aunt and I declined accompanying them; and took this opportunity, attended by Mrs. Curzon, to go through the offices.

In the house-keeper's room, I received the maid-servants, seven in number; and, after her, called each by her name, and spoke kindly to them all. I told them how handsomely Mrs. Curzon spoke of them, and assured them of my favour. I praised the cheerfulness with which Dr. Bartlett had told me they attended him every day in his antichamber. They should have the opportunity given them, I said, as often as possible. I hoped that my Sally behaved well among them.

They praised her.

'Sally,' said I, 'has a serious turn. Piety is the best security in man and woman for good-behaviour. She will seldom fail of attending the doctor with you. We shall all be happy, I hope. I am acquainting myself with the methods of the house. Nobody shall be put out of their good way by me.' My aunt only said, 'My niece proposes to form herself on the example of the late excellent Lady Grandison.'

They blessed me; tears in their eyes.

I made each of them a present for a pair of gloves.

We went through all the offices, the

the lowest not excepted. The very servants live in paradise. There is room for every thing to be in order: every thing is in order. The offices so distinct, yet so conveniently communicating—Charmingly contrived!—The low servants, men and women, have laws, which, at their own request, were drawn up, by Mrs. Curzon, for the observance of the minutest of their respective duties; with little mulcts, that at first *only* there was occasion to exact. It is a house of harmony, to my hand. Dear Madam! What do good people leave to good people to do? Nothing! Every one knowing and doing his and her duty; and having, by means of their own diligence, time for themselves.

I was pleased with one piece of furniture in the house-keeper's room, which neither you, Madam, nor my aunt, have in yours. My aunt says, Selby House shall not be long, after her return, without it. It is a servant's library, in three classes: one of books of *divinity* and *morality*; another for *housewifery*; a third of *history*, true adventures, voyages, and innocent amusement. I, II, III. are marked on the cases, and the same on the back of each book, the more readily to place and re-place them, as a book is taken out for use. They are bound in buff, for strength. A little fine is laid upon whoever puts not a book back in it's place. As new books come out, the doctor buys such as he thinks proper to range under these three classes.

I asked, if there were no books of gardening? I was answered, that the gardener had a little house in the garden, in which he had his own books. But her master, Mrs. Curzon said, was himself a library of gardening, ordering the greater articles by his own taste.

Seeing a pretty glass-case in the housekeeper's apartment, filled with physical matters, I asked, if she dispensed any of those to the servants, or the poor? 'Here is,' said she, 'a collection of all the useful drugs in medicine: but does not your ladyship know the noble method that my master has fallen into since his last arrival in England?'—'What is that?'—'He gives a salary, Madam, to a skilful apothecary; and pays him for

his drugs besides, (and these are his, though I have a key to it;) and this gentleman dispenses physick to all his tenants, who are not able to pay for advice; nor are the poor, who are not his tenants, refused, when recommended by Dr. Bartlett.'

'Blessings on his benevolence!' said I. 'O my aunt! What a happy creature am I! God Almighty, if I disgrace not my husband's beneficence, will love me for his sake!'—'Dear creature!' said my aunt—'And for your own too, I hope.'

'There lives in a house, Madam,' continued Mrs. Curzon, 'within five miles of this, almost in the middle of the estate, and pays no rent, a very worthy young man; brought up under an eminent surgeon of one of the London hospitals, who has orders likewise for attending his tenants in the way of his business—As also every casualty that happens within distance, and where another surgeon is not to be met with. And he, I understand, is paid, on a cure actually performed, very handsomely. But if the patient dies, his trouble and attendance are only considered according to the time taken up; except a particular case requires consideration.'

'And this surgeon, Mrs. Curzon, this apothecary—'

'Are noted, Madam, for being good, as well as skilful men. My master's test is, that they are men of seriousness, and good livers: their consciences, he says, are his security.'

'How must this excellent man be beloved, how respected, Mrs. Curzon!'

'Respected and beloved, Madam!—Indeed he is—Mr. Saunders has often observed to me, that if my master either rides or walks in company, though of great lords, people distinguish him by their respectful love: to the lord, they will but seem to lift up their hats, as I may say; or, if women, just drop the knee, and look grave, as if they paid respect to his quality only; but, to my master, they pull off their hats to the ground, and bow their whole bodies; they look smiling, and with pleasure and blessings, as I may say, in their faces; the good women curtsy also to the ground, turn about
'when

‘when he has passed them, and look after him—“God bless your sweet face!” and “God bless your dear heart!” will they say—And the servants who hear them are so delighted!—Don’t your ladyship see, how all his servants love him as they attend him at table? How they watch his eye in silent reverence—Indeed, Madam, we all adore him; and have prayed morning, noon, and night, for his coming hither, and settling among us. And now is the happy time: forgive me, Madam; I am no flatterer; but we all say, he has brought another angel to bless us.’

I was forced to lean upon my aunt. Tears of joy trickled down my cheeks. ‘O Madam, what a happy lot is mine!’

My uncle wonders I am not proud. —Proud, Madam!—Proud of my inferiority!

We visited my Bartlett in his new office. He is a modest, ingenious young man. I asked him to give me, at his leisure, a catalogue of the servant’s library, for my aunt.

‘O my dear,’ said my aunt, ‘had your grandpapa, had your papa, your mamma, lived to this day!’—

‘I will imagine,’ said I, ‘that I see them looking down from their Heaven. They bid me take care to deserve the lot I have drawn; and tell me, that I can only be more happy, when I am *what* and where they are.’



DR. Bartlett, attended by his servant, is returned without the gentlemen. I was afraid he was not very well. I followed him up, and told him my apprehensions.

He owned afterwards, that he was a little indisposed when he came in; but said, I had made him well.

I told him what had passed between Mrs. Curzon and me. He confirmed all she said.

He told me, that Sir Charles was careful also in improving his estates. The minutest things, he said, any more than the greatest, escaped not his attention. ‘He has,’ said he, ‘a bricklayer, a carpenter, by the year; a sawyer, three months constantly in every year. Repairs are set about the moment they become necessary. By this means he is not imposed

‘upon by incroaching or craving tenants. He will do any thing that tends to improve the estate; so that it is the best conditioned estate in the country. His tenants grow into circumstance under him. Though absent, he gives such orders, as but few persons on the spot would think of. He has a discernment that goes to the bottom of every thing. In a few years, improving only what he has in both kingdoms, he will be very rich, yet answer the generous demands of his own heart upon his benevolence: all the people he employs, he takes upon character of seriousness and sobriety, as Mrs. Curzon told you; and then he makes them the more firmly his, by the confidence he reposes in them. He continually, in his written directions to his master-workmen, cautions them to do justice to the tenants, as well as to him, and even to throw the turn of the scale in their favour. “You are,” says he, “my friends, my workmen: you must not make me both judge and party. Only remember, that I bear not imposition. The man who imposes on me once, I will forgive; but he never shall have an opportunity to deceive me a second time: for I cannot act the part of a suspicious man, a watchman over people of doubtful honesty.”

The doctor says, he is a great planter, both here, and in Ireland: and now he is come to settle here, he will set on foot several projects, which hitherto he had only talked of, or written about.

‘Sir Charles, I am sure,’ said he, ‘will be the friend of every worthy man and woman. He will find out the sighing heart before it is overwhelmed with calamity.’

‘He proposes, as soon as he is settled, to take a personal survey of his whole estate. He will make himself acquainted with every tenant, and even cottager, and enquire into his circumstances, number of children, and prospects. When occasions call for it, he will forgive arrears of rent; and if the poor men have no prospects of success, he will buy his own farms of them, as I may say, by giving them money to quit: he will transplant one to a less, another to a larger farm, if the tenants consent,

‘according

' according as they have stock, or probability of success in the one or the other; and will set the poor tenants in a way of cultivating what they hold, as well by advice as money; for while he was abroad, he studied husbandry and law, in order, as he used to say, to be his father's steward; the one to qualify him to preserve, the other to manage his estate. He was always prepared for, and beforehand with, probable events.'

' Dear Dr. Bartlett,' said I, ' we are on a charming subject; tell me more of my Sir Charles's management and intentions. Tell me all you know, that is proper for me to know.'

' Proper, Madam! Every thing he has done, *does*, and *intends* to do, is proper for you, and for all the world to know. I wish all the world were to know him as I do; not for his sake, but for their own.'

That moment (without any body's letting me know the gentlemen were returned) into the doctor's apartment came Sir Charles. My back was to the door, and he was in the room before I saw him. I started; and looked, I believe, as if I thought excuses necessary.

He saw my silly confusion. That, and his sudden entrance, abashed the doctor. Sir Charles reconciled us both to ourselves—He put one arm round my waist, with the other he lifted up my hand to his lips, and in the voice of love, ' I congratulate you both,' said he—' Such company, my dearest life—Such company, my dearest friend—you cannot have every hour! May I, as often as there is opportunity, see you together! I knew not that you were—The doctor and I, Madam, stand not upon ceremony.—Pardon me, doctor. I insist upon leaving you as I found you.'

I caught his hand, as he was going.—' Dear, dear Sir, I attend you. You shall take me with you; and if you please, make my excuses to my aunt, for leaving her so long alone, before you came in.'

' Doctor, excuse us both; my Harriet has found, for the first time, a will. It is her own, we know, by it's obligingness.'

He received my offered hand, and led me into company: where my aunt called me to account for leaving her, and begged Sir Charles would chide me.

' She was with Dr. Bartlett, Madam,' said he: ' had she been with any other person, man or woman, and Mrs. Selby alone, I think we could have *tried* to chide her.'

What obliging, what sweet politeness, my dear grandmamma!

Such, Madam, is the happiness of your Harriet.

Lucy has an entertaining letter to send you!—From that letter, you will have a still higher notion of my happiness, of Sir Charles's unaffected tenderness to me, and of the approbation of a very genteel neighbourhood, than I myself could give you.

Lady G. and Lady L. have both made up for their supposed neglects. I have written to each to charge them with not having congratulated me on my arrival here. Two such affectionate letters!—I have already answered them. They love as well as ever (thank Heaven they do!) *your*

HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER IX.

LADY GRANDISON. IN CONTINUATION.

MONDAY, DEC. 28.

THE dearest, best of men, has just now left me!—Did not every body keep me in countenance, I should be very angry with myself for wishing that *such* a man should be always confined to my company! I must keep my fondness within equitable bounds. But, he kindly seemed, and, if he *seemed*, he *was*, as loth to part with me. He is gone to London, Madam: poor Lady Beauchamp has besought his presence, not at Sir Harry's funeral, (he was to be interred, it seems, last night) but at the opening of the will. And his Beauchamp joined in the request.

He hopes to be down with us on Thursday. Miss Mansfield took the opportunity to return to her mother, who sent word, that she knew not how to live without her.

Sir

Sir Charles was pleased to give me the keys of his study, and of Lady Olivia's cabinets. Lucy gave you, Madam, an account of the invaluable contents. And now I will amuse myself there, and sit in every chair, where I have seen him sit, and tread over his imagined footsteps.

TUESDAY.] My books are come, and all my trinkets with them. We have all been busy in classing the books. My closet will be now furnished as I wish it: and I shall look at these my dear companions of Selby House, and recollect the many, many happy hours they gave me there.

Was I ever, ever unhappy, my dear grandmamma? If I was, I have forgot the time. I acquiesce cheerfully with your wishes not to dis-furnish your gallery, by sending to me our family-pictures. Let those of my benevolent father, and my excellent mother, of happy memory, still continue there, to smile upon you, as you are pleased to express yourself. Nobody but you and my aunt Selby have a right to each of those of mine, which are honoured with a place in your respective drawing-rooms. My dear Sir Charles, thank Heaven! calls the original his. But why would you load me with the precious gold-box, and its contents; less precious those, though of ineffinable value, than my dear grandpapa's picture in the lid?—But I can tell you, Madam, that Sir Charles is an ungrateful man: he will not thank you for it. A *remembrance*, Madam! (I know what he will say) Does the best of women think my Harriet wants any thing to remind her of the obligations she is under to parents so dear?—He will be very jealous of the honour of his Harriet. Forgive, Madam, the freedom of my expatriation, as if I were not your girl, as well as his.

What reasons have you found out (but this was always your happy, your instructive way) to be better pleased with your absence from us, than if you were present with us, as we all often wish you!

HERE, Lady L. Lady G. flows so dear to me, that these words will

pass under your eye, let me account to you, by the following extract from my grandmamma's last letters, for the meaning of what I have written to that indulgent parent, in the lines immediately preceding.

' You often, my dearest Harriet, wish me to be with you. In the first place, I am here enjoying myself in my own way, my own servants about me; a trouble, a bar, a constraint, upon no one, but those to whom I make it worth while to bear with me. I should think I never could do enough to strangers: no, though I were sure they thought I did too much. In the next, were I to be with you at Grandison Hall, I could not be every-where: so that I should be deprived of half the delightful scenes and conversations, that you, your aunt, and Lucy, relate and describe to me by pen and ink; nor should I be able perhaps to bear those grateful ones, to which I should be present. My heart, my dear, you know is very susceptible of joy; it has long been preparing itself for the sublimest. Grief touches it not so much. The losses I sustained of your father, your mother, and my own dear Mr. Shirley, made all other sorrows light. Nothing could have been heavy, but the calamity that once threatened my gentle Harriet, had she been afflicted with it. Now, I take up the kind, the rapturous letters, from my table, where I spread them. When the contents are too much for me, I lay them down; and resume them, as my subsided joy will allow: then lay them down again, as I am affected by some new instance of your happiness; bless God, bless you, your dearest of men; bless every body.—In every letter I find a cordial that makes my heart light, and, for the time, insensible of infirmity.—Can you, my Harriet, be happier than I?'

* *

I AM called upon by my aunt and Lucy. I will here, my dear grandmamma, conclude myself, *your for ever obliged, and beloved,*

HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER

LETTER X.

LADY GRANDISON. IN CONTINUATION.

A Treasure, an invaluable treasure, my dear grandmamma!—On the table in Sir Charles's own closet, I took up a common-prayer book, under which, on removing it, I saw a paper written in Sir Charles's largest hand, the three last lines of which appearing to be very serious, (the first side not containing them) I had the curiosity to unfold it: it contains reflections, mingled and concluded with solemn addresses to the Almighty. I asked leave to transcribe them. On promise that a copy, as his, should not pass into any body's hands but yours, I obtained it.

What a comfort is it, on reflection, that, at his own motion, I joined with him in the sacramental office, on occasion of our happy nuptials, the first opportunity that offered! a kind of renewal, in the most solemn manner, of our marriage-vows; at least a confirmation of them. No wonder that the good man, who could draw up such reflections, should make such a motion.

What credit did he do to religion on that happy day! A man of sense, of dignity in his person, known to be no bigot, no superstitious man; yet not ashamed to join in the sacred office with the meanest. It was a glorious confession of his christian principles. Whenever he attends on publick worship, his seriousness, his modesty, his humility, all shew that he believes himself in the presence of that God whose blessing he silently joins to invoke: and when all is over, his cheerfulness and vivacity demonstrate, that his heart is at ease in the consciousness of a duty performed. How does my mind sometimes exult in the prospects of happiness with the man of my choice, extending, through divine goodness, beyond this transitory life!

I will conclude this letter with the copy of these reflections. What is fit to come after them, that can be written by *your*

HARRIET GRANDISON?

THE REFLECTIONS.

WHAT, O my heart! overflowing with happiness! are the sentiments that ought to spring up

‘ in thee, when admitted either in the solemnities of publick worship, or the retiredness of private devotion, into the more immediate presence of thy MAKER!—Who does not govern, but to bless! Whose divine commands are sent to succour human reason in search of happiness!

‘ Let thy law ALMIGHTY! be the rule, and thy glory the constant end of all I do! Let me not build virtue on any notions of honour, but of honour to thy name. Let me not sink piety in the boast of benevolence; my love of God in the love of my fellow-creatures. Can good be of human growth? No! It is thy gift, Almighty, and All-good! Let not thy bounties remove the Donor from my thought; nor the love of pleasures make me forsake the Fountain from which they flow. When joys entice, let me ask their title to my heart. When evils threaten, let me see thy mercy shining through the cloud; and discern the great hazard of having all to my wish. In an age of such licence, let me not take comfort from an inauspicious omen, the number of those who do amiss: an omen rather of publick ruin, than of private safety. Let the joys of the multitude less allure than alarm me; and their danger, not example, determine my choice. What, weigh publick example, passion, and the multitude, in one scale, against reason, and the Almighty, in the other?

‘ In this day of domineering pleasure, so lower my taste, as to make me relish the comforts of life. And in this day of dissipation, O give me thought sufficient to preserve me from being so desperate, as in this perpetual flux of things, and as perpetual swarm of accidents, to depend on *to-morrow*: a dependence that is the ruin of *to-day*; as that is of *eternity*. Let my whole existence be ever before me: nor let the terrors of the grave turn back my survey. When temptations arise, and virtue staggers, let imagination sound the final trumpet, and judgment lay hold on eternal life. In what is well begun, grant me to persevere; and to know, that none are wise, but they who determine to be wiser still.

‘ And since, O Lord! the fear of thee is the beginning of wisdom; and,

‘ in it’s *progreſs*, it’s ſureſt ſhield;
 ‘ turn the world entirely out of my
 ‘ heart, and place that guardian angel,
 ‘ thy bleſſed fear, in it’s ſtead. Turn
 ‘ out a fooliſh world, which gives it’s
 ‘ money for what is not bread; which
 ‘ hews out broken ciſterns that hold
 ‘ no water; a world in which even
 ‘ they, whoſe hands are mighty, have
 ‘ found nothing. There *is* nothing,
 ‘ Lord God Almighty, in heaven, in
 ‘ earth, but thee. I will ſeek thy face,
 ‘ bleſs thy name, ſing thy praiſes, love
 ‘ thy law, do thy will, enjoy thy peace,
 ‘ hope thy glory, till my final hour!
 ‘ Thus ſhall I graſp all that can be
 ‘ graſped by man. This will heighten
 ‘ good, and ſoften evil, in the preſent
 ‘ life! And when death ſummons, I
 ‘ ſhall ſleep ſweetly in the duſt, till
 ‘ his mighty CONQUEROR bids the
 ‘ trumpet ſound; and then ſhall I,
 ‘ through his merits, awake to eternal
 ‘ glory.’

LETTER XI.

LADY GRANDISON. IN CONTINUATION.

DEC. 21.

SIR Charles arrived here in ſafety about two hours ago. He has ſet-
 tled every thing between Lady Beau-
 champ and the now Sir Edward, to
 the ſatisfaction of both; for they en-
 tirely referred themſelves to him. This
 was the method he took.—As their
 intereſts were not naturally the ſame,
 he enquired into each ſeparately, what
 were the wiſhes of each; and finding
 the lady not unreaſonable, he referred
 it to Sir Edward, of his own gener-
 oſity, to compliment her with more than
 ſhe aſked.

Particularly ſhe had wiſhed to Sir
 Charles that ſhe might not be obliged
 to remove under a twelvemonth, from
 the houſe in Berkeley Square: and when
 Sir Charles had brought them toge-
 ther, and pronounced between them,
 making that an article, Sir Edward
 thus ſpoke her—

‘ All that your ladyſhip demands I
 ‘ moſt chearfully comply with. In-
 ‘ ſtead of the year you wiſh to remain
 ‘ in Berkeley Square, let me beg of
 ‘ you, ſit to conſider both houſes as
 ‘ your own; and me your inmate only,

‘ as in the life-time of my father. I
 ‘ never will engage in marriage, but
 ‘ with your approbation: let us, Ma-
 ‘ dam, be as little as poſſible ſepa-
 ‘ rated; be pleaſed only to diſtinguiſh,
 ‘ that I wiſh not this, but from pure
 ‘ and diſinterreſted motives. I will be
 ‘ your ſervant as well as ſon. I will
 ‘ take all trouble from you that you
 ‘ ſhall think trouble; but never will
 ‘ offer ſo much as my humble advice
 ‘ to you in the conduct of your own
 ‘ affairs unleſs you aſk for it.’

She wept. ‘ We will henceforth,’
 ſaid ſhe, ‘ have but one intereſt. You
 ‘ ſhall be dear to me, for your father’s
 ‘ ſake. Let me, for the ſame dear
 ‘ ſake, be regarded by you—Receive
 ‘ me, excellent pair of friends,’ pro-
 ceeded ſhe, ‘ as a third in your friend-
 ‘ ſhip. Should any miſunderſtanding
 ‘ ariſe, which, after ſo happy a ſet-
 ‘ tling out, I hope, cannot be, let Sir
 ‘ Charles Grandiſon determine be-
 ‘ tween us. Juſtice and he are one.’

Sir Charles invited down to us the
 lady and his Beauchamp. He hopes
 they will come. The young baronet,
 I dare ſay will. Emily ſays, he wants
 to ſee how he will become his new dig-
 nity. ‘ Very well, I dare ſay,’ ſaid
 I.—‘ Why yes; ſuch an example be-
 ‘ fore him, I don’t doubt but he will.’

Lucy was preſent. ‘ Near 4000 l.
 ‘ a year, and a title,’ ſaid ſhe—‘ I
 ‘ think you and I, my dear, were we
 ‘ nearer of an age, would contend for
 ‘ him.’

‘ Not I, Miſs Selby: ſo that I have
 ‘ the love of my guardian and Lady
 ‘ Grandiſon, you may be Lady Beau-
 ‘ champ for me.—You will be of
 ‘ another mind, perhaps, ſome time
 ‘ hence,’ ſaid Lucy—‘ When I am,’
 replied Emily, ‘ tell me of it.’

Sir Charles, when he was in town,
 viſited his two ſiſters. We ſhall be
 favoured with the company of Lord
 and Lady L. as ſoon as her viſits and
 viſittings are over. With what delight
 do I expect them!

Mind, my dear Lady G. what fol-
 lows.

‘ Lady L.’ ſaid he, ‘ is all joy, that
 ‘ her great event is happily over; ſhe
 ‘ and my lord rewarded with a dear
 ‘ pledge of their mutual love. But
 ‘ is not Lady G. a little unaccount-
 ‘ able, my dear?’

‘ As how, Sir?’

‘ She

' She hardly seems to receive pleasure in her happy prospects. She appears to me peevish, even childishly so, to her lord. I see it the more for her endeavours to check herself before me. She submits but ungraciously to the requisites of the circumstance, that lays him and me, and our several united families, under obligation to her. I was unwilling to take notice of her particular behaviour, for two reasons; first, because she wants not understanding, and would see her own error before she went too far; and next, because she tacitly confessed herself to be wrong, by being evidently desirous, to hide her fault from me: but is not our Charlotte a little unaccountable, my dear?'

What, my dear Lady G. should I have answered? I hope you will allow me to be just. I should have been most sincerely glad to have spoken a good word for you; but to attempt to excuse or palliate an evident fault, looks like a claim put in for allowances for one's own.

' Indeed, Sir, she is a very unaccountable creature! She is afraid of you, and of nobody but you. You should, as she could not conceal from you her odd behaviour to one of the best of husbands, and sweet-tempered of men, who loves her more than he loves himself; and who is but too solicitous to oblige so unthankful a thing; have taken notice of it, and chidden her *severely*. I, for my part, take liberties of this kind with her in every letter I write; but to no purpose. I *wanted* you, Sir, to find her out yourself; she will get a habit of doing wrong things, and make herself more unhappy than she will make any body else; since it is possible for her to tire out her lord. How insupportable to her, of all women, would it be, were the tables to be turned, and were the man she treats so ungraciously, to be brought to slight her! The more insupportable, as she has a higher opinion of her own understanding than she has of his!'

Can't you form to yourself, my dear Lady G. the attitude of astonishment, that your brother threw himself into?—

But, ah! my dear grandmamma, do

you think I said this to Sir Charles?—No, indeed! for the world, I would not have said one syllable of it. But let Lady G. for a moment, as she reads my letter, think I did. She loves to surprize; why should she not be surprized in turn? Her displeasure would affect me greatly; but if by incurring it I could do her good, and put her in a right train of thinking, I *would* incur it, and on my knees afterwards beg her to forgive me.

He did make the above observation. 'A thousand excellent qualities has my Charlotte.' I particularized to her brother half a dozen, and those are more than fall to the share of most of our modern people of quality; and he was willing to be satisfied with them.—Why? because he loves her. But as she now and then whispers her Harriet, in her letters, let me whisper her, that she is under great obligation to her brother, and still greater to her lord, for passing over so lightly her petulance.

THURSDAY AFTERNOON.

WHO, Madam, do you think, is arrived? Arrived just as we sat down to dinner; and will stay with us this one night, but he says, no more?—Sir Rowland Meredith! good man! and Mr. Fowler! The latter attended his uncle reluctantly, it seems; but, thank God, he is in pretty good health. How kindly, how affectionately, did Sir Charles receive them both! How has he already won the heart of honest Sir Rowland!



Let me, Madam, acquaint you with something generously particular of this worthy man.

He desired Sir Charles to let him have me by himself for a quarter of an hour. So fine a young gentleman would not, he hoped, be jealous of such a poor old man as he.

We were in the dining-room; and he rising to attend me, I led him to my drawing-room, adjoining. He looked round him, and was struck with the elegance of the room and furniture; disregarding me for a few moments—'Why, ay!' said he at last, 'this is noble! this is fine! stately, by mercy!' And he bowed to me, poor man, the more respectfully, as I thought, for what he saw. 'And will you, Ma-

'dam,' bowing again, and again, 'allow me to call you *daughter*? I can't part with my *daughter*; nor would I, were you a queen.'

'You do me honour, Sir Rowland; call me *still* your daughter.'

'Why then, you must allow me—Forgive me, Madam!—and he saluted me. 'Joy, joy, tenfold joy, attend my daughter! I don't know what to make of the present fashions. Would Sir Charles have been affronted, had I taken this liberty before him? The deuce is in the present age; they reserve themselves to holes and corners, I suppose: but I am sure no creature breathing could mean more respect than I do. I think only of myself as of your *father*.'

'You are a good man, Sir Rowland. Sir Charles Grandison was prepared to love you; he was prepared to value Mr. Fowler.'

'Prepared by your own respect for us, Madam!—God love you, say yes.'

'Yes indeed, I ever shall respect you both. Have I not claimed a father in you? Have I not claimed a brother in your nephew? I never forget my relations.'

'Charming, charming, by mercy!' and he talked to the other end of the room, wiping his eyes: 'the very same good young lady that ever you were! But, but, but,' putting his hand in his pocket, and pulling out a little box; 'if you are my daughter, you shall wear these for your father's sake!—How now, Madam! refuse me! I command you on your obedience to accept of this—I will not be a jack-straw father.'

'Indeed, indeed, Sir Rowland, you must excuse me: I thought I might have trusted myself with you alone. Your generosity, Sir, is painful to me.'

I curtsied, begged his excuse; and, too much abashed to consider what I did, withdrew to the company in the dining-room. The good man followed me, tears upon his cheeks, the box in his hand: my face glowed.

'She calls me father, Sir Charles; and refuses her obedience. Here I have brought a toy or two, to shew my fatherly love to my daughter. Not a soul, not my nephew there, know not a syllable of the matter; it was that made me call her aside.'

Sir Charles rose from his seat. 'My dearest life is not used,' said he, 'to make light of a duty;' taking my hand. 'You will excuse her from accepting the present, Sir Rowland; that would look as if you thought it necessary to bribe her to do her duty. She will always acknowledge her father: so will I mine. But you do us honour enough in the relation.'

'What, Sir Charles, not of a present from her father to his daughter, on her nuptials, and as a small token of his joy on the occasion; when I know not the man living, out of my own family—' There he stooped.

'My dearest love, there is no resisting this plea: your duty, your gratitude, is engaged.'

'Look you there now! Look you there now! God love you both everlastingly, Amen!—And there is the blessing of a father.'

I took the box, curtsying low; but looked silly, I believe.

'Forgive me, Sir Charles,' said the knight; 'but I must—' He took my hand, and kissed it—and looked as if he wished to salute me—'Fathers, my dear, must be revered,' said Sir Charles, 'by their children.'

I bent my knee, and, in compliance with a motion of Sir Charles, leaned forward my cheek. He saluted me; and again he blessed us both.—'My dear nephew,' said he, hastening to Mr. Fowler, 'if you envy such a man as this his good fortune, by mercy I will renounce you!'

'I may envy you, Sir Charles,' said Mr. Fowler, addressing himself to him in agreeable manner; 'I don't know how it is possible to avoid it; but at the same time I revere you for your character and accomplishments. You are the only man in the world whom I could cordially congratulate, as I do you, on your happiness.'

'True, nephew, true: I, any more than you, should never have enjoyed myself, had any of the feather-headed creatures I saw formerly endeavouring to make an interest in my daughter's favour, succeeded with her—But you, Madam, have chosen a man that every-body must prefer to himself.'

The knight, after tea, moved to have the box opened.

When Sir Charles saw the jewels, he

he was a little uneasy, because of the value of them. A costly diamond necklace and ear-rings, a ring of price, a repeating watch finely chased, the chain of which is richly ornamented; one of the appendages is a picture of Sir Rowland in enamel, adorned with brilliants; an admirable likeness. This I told him was more valuable to me than all the rest. I spoke truth; for so rich a present has made me uneasy. He saw I was: he knew, he said, that I could not want any of these things; but he could not think of any other way to shew his love to his daughter. It was nothing to what he had intended to do in his will; had I not intimated to him, that what he left me, should be given among his relations. 'I am rich, Madam, I can tell you; and what, on your nuptials, could I do less for my daughter?'

Sir Charles said, 'This must not end so, Sir Rowland: but I see you are an invincible man.—Mr. Fowler, I wish you as happily married as you deserve to be: your lady will be entitled to a return of equal value.'

Sir Rowland begged, that he might try on the ring himself.

He was allowed to do so, and was pleased it was not *much* too big. He said I should not pull it off this night. I kept it on to humour the worthy man.

* * *

SUPPER over, and a cheerful glass going round with my uncle, Mr. Deane, and the knight, Sir Rowland made it his odd request, that I would permit Sir Charles to put on the necklace for me. 'By no means!' I said. But the knight being very earnest, and my uncle seconding him, (for there was particularly enough in the motion to engage the dear old man) and Sir Charles not discouraging it, my aunt and Lucy smiling all the time, I thought I had better comply. Yet I was the more reluctant, on poor Mr. Fowler's account; for his smiles were but essays to smile. Sir Charles, in his own graceful manner, put it on; bowing low to me, when he had done.

FRIDAY NOON.

SIR Rowland and Mr. Fowler have left us; they would not stay to dinner; they have business to dispatch in town, which will take them up some days;

but they were so well pleased with their reception, that they promise to see us before they set out for Carmarthen.

At parting, Sir Rowland drew me aside: 'Your cousin Lucy, as you call her, is a fine young lady. They tell me that she has a great fortune; but I matter not that a straw—Would to God, my boy knew how to submit to his destiny like a man—Hem! You understand me, Madam—Mercy! I want to be akin to you—You take me, Madam?'

'We are akin: Sir Rowland Meredith is my father.'

'God bless you, Madam! I love you dearly for that; and so we are: but you understand me; a word to the wise. She is not engaged, is she? —I love your uncle of all men—except the king of all men; your lord and master—God bless him! with what good-humour he eyes us—Sir Charles, one word with you, if you please.'

I thought the knight had his fingers ready to take hold of Sir Charles's button; for his hand was extended, but suddenly, as from recollection, withdrawn.

He led Sir Charles to me—and put the same question to him, as he had done to me.

'Let me ask you, my dear Sir Rowland, was this in your thought before you came hither?'

'No, by mercy!—It just now struck me. My nephew knew not a syllable of the matter. But why, you know, Sir Charles, should a man pine and die, because he cannot have the *she* that he loves?—Suppose, you know, six men love one woman, as has been the case here, for aught I know; what a deuce, are five of them to hang, drown, or pistol themselves? or are they to out-stay their time, as I have done, till they are fit for nobody?'

'Women must be treated with delicacy, Sir Rowland. Miss Selby is a young lady of great merit. When questions are properly asked, you hardly need to doubt of a proper answer.'

'But, Sir Charles, is Miss Selby, *bona fide*, engaged, or is she not?—that's the question I ask: if she be, I shall not say a word of the matter.'

'My dear!' said Charles to me.

'I don't

‘ I don’t know that she is,’ answered I. ‘ But Lucy will never think of a man, be his qualifications ever so great, if he cannot give her proofs of loving her above all women.’

‘ I understand you, Madam—Well, well, and I should be nice too, I can tell you, for my boy. But I’ll sound him. I must have him married before I die, if possible. But no more of that for the present. And now God Almighty bless, preserve, and keep you both!—I will pray for the continuance of your happiness.’

He saluted me; wrung Sir Charles’s hand; wiped his eyes; made his bow; and stepped into the chariot to his nephew; who had taken leave of us all before.

Lucy, with an air *à la* some of dear Lady G.’s, put up her saucy lip, when I told her of this; and bid me not write it to you: but I thought, were nothing to come of it, it would divert my grandmamma, as I am sure it will Lady G.

God preserve the most indulgent and pious of parents, and my two sisters and their lords, (including the honoured lord and lady, you, Lady G. are with) *prays her ever dutiful, and their ever affectionate,*

HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER XII.

LADY GRANDISON. IN CONTINUATION.

TUESDAY, JAN. 9.

I Have been obliged, by the just demands made upon us by the equally solemn and joyful season, to be silent for many days. You, Madam, and you, Ladies L. and G. have, I doubt not, been engaged in consequence of the same demand—so will excuse me; especially as Lucy and my aunt have both written, and that very minutely, in the interim.

Mr. Deane, to our great joy, has signified to us his intention to live near us; and to present his house at Peterborough to one of his two nephews.

Sir Charles has besought him to consider Grandison Hall as his own house. He promises that he will. I hope, by my care of him, to be an humble means of prolonging his life; at least of making his latter days cheerful.

What a happy season has this been to scores of people in our neighbourhood! but most to ourselves, as the giver is more blessed than the receiver! Such admirable management! such good order!—But I told you that all was left to Dr. Bartlett’s direction: what a blessing is he to us, and all around him!

Sir Charles has a letter from Mr. Lowther, who is on his return from Bologna. By the date it should have arrived a fortnight ago; so that he may be every day expected.

Mr. Lowther lets him know, that the family at Bologna are all in spirits, on the prospect they have of carrying their point with Lady Clementina; who, however, for the present, declines the visits of the Count of Belvedere; and they humour her in that particular.

Mr. Lowther is afraid, he says, that all is not quite right as to her mind. Poor lady! He judges so, from the very great earnestness she continues to express to visit England.

She received, he says, with great intrepidity, the news of Sir Charles’s marriage. She besought a blessing upon him and his bride; but since has been thoughtful, reserved, and sometimes is found in tears. When challenged, she once ascribed her grief to her apprehensions that her malady may possibly return.

The physicians have absolutely given their opinion, that she should marry.

The general is expected from Naples to urge the solemnity; and vows, that he will not return till she is actually Countess of Belvedere.

She begs that she may be allowed again to pass the Apennines, and visit Mrs. Beaumont at Florence, in order to settle her mind.

She dreads to see the general.

How am I grieved for her!—Sir Charles must be afflicted too. Why will they not leave to time, the pacifier of every woe, the issue of the event upon which they have set their hearts?

Mr. Lowther writes, that Signor Jeronymo is in a fine way.

In this letter he acquits Sir Charles of all obligation to himself. He returns him bills for the sum he had advanced; and declares, that he never will enter into his presence, if he refuses to accept of his acquittance. The family,

family, he says, have nobly rewarded him.

Dr. Bartlett applauds Mr. Lowther's spirit on this occasion. As Sir Charles, he says, is not an ostentatious man, but judges of every thing according to the rules of right and prudence, he has no doubt (though he might not expect this handsome treatment) but he will acquiesce with it. This, however, lessens not the *comparative* merit of Mr. Lowther. There are men, I believe, who having succeeded so well, would have accepted of a reward from both parties. Yet, on recollection, Sir Charles stipulated with Mr. Lowther, that he should receive no fee, but from himself: and his present to the worthy man was the ampler on that account.

I have two charming letters from the Countess of D. By her permission, I have shewn to Sir Charles the correspondence between that good lady and me. He greatly admires her. She desires, that he will be acquainted with her son; and declares she will always look upon me as her daughter, and call me so. Sir Charles bids me tell her, that he cannot consent to her calling me so, unless she will look upon him as her son, and unless my lord will allow him to call him brother. He bid me express his wishes of a friendship with both, answerable to that desirable relation.

My uncle says, he knows not such a place as Selby House. Shirley Manor, indeed, he loves for the sake of the dear mistress of it: but, as long as he has with him his dame, his Harriet, Mr. Deane, and Sir Charles, he is happy. Yet my aunt now and then gets upon a rising ground in the park, and asks, pointing, 'Does not Northamptonshire lie off there?'

Emily is very good in the main. Dear girl! I do pity her. Her young heart so *early* to be tied and tormented by the stings of hopeless love!—Her eyes just now were fixed for several minutes, so much love in them! on the face of her guardian, that his modest eye fell under them.

I will give you, on this occasion, the particulars of a conversation that passed between us; which, at the conclusion, let in a little dawn of hope, that the dear girl may be happy in time.

I had more than once been appre-

hensive, that her eyes would betray her to her guardian; who at present imputes all her reverence for him to gratitude; and as soon as he was withdrawn, with a true sisterly tenderness, 'Come hither, my love,' said I. I was busy with my needle—She came.

'My dearest Emily, if you were to look with so much earnestness in the face of any other man, as you sometimes do, and just now did, in that of your guardian, and the man a single man, he would have hope of a wife.'

'High-ho!' sighed she. 'Did my guardian mind me?—I hope he did not so much, Madam, as you do.'

'So much as I do, my love!'

'Yes, Madam. When my guardian is present, you do look very hard at me: but I hope, I am not a confident girl.'

'You are serious, my Emily!'

'And so is my dear Lady Grandison!'

I was a little surprized. She abashed me. 'Her love,' thought I, 'will make the dear girl hardy, without intending to be so.'

She was too innocent even for consciousness of having disconcerted me. She looked upon my work. 'What would I give, Madam, to be so fine a work-woman as you?—But why that sigh, Madam?'

'The poor Lady Clementina!' said I. I was really thinking of her.

'Do you sigh for every-body, Madam, that loves my guardian?'

'There are different sorts of love, Emily.'

'Why, so I think. Nobody loves my guardian better than I myself do: but it is not the love that Lady Clementina bears him. I love his goodness.'

'And does not Clementina?'

'Yes, yes; but still the love is different.'

'Explain, my dear, your kind of love.'

'Impossible!'

'Why, now, sighs my Emily? You asked me why I sighed. I have answered, it was from pity.'

'Why, Madam, I can pity Lady Clementina, and I do: but I sigh not for her; because she might have had my guardian, and would not.'

'I sigh

‘ I sigh for her the more, for that very reason, Emily; her motive so great!’

‘ Pho, pho, her *motive*! When he would have allowed her to be of her own religion!’

‘ Then you sigh not for Clementina, Emily?’

‘ I believe not.’

‘ For whom, then?’

‘ I don’t know. You must not ask.’

‘ A habit, and nothing else.’

‘ Again sighs my Emily?’

‘ You must not mind me, Madam.’

‘ A habit, I tell you. But, believe me, Lady Grandison,’ (hiding her blushing face in my bosom, her arms about my neck) ‘ I believe, if the truth were known—’

She stopt, but continued there her glowing cheek.

‘ What, my dear, if the truth were known?’

‘ I dare not tell you. You will be angry at me.’

‘ Indeed, my love, I will not.’

‘ O yes, but you will.’

‘ I thought we had been sisters, my dear. I thought we were to have no secrets. Tell me, *what*, if the truth were known?’

‘ Why, Madam, for a trial of your forgiveness, tell me, are you not apt to be a little jealous?’

‘ Jealous, my Emily! You surprize me! *Why*, of *whom*, of *what*, jealous? Jealousy is doubt; of whom should I doubt?’

‘ People have not always cause, I suppose, Madam.’

‘ Explain yourself, my dear.’

‘ Are you not angry with me, Madam?’

‘ I am not. But why do you think me jealous?’

‘ You need not, indeed! My guardian adores you. You deserve to be adored.—But you should allow a poor girl to look upon her guardian now and then, with eyes of gratitude. Your charming eye is so ready to take mine to task!—I am, if I know myself, a poor innocent girl. I do love my guardian, that’s certain: so I ever did, you know, Madam; and let me say, before he knew there was such a lady in the world as yourself, Madam.’

I threw aside my work; and clasping my arms about her, ‘ And love

‘ him still, my Emily. You cannot love him so well as he deserves. You are, indeed, a dear innocent, but not a poor girl. You are rich in the return of his love. I will ever, ever, be a promoter of an affection so innocent, so pure on both sides. But *jealousy*, my dear! do you charge me with *jealousy*? Impossible I should deserve it! My only concern is, lest, as the heart is guessed at by the eyes, (the hearts of young creatures especially, whose good minds are incapable of art or design) you should give room for the censorious, who know not, as I do, that your love is reverence next to filial, to attribute it to a beginning of the other sort of love; which yet in you, were it kindled, would be as bright and as pure a flame as ever warmed a virgin heart.’

‘ O Madam! how you express yourself! What words you have! They go to my heart!—I don’t know how it is, but every day I reverence more and more my guardian. *Reverence*! Yes, that is the proper word! I thank you for it! *Filial reverence*! Just the thing! And let me say, that I never revered him so much as now, that I see what a polite, what a kind, what an affectionate husband he makes my dear Lady Grandison. Yet, let me tell you truth, Madam, I should, I am afraid, be such a little-minded, poor creature, that if I were married, and had not a husband that was very like him, I should envy you. I should be at least unhappy.’

‘ If you could be *envious*, my dear, you would be unhappy: but you must never encourage the addresses of a man, who you think loves you not better than any other woman; who is not a good man upon principle; who is not a man of sense; and that has seen something of the world.’

‘ And where, Madam, can such a man be found?’

‘ Leave it to your guardian, my dear. He, if any body, will find you a man that you may be happy with, if your eye be not aforehand with your judgment.’

‘ That, Madam, I hope it will not be: first, because the reverence I have for my guardian, and his great qualities, will make all other men look little in my eye; and next, as I have such a confidence in his judgment,

ment, that if he points his finger, and says, "That's the man, Emily!" I will endeavour to like him. But I believe I never now shall like any man on earth.'

'It is early days, my love; but is there not some one man, that, were you of age to marry, you would think better of than of any other?'

'I don't know what to say to that. "It is early days," as you say. I am but a girl: but girls have thoughts. I will tell you, Madam, that the man who has passed some years in the company of Sir Charles Grandison; who is beloved by him, on proof, on experience, (as I may say) of his good heart—' She stopt.

'Beauchamp, my dear?'

'Why, yes—Him I mean: he is the most to be liked of any man but my guardian; but he now is a great man; and I suppose may have seen the woman he could love.'

'I fancy not, my dear.'

'Why do you fancy not, Madam?'

'Because, if I must speak as freely to you, as I would have you do always to me, I think he shews great and uncommon respect to you, though you are so young a creature.'

'That's for my guardian's sake.'

'But be that as it will; let me be secure of my guardian's love and yours, and I shall have nothing to wish for.'

Her guardian, my guardian, my friend, my lover, my husband, every sweet word in one, coming in, put an end to the subject.

I leave this conversation to your own reflections, my dear grandmamma, Lady L. Lady G. But I have hopes from it.

LETTER XIII.

LADY GRANDISON. IN CONTINUATION.

SATURDAY, SUNDAY, JAN. 20, 21.

ANOTHER long silence. Lucy will supply all my defects. She will tell you how much I have been engaged. Are you not delighted with her last letter?

We went, as we had proposed, to Mansfield House. The lady of it would not part with us till Thursday, the days

being short, and the weather unfavourable.

Mr. Dobson and his lady were guests there. He is a credit to his cloth; his wife to him. They are greatly beloved by all who know them.

Lady Mansfield and Miss Mansfield are all that is polite and good.

The three brothers were there. The eldest, who was once a melancholy man, is now one of the chearfullest.

With what pleasure did I meditate, as I looked upon them, the restoration of such a worthy and ancient family to affluence! They were born to it: yet when they were deprived of it, how glorious was the resignation of mother and daughters! And now, how easy sits the prosperity upon them! Never saw I eyes more expressive of gratitude to a benefactor, than those both of ladies and gentlemen, as they were often cast upon my dear Sir Charles.

I heartily wish Mr. Orme may find his expectations answered in the second voyage Nancy tells me he is preparing for to Lisbon. She will make known my best wishes for the restoration of his health. How good is his sister to accompany him!—I always loved her.

I received yesterday yours, Madam, acquainting me with Mr. Greville's visit and proposal, and asking my opinion of the latter; and whether I would chuse to mention it to Lucy and my aunt. What can I say? You once told me, Madam, that you believed Lucy would not have refused Mr. Greville, had he first applied to her. Lucy's grandmother, you say, is not averse to the match; and you think my uncle would not refuse his consent, because of the contiguity of their respective estates, and in hopes, that he might resume with success, on such an event, his favourite project of exchange of lands. Yet I am sure this consideration would have no weight with him, if he thought Lucy could not be happy with Mr. Greville.

I have mentioned it to my aunt. She says, Mr. Greville is not a bashful man. He knows how to apply to Lucy himself. And she has no notion, in such a case, of that pride, which withholds him till he thinks himself sure of the family-interest.

He will, if possible, he says, be related to me: let that be mentioned to Lucy, as one of his principal motives,

and his business with her is done for ever.

Lady G. would laugh at the notion of a difficulty from a first love. First love she calls first nonsense. Too frequently it is so. Lucy is a noble girl. She has overcome a first attachment; the more laudably, as it cost her some struggles to do it. Mr. Greville, I doubt, has had several first loves: this transition, therefore, is nothing to him. So neither of them will be first love to the other. It may, therefore, be a match of discretion. Yet his character! The reformation he boasts of!—I *hope* he is reformed: but I have no notion of a good young woman, as Lucy is, trusting her person, I may say, her *principles*, to the arbitrary will of an impetuous man, who has been an avowed libertine, and pretends not to have reformed from proper convictions. A scoffer too! How came he by his new lights?—You, Madam, have told us young folks the difficulty of overcoming evil habits. I own that Lucy always spoke of him with more favour than any body else. She was inclined to think him a good-natured man; and was pleased with what she called humour in him. *Humour!* I never could call it so. Humour, I used to tell her, is a gentle, a decent, though a lively thing. Mr. Greville is boisterous, impetuous; *rude*, I had almost said: his courtship to me was either rant, or affront; the one to shew his plain-dealing, the other his love. He knows not what respectful love is. In short, his mirth, his good-nature, as it is called, has fierceness in it; it always gave me apprehension.

As to worldly matters, there can be no exception to him; but I cannot be of the opinion of Lucy's grandmother, that he is a generous man: he has only qualities that look like generosity. His start to me, when he *resigned* his pretensions to me, as they have been called, (for I know not any he had) was *only* a start. He could not hold it. But be all these things as they may, how can I, who love Lucy as myself, propose to the dear girl a man, whom I could not think of for myself? Lucy has a fine fortune; and surely, there are men enough in the world, who have never made pretensions to Lucy's cousin, who would think themselves honoured by

her acceptance; otherwise I should, after Sir Rowland's hint, and earnest wishes in his nephew's favour, much sooner have recommended Mr. Fowler to her than Mr. Greville.

* * *

My aunt had said, that, for her part, she should chuse to leave the above affair to it's own workings: yet, could not forbear to acquaint Lucy with it. The dear girl came to me, to demand a sight of your letter, and of what I had written upon it. I could not (though I had some little reluctance to shew her the letter) deny her. I will give you, Madam, the substance of a short dialogue that passed between us on the occasion; and leave it to you to draw such conclusions from it, as you shall judge proper, with regard to my Lucy's inclinations.

She did not know what I meant, she said, by writing to you, that she had always spoken of Mr. Greville with more favour than any body else.

'It is ungenerous, Lucy, if you are angry at what you would oblige me to shew you against my will.'

'I am *not* angry. But—' She stopt, and would not explain her half-sullen BUT. 'O Lucy,' thought I, 'you are a woman, my dear!'

'As to what you write,' said she, 'of his desire of being related to *you*; who would not?—If that be not his *principal* motive—' 'Very well, Lucy,' thought I.

'I know,' said she, 'that my grand-mamma Selby has often wished Mr. Greville would make his addresses to her grand-daughter!—' 'So! so! so! Lucy,' thought I.

'His libertinism, indeed, is an objection—But I have not heard *lately* of any enormities—'

'Go on, Lucy,' thought I: 'hitherto appears not any reason for Mr. Greville to despair.'

'He may have seen his folly.'

'No doubt but he has!' thought I. 'He *saw* it all the time he was committing it: but, perhaps, he is the more determined bad man for that. 'Is not purity of heart,' thought I, 'as well as of manners, an eligible thing?'

'If a woman is not to marry till she meet with a strictly virtuous man—'

'You have too often pleaded that argument,

'argument, Lucy, to me—I am sorry—' I stopt; willing to hear her quite out; for she held before her what I had written.

'How came he, you ask,' said she, 'by his new lights? I have nothing to do with how he came by them. I should rather indeed he had them from *proper* convictions—but if he has them, that's enough.'

'Is it, my dear, let him have been what he will?'

'I am for judging charitably—' 'Charming!' thought I—'judging charitably! So I have lost a virtue, and you, Lucy, have found it.'

'Mr. Greville is nothing to me; nor ever will be.'

'Not quite so sure of that,' thought I to myself.

'You say, Harriet, you have no notion of a good young woman trusting her *principles* to the arbitrary will of a man who has been a free liver—Must the man be arbitrary?—Were a husband a free liver, must a wife's own principles be endangered?'

'These questions from my Lucy!' thought I.

'A scoffer, you say, Harriet!—The man's a fool for that!—But what a poor soul must she be that could not silence a scoffer!'

'Silence a scoffer! Ah, Lucy!' said I; 'and would you marry a man with a hope to be able to silence him? Mr. Greville is a conceited man: my Lucy has six times his sense; but he will not be convinced of that. You will have the less influence upon him, if he is jealous of the superiority of your understanding. Mr. Greville is obstinate as well as conceited. Few men, I believe, will own conviction from a wife's argument.'

'To be sure the man is not a Sir Charles Grandison. Who is?—Let him, as my aunt Selby says, apply to me; I shall give him his answer.'

'You would wish he should, Lucy?'

'I don't say so.'

'I fancy, Lucy, you would not be very *cruel* if he did.'

'You *fancy* I would not—But I can, as you always did, treat the man who professes to love me, with civility; yet not throw myself into his arms at the first word.'

'First word, Lucy, no! the second, or third, or fourth, is time enough;

so the man is not mean-time rendered quite hopeless.'

'Very well, Lady Grandison: but let me go on with what you have written—"Good-natured man!"—I do think he is not an *ill-natured* man.'

'So much the better for himself, and his future wife, Lucy.'

'That will not be I, Lady Grandison.'

'Perhaps not, my Lucy.'

—"Humour!" I do think he is a humorous good-natured man. A little too vehement perhaps in his mirth; a little too frolick: but who is faultless?'

'Proceed, my Lucy.'

—"Generous!" Not a generous man!—"Qualities that look like generous ones!"—You are a nice distinguisher, Harriet; you always were—But here you tell your grand-mamma, that you had rather I should have Mr. Fowler than Mr. Greville.'

'Well, my dear, and what say you to that?'

'Why, I say, I think you are not so nice for me in this case, as you are in others.'

'How so?'

'How so! Why is there not a difference between the actual proposals made by Mr. Greville to Mrs. Shirley; and Sir Rowland's undertaking to try to *prevail* upon Mr. Fowler to make his addresses to me?'

'Granted, my dear—I have not a word more to say in behalf of Mr. Fowler. Mr. Greville, Lucy—'

'Is a man I never will have.'

'No rash resolutions, my dear. And yet I believe a woman has seen the same man in a very different light, when he has offered himself to her acceptance, from what she did before.'

'I believe so—But I had a mind to sound you, Harriet; and to come at your opinion.'

'You are entitled to it, Lucy, without attempting to sound me for it.'

'True. But we women sometimes chuse to come at a point by the *round-about*, rather than by the *fore-rights*.'

'That is, Lucy, either when we think the *fore-right* way would not answer our wishes; or when we are not willing to open our hearts.'

‘ Your servant, my dear : but the cap fits not. Whenever I speak to you, my heart is upon my lips.’

‘ Let me try then, in this first doubtful instance that I ever had from you of it’s being so—Do you think of encouraging Mr. Grenville’s proposal?’

‘ It is not a proposal, till it comes in a direct way to myself.’

‘ Very well, my dear—I say no more till it does.’

* * *

SIR Charles has just now heard that Mr. Lowther is arrived in London. He longs (so I am sure do I) to know how affairs are situated in Italy. O for good news from thence! Then will my happiness in this life be perfected!

LETTER XIV.

LADY GRANDISON. IN CONTINUATION.

GRANDISON-HALL, THURSDAY,
JAN. 25.

MR. Lowther arrived here last night. Sir Charles gave him a most welcome reception. He presented him to all our guests, with expressions of the warmest friendship; and then retired with him to his study. He soon led him back to company, and seating him, drew a chair between my aunt and me.—‘ You must have curiosity,’ my dear,’ said he.—‘ Behold the sister-excellence of Lady Clementina, Mr. Lowther! Not a person of her family is more concerned for the happiness of that lady, than this dearest and most generous of women.—Every one of my friends present,’ looking around him, ‘ is an admirer of her—’ We cannot, my dear,’ applying to me, ‘ know for certainty, the destiny of that excellent lady from Mr. Lowther. He passed a week at Lyons, a fortnight at Paris, on his return to England. But my Jeronymo is in a fine way, thank God, and resolves to visit us in the spring.’

‘ I hope, Sir,’ said my aunt, to Mr. Lowther, ‘ you left Lady Clementina well and happy in her mind?’

‘ She was at Florence,’ answered he, ‘ when I left Italy. She has been pretty much indisposed there. The general,

‘ the bishop, and Father Marefcotti, had been with her. She was expected at Bologna very soon. By this time, I have no doubt, she is Countess of Belvedere.’

‘ By her own consent, I hope then, Mr. Lowther?’ said I eagerly.

‘ He shook his head—‘ As to that,’ said he, ‘ she has the most indulgent of parents—’

‘ They cannot be so, Mr. Lowther, if they would compel her to marry any man to whom she has an indifference.’

‘ They will not *compel* her, Madam.’

‘ Persuasion, Sir, in the circumstances of this excellent lady is in, is compulsion.’

‘ I think it may be justly called so,’ said Sir Charles.—‘ Mr. Lowther, they should not have been so precipitating.’

‘ So you have always told them, Sir Charles. Signor Jeronymo is entirely of your opinion: yet is earnest in the Count of Belvedere’s favour. The count adores her.’

‘ Adores her,’ Sir!’ said I. ‘ Adores himself! for so it should be said (pardon me, Sir!) of a man who prefers not the happiness of the object beloved, to his own.’—I felt my face glow.

‘ Generous warmth!’ said Sir Charles, laying his hand on mine.

‘ For my part,’ replied Mr. Lowther, ‘ I am only afraid of the return of her malady. If it do not return, and she can be prevailed on, her piety will reconcile her to her duty.’

‘ A duty, Mr. Lowther,’ interrupted I—‘ So imposed!—A duty!’

I knew not what I said. I thought at that instant, I did not like Mr. Lowther.

My uncle, aunt, and the rest of us, thought Sir Charles and Mr. Lowther would be glad to be left alone; and retired early.

My aunt, my Lucy, and I, had a good deal of discourse upon this interesting subject; Emily present.

We all foresaw, that the situation of this admirable lady would overcloud a little (we hoped *but* a little) the happiest days that ever mortals knew. ‘ The sincere value,’ said my aunt, ‘ that you have for so deserving a woman, and your native generosity,

‘ will

'will be your security for happiness, my dear; and will fix on a durable base your mutual love: but this lady's trials will, however, be trials to you. God give her peace of mind! it is all we can hope for in *her* favour: to *you*, the continuance of your present happiness; greater cannot fall to the lot of mortal.'

She left me. I retired to my pen.

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THUS far have I written. 'Tis late. Sir Charles is coming up—And I am here at my pen. I will compliment him with a place in my closet, while I retire.—Good night, my dearest grandmamma. Pray for your Harriet, and pray for Clementina.

FRIDAY MORNING.

SIR Charles would have withdrawn to his study, when he found me at my pen. I besought him to sit down in my closet.

'Remove your papers then, my dear.'

'No need, Sir. *These*,' (putting what I had been just writing, and those I had written the day before on one side of my desk) 'I would not, Sir, except you have a curiosity, wish you to see at present: *these*, Sir, you may, if you please, amuse yourself with.'

'I will take down one of your books, my love. I will not look into any of your written papers.'

'Dear, generous Sir, look into them all—Look into both parcels. Something about Lucy; something of what Mr. Lowther has talked of in that parcel—Read any of the written papers before you.'

'A generous mind, my love, will not take all that is offered by a generous mind. Hasten, my Harriet: it is late. My mind is a little disturbed: yours, I am afraid, is generally uneasy. In your faithful bosom will I repose all my cares.'

I pressed his hand between both mine, and would have pressed it with my lips: but, kissing my hand, first one, and then the other—'Condescending goodness,' said he. 'God continue to me my Harriet's love, and make Clementina not unhappy, and what can befall me, that will not add thankfulness to thankfulness?'

With what soothing tenderness did he afterwards open his generous heart to his Harriet! He was indeed disturbed: for Mr. Lowther had told him that the general (I don't love him) was quite cruel—At one time he threatened the excellent creature: he called her ungenerous, ungrateful, undutiful!—She fell down at his feet, in a fainting fit: he left her in anger—Staid not to recover or soothe her—Yet returned in about two hours, (his conscience stinging him) and on his knees besought her pardon—Received it—The dear saint forgave the *soldierly* man—Yet he persisted, and turned his threatenings into worse, if possible, than threatenings, into persuasion.

'If I have an enemy,' said the dear creature to her brother, 'who has conceived a mortal antipathy to me, let him insinuate himself into the favour of those most dear to me, and prevail upon them to attack me with all the powers of persuading love, in order to induce me to do the thing, whatever it be, most contrary to my heart: and then will the instigator wreak upon me his whole vengeance, and make me think death itself an eligible refuge.'

Sir Charles sighed at repeating this. I wept. 'How happy,' thought I, more than once, 'are you, best of men, in your own reflections, that a woman so excellent, who cannot be happy with any other man, *herself* refused you, and *persisted* in her refusal; though you sought all ways, and used all arguments to bring her to a change of determination! What otherwise would have been your regret! And how unhappy should I have been in the consciousness of being in her place; and of having dispossessed her of a heart to which she had so much better pretensions!' Now has he no room for remorse, but for friendly pity only, and for wishes to relieve her afflicted heart. Of what a blessing is that man possessed, who when calamity assails him, can acquit himself, his *intentions* at least; and say, 'This I have not brought upon myself; it is an inevitable evil: a dispensation of Providence I will call it, and submit to it as such!'

Methinks, Madam, I could spare this excellent woman some of my happiness

piness. Have I not more than mortal ever knew before?

Sir Charles mentioned to me, that Lady Olivia, in her last letter to him, intimated her desire to come over once more to England: but he hoped what he had written to dissuade her from it, would have weight with her. I told him, I wished that lady the wife of some worthy man, whose gratitude and affection she, by her great fortune, might engage. 'But, Sir,' said I, 'I cannot, cannot wish (be the Count of Belvedere ever so good a man) that Lady Clementina were married.'

'What would my Harriet wish for Lady Clementina, circumstanced as she is?'

'I don't know. But the woman who has loved Sir Charles Grandison with a heart so pure, can never be happy with any other man.'

'You are ever obliging, my love. You judge of Clementina as she deserves to be judged of, as to the purity of her heart. But—' He stopt.

'But what, my dear Sir?—Alas! she says that you have strengthened the hands of her friends: am I forgiven before I go any farther?'

'Not, my Harriet, if you think it necessary to ask such a question. Blame me always, when you think me wrong: I shall doubt your love, if you give me reason to question your freedom.'

'Dear Sir!—But answer me: would you have Clementina, circumstanced as she is, marry?'

'What answer can I return to my Harriet's question; when sometimes I am ready to favour the parents' pleas; at others, the daughter's? I would not have her either compelled, or over-earnestly persuaded. The family plead, that their happiness, her health and peace, depend on her marriage: they cannot bear to think of rewarding Laurana for her cruelty, with an estate that never was designed for her; and to the cutting it off, as it may happen, from their Giacomo and his descendants for ever, in case Clementina assumes the veil. The healths of the father and mother are declining: they wish but to live to see the alliance with the Count of Belvedere take place. The noble lady gave reasons that *could* be answered. She had, by her own

magnanimity, got over a greater difficulty, if I may presume to say so, than they had required her to struggle with: how could I avoid advising her to yield to the supplications of parents, of brothers, of an uncle, who, however mistaken in the means by which they seek to obtain their wishes, love not their own souls better than they love their Clementina?'

'It was, besides, a measure by which only, at the time, I could demonstrate (and the general, I know, consider it as a *test*) that I really gave up all hopes of her myself.—And when I had owned, that there was a woman, with whom I had no doubt of being happy, could I engage her to accept of me, they all besought me, for *their* sakes, for *Clementina's*, to court that acceptance, having hopes, that though she could not set me an example, she would follow mine.

'This, my dearest life, was the occasion, as I told your friends, of accelerating my declaration to you. I could not else, either for the sake of *your* delicacy or my own, *so soon* have made proposals, not even to Mrs. Shirley; for, situated as I was, I could not think of applying to you till I had strengthened myself, as I hoped to do, by her interest. Your generous acceptance, signified to me by that good lady, has for ever obliged me. I regarded it, my Harriet, circumstanced as I have been, and shall *ever* regard it, as a *condescension*, which, as I told that lady, *at the time*, laid me under an obligation that I never, by my utmost gratitude, shall be able to repay.'

'O Sir, well have you shewn that you meant what you said. How poor a return is my love for so much goodness, and kind consideration!'

He clasped me to the faithfullest of human hearts.

'But, dear Sir, I find, on the whole, that you think Lady Clementina has not so much reason on *her* side, as her parents have on *theirs*.'

'My tenderness for her, my dear, because of her unhappy malady, and my apprehension of a return of it, together with my admiration of her noble qualities, prejudiced me strongly in her favour. It *could* be convinced

‘ convinced by their motives, I should
 ‘ be ready to own my convictions in
 ‘ favour of these. But if *she* cannot,
 ‘ neither can I; so partial am I in the
 ‘ cause of a lady I so sincerely admire,
 ‘ and who has been so much afflicted.
 ‘ But what, in the situation they and
 ‘ she were in, remained for me to do,
 ‘ but to advise the family to proceed
 ‘ with tenderness and patience; that
 ‘ their Clementina might have time to
 ‘ weigh, to consider, their reasons,
 ‘ their indulgence? You, my dear,
 ‘ shall see, in the copies of the letters
 ‘ I have written since I have been in
 ‘ England, my remonstrances to them
 ‘ in their precipitating her. But they
 ‘ were in a train: they presumed on
 ‘ the characteristick duty of their Cle-
 ‘ mentina; they flattered themselves,
 ‘ that sometimes she seemed to relent;
 ‘ they conceived hopes from the ex-
 ‘ pressions of compassion for the Count
 ‘ of Belvedere, which sometimes she
 ‘ let fall. The general, who, though
 ‘ a generous man, can do nothing mo-
 ‘ derately, would not be satisfied with
 ‘ cold measures, as he called them;
 ‘ and, not doubting his sister’s acqui-
 ‘ escence with her duty, if once she
 ‘ could be prevailed upon to think her
 ‘ compliance such, they were resolved
 ‘ to pursue the train they were in: but
 ‘ in order to avoid their importunities,
 ‘ how has the dear Clementina shifted
 ‘ the scene from Bologna to Florence,
 ‘ from Florence to Bologna, and once,
 ‘ for that purpose, wanted to go to
 ‘ Urbino, once to Naples, and even,
 ‘ as you have seen, to come to Eng-
 ‘ land!—But now, by this time, most
 ‘ probably they have succeeded. God
 ‘ give happiness to the dear Clemen-
 ‘ tina!’

Most cordially did I join in the
 prayer.

The next letters from Italy must ac-
 quaint us with the unwished-for suc-
 cess of the family; and the poor lady’s
 thralldom: can, my dear grandmam-
 ma, the Count of Belvedere really be
 a good, a generous man, to solicit the
 favour of a *band*, that he knows will
 not be accompanied by a *heart*? Can
 the man be said to know what true love
 is, who prefers not the happiness of
 the beloved object to his own; who
 thinks he can be happy, though the
 person he professes to love, shall be
 unhappy?

Thank God, this dreadful lot has
 not been drawn by *your*

HARRIET GRANDISON.

I am glad, my dear Lady G. that
 you are returned to Grosvenor
 Square. Be easy, be patient, my
 Charlotte. We shall have, I
 hope, many happy days together
 at Grandison Hall, at Grosvenor
 Square; at every place where we
 shall be. You are a dear fretful
 creature!—But not half so petu-
 lant, I hope, in behaviour, as on
 paper to me. Let us think of
 nothing grievous, my Charlotte;
 but of the unhappy situation of
 poor Lady Clementina: and let
 us join to pray for her happiness.

LETTER XV.

LADY GRANDISON. IN CONTI-
 NUATION.

SATURDAY MORNING, FEB. 3.

EMILY and I have had another
 conversation. She had been more
 grave and solemn than usual from the
 time of the last, of which I gave you
 an account.

Her Anne had taken notice to Sally
 of a change in the temper of her young
 mistress. She knew not how to please
 her, she said. From the best-natured
 young lady in the world, she was
 grown one of the most peevish: and
 she had taken the liberty to tell her,
 that she must quit her service, if she
 found her so hard to be pleased.

‘ Do then,’ was her answer; ‘ I
 ‘ won’t be threatened by you, Anne.
 ‘ You seem to have found out your con-
 ‘ sequence with me. Go, Anne, as
 ‘ soon as you will. I won’t be threat-
 ‘ ened, Anne. I have enough to vex
 ‘ me, without being disturbed by you.’

The honest maid who dearly loves
 her, and has been with her ever since
 she was seven years old, and was much
 approved, for her fidelity and good
 behaviour, by her father, burst out
 into tears, and would, in a mild and
 humble manner, have expostulated with
 her. ‘ Let me beseech you, Madam,’
 said she, ‘ to permit me a word or two
 ‘ by way of dutiful expostulation.’
 But she hurried from her—‘ I won’t
 ‘ hear

'hear you, Anne. You have begun at the wrong end. You should have expostulated, and not threatened, first.' And then going up to her closet, she locked herself in.

I pitied the dear girl. Too well I thought I could account for this change of temper in her: so exceeding good her guardian to her, her gratitude augmented her love, [Don't I know how that might easily be?] 'Yet,' thought I, 'it would half break her heart, if he were to assume reserve.'—I would not, for her sake, have him imagine there was a necessity for a change of his behaviour to her. And indeed if he were to be more reserved, what would that do? So good a man; so uniform his goodness; the poor Emily must acquit him, and condemn herself; yet have no cure for her malady.

Sally offered Anne to acquaint me with what had passed: but the good young woman begged she would not. Her young lady was so tenacious, she said, (young lady like) of her authority, that she would never forgive her, if she were known to make an appeal to me, or to my aunt. And to complain without a probability of redress, the prudent creature observed, except to her, as one lady's woman to another, would expose her beloved young mistress; when, perhaps, the present grievance might be cured by time, assiduity, and patience.

This was necessary to premise.

Sir Charles, my uncle, and Mr. Deane, having rode out pretty early this morning to breakfast, at Sir William Turner's; and my aunt and Lucy retiring after breakfast to write; and I to my closet for the same purpose; Emily came and tapp'd at my door: I instantly opened it.

'I intrude, Madam.'—'No, my dear.'

I had observed at supper last night, and at breakfast this morning, that she had been in tears, though nobody else did; for the hints privately given me by Sally, made me more observant of her motions.

I took her hand, and would have placed her by me—'No, Madam,' said she, 'let me stand: I am not worthy of sitting down in your presence.'

Her eyes were brimful of tears; but as she twinkled in hopes to disperse

them, I would not take such full notice of them, as might make them run over, if they could be dispersed: yet mine, I believe, sympathized.

'In my presence, my Emily! my friend! Why this?'

I stood up. 'Your eldest sister, my love, sits not, while her younger stands.'

She threw her arms about me, and her tears ran over. 'This goodness kills me!—I am, I am, a most unhappy creature!—Unhappy from the grant of my own wishes!—O that you would treat me severely! I cannot support myself under the hourly instances which I receive of your goodness.'

'Whence, my dearest Emily, these acknowledgments? I do love my Emily: and should be either ungrateful or insensible to the merits of my beloved sister, did I not do all in my power to make her happy. What can I do for her that is not her due?'

She struggled herself out of my embracing arms, withdrawing hers—'Let me, let me go, Madam!—She hurried into the adjoining apartment. I followed her; and taking her hand, 'Leave me not in this perplexity, my Emily! I cannot part with you: if you love your Harriet, as she loves her Emily, you will put me in the way of alleviating this anguish of the most innocent, and most amiable of minds. Open your heart to me, my dear.'

'O, Lady Grandison! the deserving wife of the best of men, you ought to hate me!'

'My dearest Emily!' said I.

'Indeed you ought.'

'Let us sit down on this sofa, if you will not return to my closet.'

I sat down. She sat by me, leaning her glowing face on my shoulder. I put one arm round her neck; with the other hand I grasped one of her's.—'Now, my dear, I conjure you, by the friendship that is between us, the more than sisterly friendship, open your whole heart to me; and renounce me, if it be in my power to heal the wounds of your mind, and I do not pour into them the balm of friendly love.'

'What can I say?—Yesterday, my dearest Lady Grandison, I received an answer to a case I put to Dr. Bartlett, of

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‘ deed a token of your love, of your confidence in me. What a compliment does my dearest younger sister make me?’

‘ Yet now and then, something like envy, I thought, arose in my heart: and can your countenance forbear to change, when I tell you of envy?’

‘ If it did, it would be from compassionate love to my Emily. You don’t know, my dear, how my heart dilates on this your most agreeable confidence in me.’

‘ God bless that dear heart—There never was such a heart as yours.

‘ Well, but I will go on, if you please.’

‘ Do, my dear.’

“ Here,” thought I, once (that I was resolved to call myself to account) “ did I ask the favour of being allowed to live with my guardian and his lady, when they were married: and what did I mean by it?” Nothing but innocence, believe me. “ Well, and my request is granted!” This was all that I thought was wanting to make me happy: “ But,” said I to myself, “ Am I happy? No. Do I love my guardian less? No. Do I love Lady Grandison more for granting me this favour? I *admire* her more, I think; and I have a grateful sense of her goodness to me: but, I don’t know how it is—I think, though I dearly love her, yet I would be sometimes glad I did not, quite so well. Ungrateful Emily!” and severely I took myself to task. Surely, pity, Madam, is near akin to love; for while your suspenses lasted, I thought I loved you better than I loved my own heart: but when you were happy, and there was no room for pity, wicked wretch that I was! I wanted, methought, sometimes to lower you—Don’t you hate me now?”

“ No, no, my Emily; my pity, as you say, increases my love of you. Proceed, sweet child; your mind is the unsullied book of nature: turn to another leaf. Depend upon my kindest allowances. I knew, before you knew it yourself, that you loved your guardian.”

‘ Before I knew it myself! Why, that might be. So I went on reasoning with myself—“ What, Emily, canst thou love thy guardian more; and Lady Grandison, with

“ all her goodness to thee, *not* more, —And canst thou mingle envy with admiration of her?—Ah, silly, and worse than silly, girl, where may this end?—Lord bless me! If I suffer myself to go on thus, shall I not be the most ungrateful of creatures? Shall I not, instead of my guardian’s love, incur his hatred? Will not all the world despise me? And where may this stop?”—Yet I went on excusing myself; for I knew I had no vile meaning; I knew I only wanted my guardian to love me, and to be allowed to love him. “ But what!” thought I, at last, “ *can* I allow myself in loving a married man, the husband of my friend?” and sometimes I trembled at the thought; for I looked back; and said to myself, “ Wouldst thou, Emily, a year ago, have allowed in thyself but the same lengths that thou hast now run?”—“ No:” answered I my own question. “ Is not this a fair warning of what may be a year hence?”—So I put a case to Dr. Bartlett, as of three persons of my Anne’s acquaintance, two young women, one young man, living in one house: the young man contracted to one of the young women; the other knowing it; and though a person incapable of a criminal thought, yet finding an increasing regard for the young man, though she dearly loved her friend, began to be afraid her heart was not quite as it should be: what, I asked, as from my Anne’s friend, would he advise in the case?”

‘ And what, my dear, was the doctor’s advice?’

‘ I was a silly creature to put it to him. As I said, he certainly must guess. If you, Madam, *could*, without such a case put, he certainly must. We young girls think, if we put our hands before our eyes nobody can see us. In short, the doctor pronounced the increasing regard to be a beginning love. The consequence would be, that the young woman would in time endeavour to supplant her friend; though at present she might probably shudder at the thought. He bid me tell Anne to warn her acquaintance against the growing flame. He said, she might entangle her own heart, and, without gaining her end, render unhappy a couple, who, according

‘ cording to my representation from my Anne, deserved to be happy: and he advised, by all means, that she should leave the contracted couple to themselves, and for her own honour’s, her own heart’s sake, remove to as great distance from them as possible.

‘ Believe me, Madam, I was shocked, I was frightened at myself: I threw my papers in the fire; and have been, ever since I read them, more unhappy than usual. “My dear Lady Grandison,” thought I, “I will, if you give me encouragement, open my heart to you. You will hear of my folly, my weakness, one day or other.”—And now, dear good Madam, forgive me: keep my secret; and advise me what to do.’

‘ What, my dearest creature, *can* I advise you? I love you. I ever will love you. I will be as careful of your honour as of my own. I will endeavour to cultivate your guardian’s affection to you.’

‘ He never, Madam, I hope, guessed at the poor Emily’s folly.’

‘ He never mentioned you to me, but with love and tenderness.’

‘ Thank God!—But say, advise me, Madam; my heart shall be in your hand; guide it, as you please.’

‘ What, my dear, did you think of doing yourself?’

‘ I must not think of living with you now, Madam.’

‘ Why not? you shall find me ever your true friend.’

‘ But I am sure Dr. Bartlett’s advice to Anne’s acquaintance is right. I tell you, Madam, that I must every day, and every hour of the day, that I see his tender behaviour to you; that I behold him employed in acts of beneficence; that I see every one adoring him; admire him more. I see that I am less my own mistress than I thought it was possible I could be: and if such a girl as I have so little command of myself, and his merit every hour spreading itself out before me with increasing lustre, my weak eyes will not be able to bear his glory—O Madam, I ought to fly; I am resolved, whatever it cost me, to fly.’

How I admired, how I pitied, how I loved, the dear creature! I clasped both my arms about her; and, pressing her

to my bosom—‘ What can I say, my Emily? What *can* I say? Tell me, what would you wish me to say?’

‘ You are wise, Madam; you have a tender and generous heart: O that I were half as good!—Advise me something—I see the folly of my wishing to live with you and my guardian.’

‘ And is it necessary, my dear, to a conquest of yourself, that we should not live together?’

‘ Absolutely so: I am convinced of it.’

‘ Suppose, my dear, you go to the London house, and put yourself under Mrs. Grandison’s protection?’

‘ What, Madam, my guardian’s house still?’

‘ I hope a few weeks absence, by the help of a discretion of which you have, in the present conversation, given shining proofs, will answer all we wish; since you never, my dear, could have thought but of admiring, and that at distance, the great qualities of your guardian.’

‘ I have, ’tis true, but just found myself out: I never could have hoped of being looked upon in any other light, than as his daughter; and I hope, I have made the discovery in time. But I must not be with him in his own house: I must not be in the way of his constant conversation.’

‘ Admirable discretion! Amiable innocence!—Well then, suppose you request Lady L. Lady G.—’

‘ Ah, no, no! That would not do, neither. My guardian would be the continual subject of our conversation; and often, very often, his brotherly goodness would lead him to them; them to him.’

‘ Charming fortitude! Heroick Emily! How I admire you! I see you have thought attentively of this matter. What *are* your thoughts?’

‘ Can’t you guess?’

‘ I know what I wish—But you must speak first.’

‘ Don’t you remember what the blessed Mrs. Shirley (I must call her blessed!) said to me on your wedding-day, in the vestry?’

‘ I do, my dearest Emily! And are you inclined—’

‘ Shall I be received, Madam, as a second Harriet in your family? It would be my ambition to tread in

' your steps at Selby House and Shirley Manor; to hear *from* you; to write *to* you: to form myself by the model, by which *you* were formed; to be called by Mrs. Shirley, by Mrs. Selby, *their* Emily.'

' How you would rejoice them all, my Emily! and, if we must part, *me*, to have my Emily be to my dearest friends what their Harriet so happily was!'

' But, Madam, will you undertake to procure my guardian's consent? I will endeavour it.'

' Endeavour it! Then it is done. He will deny you nothing. Will good Mrs. Shirley consent?'

' I have no doubt but she will, if your guardian do.'

' Will Mrs. Selby, will Mr. Selby, be *my* uncle and aunt?'

' We will consult them: they are happily with us, you know.'

' But, Madam, there is one objection; a very great one.'

' What is that, my love?'

' Your cousin James Selby! I should respect him as your cousin, and as the brother of the two Miss Selby's: but that is all.'

' I never, my dear, approved of any motion of that kind. Not one of my friends think of it: they wish it not. He has met with discouragement from every one of my family, and his own: he submits to the discouragement.'

' Then, Madam, if you please to break the matter to Mr. and Mrs. Selby, and to Mrs. Shirley, without letting them know the poor girl flies to them as for refuge against herself; and satisfy Lady L. Lady G. and Mrs. Eleanor Grandison, that I mean nothing of slight to them; then will I attend Mr. and Mrs. Selby in their return home, and I shall be in a while a very happy girl, I doubt not. But still remember, Madam, I must love my guardian: but it shall be with a love that shall not exclude Lady Grandison from a large share of it; the *largest*, if I can. And now, clasping her arms about my neck, let me beg your pardon for all the strange things I have said. My heart will be the easier for having found a confident; such a confident, however, as no girl ever found before—But in this instance of good-

' ness, you more than equal Lady Clementina herself: and a thousand, thousand thanks for your patience with me on such a subject!—Yet say, my dear Lady Grandison, you don't hate the poor girl, who has the vanity to emulate you and Lady Clementina!'

I wept over her from joy, pity, tenderness.

Will you not, my dear grandmamma, love my Emily more than ever? Will you call her *your* Emily, and think of her, as your Harriet?

Lady L. Lady G. will you excuse the preference she has given to quiet Northamptonshire, against noisy London, and its gay scenes, at so young a time of life? *Excuse* it! I am sure you will think that the reason she has given for the preference, lifts her up above woman.

MONDAY, FEB. 5.

I HAVE already obtained my uncle's and aunt's, and Lucy's high approbation of Emily's proposal. They, at her request, asked Sir Charles's consent as a favour. He desired to see her upon it. She came in, bathful, her steps unassured, looking down. He took her hand: 'My good Emily,' said he, 'I am told that you have a desire to restore to Mrs. Shirley, Mrs. Selby, and Mr. Selby, the granddaughter and niece I have robbed them of. They rejoice in your proposal. You will be exceedingly happy in their protection. My Harriet will be loth to part with you; but for their sakes, as well as yours, she will cheerfully acquiesce: and, though we wanted it not, we shall have an additional pleasure in visiting Northamptonshire.—Is it your deliberate choice, my dear?'

' It is, Sir: and I hope I may be allowed to accompany Mrs. Selby down.'

' Settle the matter, ladies, among yourselves.—I have but one thing to add on the subject. You have a mother, my dear. We must not absolutely resolve till we have her consent. She is good now; you must make a compliment to my sisters, and their lords also, and to my aunt Grandison; they love my ward: and the mother preserve every worthy person's love.'

The dear girl curried; wept—
' You are all—all goodness, Sir.'

' If

'If your mind should change, my dear, don't be afraid to signify the alteration. It will be the business of us all to make each other happy. You will be always dear to my Harriet. Recollect, mean time, if there be any thing farther in my power to oblige you.'

'O Sir! You must not,' (she ran to me, and in my bosom, weeping, whispered out her sentence) 'be too good to me!'

I pressed the dear girl's forehead with my lips—'Heroick Emily!' whispered I, to confirm her in her heroism.

And thus, already, my dearest grandmamma, is this material article settled. My aunt answers for your approbation; and Lucy for the pleasure that this acquisition, as I may call it, will give to Nancy, and all our other kindred and acquaintance. But how, when the time comes, shall I part with her?

What, I wonder, will Sir Edward Beauchamp say to this?—He must get his dear friend's leave to visit with us Shirley Manor and Selby House, which I hope we shall do twice a year at least.

My uncle and aunt, Lucy and Mr. Deane, are exceedingly rejoiced on this occasion: how fond are they of Emily! She of them! This gives them a relation to each other, that I hope will produce a friendship which will last for ever.

My aunt and Lucy have been asking my opinion whether Sir Charles did not discover something of the good girl's growing affection for him; so undisguisably sincere as she always was, and for some time not suspecting herself; he so penetrating a man? 'Of this,' said Lucy, 'I am sure, he would have seen it with half an eye, had any other man been as much the object of her regard.'

'If any thing would induce me,' said I, 'to think he did, it would be his ready acquiescence with her proposal, and his being so little inquisitive after her motives for leaving us. The case,' continued I, 'is of so nice a nature, that he never will say, even to me, what his thoughts are upon it, if such thoughts he has. And as to myself, it would be dealing with Emily less delicately than I was dealt with by the two noble sisters, should I presume to sound him on so nice a subject.'

And indeed there never could be a man in the world that had a greater regard than he has to those real delicacies of our sex, which border not upon what is called *prudery*.

Mr. Lowther is gone to London: he has given in to Sir Charles's wishes to settle in this neighbourhood. He said he liked the country; he had no particular attachment to any place; and made a fine compliment to Sir Charles on the occasion. I need not say, it was a just one.

My uncle, my aunt, write. Lucy has another long letter almost ready. I have only farther to say, therefore, at this time, that I am, and ever will be, *your most dutiful*

HARRIET GRANDISON.

Sir Charles intends to write to you, Madam, on Emily's proposal.—My uncle and aunt begin to be weary of us, as Sir Charles and I tell them: but they call us both unreasonable. God give us good news from Italy!

LETTER XVI.

LADY GRANDISON, TO LADIES
L. AND G.

GRANDISON HALL, TUESD. FEB. 13.

I Write to my dearest sisters now. Nor will I ask you to send my letters to my grandmamma for the present. Lucy shall be left to entertain my Northamptonshire friends.

The inclosed translation of a letter written by Signor Jeronymo, will give you the surprizing news—Surprizing, indeed—Poor, poor lady!

I must tell you in my next, how we were all affected on the receiving it: no more at present can I add, but that I am, my dear ladies, *your ever affectionate sister*,

HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER XVII.

SIGNOR JERONYMO DELLA PORRETTA, TO SIR CHARLES GRANDISON.

MY GRANDISON,

YOU will be surprized—astonished—The dear Clementina! How has she tarnished all her glory! A young creature

creature of her nice honour!—Good God!—And must I, her brother, your Jeronymo, expose his sister?

We gave into almost every wish of her heart. The dear *scripturist* had requested a month's time to travel from place to place on the other side of the Apennines, partly in imitation of the daughter of the famous Israelitish general*; and partly on pretence of establishing her health; implying, that she considered the meditated marriage as a sacrifice: and we had hopes, at the end of it, that she would be brought to give her hand, not uncheerfully, to the Count of Belvedere, for whom she owned pity and gratitude.

We had consented to several trifling delays of her return to us before. Yet besought her to excuse us from allowing her to visit Rome and Naples; and she acquiesced with the reasons we gave her. She desired leave to take into her service, as a page, an English youth, the nephew of a gentleman of the English factory at Leghorn, who was well recommended by his uncle, on the enquiry Mrs. Beaumont, at our desire, made into his character. We, supposing her motive to be merely an innocent and grateful regard to the country of a man whom we could allow her to respect, consented. She accordingly took him; and he attended her in her excursions to Pistola, Prato, Pratolina, Pisa, Sienna, &c. to some of which places she was accompanied by Mrs. Beaumont, and the ladies her friends. But being desirous to see the sea-coast from Piombino to Lucca, according to a plan she shewed; and talking of stretching to Genoa, when at Lucca; which was to conclude her excursions, and compleat her month; she was left by those ladies to be attended by her own servants: these, all but her page and Laura, she contrived (the high-soul'd Clementina stoop'd to art!) to send different ways, ordering them to meet her at Lucca; but, instead of going thither, took a short way to Leghorn; and there embarked on board an English ship ready cleared out, and bound for the port of London; and it had sailed three days, before it was known what was become of her. But then the contents of the following letter, directed to Mrs. Beaumont, alto-

nished that lady, and her friends; as you will believe it did us, when it was transmitt'd to us in a letter written us by Mrs. Beaumont, acquainting us with the particulars of her excursions and flight; and the certainty, upon proper enquiries at Leghorn, that she was gone to England.

‘FORGIVE me, my dearest ladies!—my dearest Mrs. Beaumont, particularly, forgive me; I am embarked in an enterprize, that will be enough my punishment. Pity me; therefore, as well as pardon me! The impending evil is always the most terrible. My heart is extremely averse to a married life. A fortnight of the month is expired, at the end of which I am expected to give my vows to a man not unworthy of them, could I think it in my power to make him happy, and could I be so myself in the prospects before me: but how can that be? Persuasion, cruel persuasion! A kneeling father! a sighing mother! generous, but entreating brothers! how can I resist you, if I go to dear, once *most* dear Bologna?—All you, my friends, at Bologna, at Urbino, *every-where*, forgive me! What have I not suffered before I came to the resolution that must be pursued, though repentance, when I have attained the proposed asylum, follow!—My good Lord of B. forgive me also. Change your attachment. You deserve a better wife, than conscience, than honour, than justice, (words that mean the same thing) tell me, can be made you, by the unhappy Clementina. She dare not add—della Porretta.—Ah, my mother!’

This letter was left with a person at Leghorn, with orders not to send it till the vessel had sailed three days. We are all distracted; but most my mother.

For the sake of *her* peace of mind, we are come to a resolution to anticipate our summer's visit to you; and, unpropitious as the season is for such a journey, we shall set out next week accordingly. God give my mother strength to bear the fatigue! Courage she has, on *this* occasion, who never before could be brought to go by sea any where: no,

not to Naples, to visit her Giacomo and his lady, though in a more propitious season.

It was a long-laid scheme, we imagine; for she had dismissed her faithful Camilla, on her urging her to a change of condition. I am afraid the good woman was too sedulous in obeying the orders given her by my brother, to make use of every opportunity to inspire her with tender sentiments, in favour of the Count of Belvedere. Laura has for some time been her only favourite servant.

This youth, by name Antony Dagley, no doubt, has managed this affair for her.

Mrs. Beaumont now recollects several circumstances, which, could she have suspected Clementina to be capable of such an enterprize, might have given her suspicion.

The vessel she is in, is called *The Scandercon*; Alexander Henderson, master.

How can the dear creature, on her arrival in England, look you, your lady, your sisters, in the face? What may she suffer, in such a voyage, at such a season? To what insults may she be exposed! So little as she knows of the English tongue! Laura not a syllable of it! Depending on the fidelity of a stranger boy! So few changes of apparel as she had the opportunity to take with her!—Whether provided with any considerable sums of money, we know not. England, in her opinion, a nation of hereticks!—Good Heaven! could Clementina della Porretta be guilty of such a rashness!

But what an averfeness must she have to marriage! We have certainly been too precipitating. You cautioned us: yet, I dare say, could not have believed, that our Clementina could have taken such a step. But, alas! we conclude that it is owing more to the effects of her late unhappy malady, than to any other cause. When once the mind is disordered, there is danger, it seems, of it's shewing itself, on extraordinary occasions, even after the cure is supposed to be perfected, capable of extravagance. Again, I say, we have been too hasty.—Our brother Giacomo!—But he is the most disinterested of men. He would not otherwise be so urgent as he is for her marriage.

Dear, dear, creature! how my heart bleeds for the distresses she may be thrown into!—But they cannot be equal to those which her mother feels for her. Clementina knows how much the lives of her father and mother are bound up in hers. But I repeat, she must be under the influences of her former malady, or never could she have done an act, that she must know would wound our very souls.

From the lights I have held out, we hope you will be able to find her before she can have suffered more than the hardships of the voyage; before she can have wanted money, or other conveniences. If you do, your sisters will give the rash one countenance and protection till we can arrive.

Our company will be, my father, mother, the bishop, the Count of Belvedere, your Jeronymo, Father Marefcott, and our two cousins Sebastiano and Juliano. Mrs. Beaumont has the goodness, purely from motives of charity, to accompany my mother. Poor Camilla, almost as inconsolable as my mother, attends her lady.

We must give you the trouble of hiring for us as large a house as you can procure. The circumstances we are in, allow us not to think of any thing more than common convenience, and to be incognito.

Our two cousins above-named may be in lodgings, if room be wanted.

We shall have no more than necessary attendants.

A lesser house, or handsome lodgings, will content the Count of Belvedere.

These cares for us, my dear Grandison, we must throw upon you: yet, if my Lowther be in England, he will be so kind as to ease you of a part of them. You will have concern enough in sharing ours, for the occasion which carries us to you, so much sooner than we intended, and in an inconvenient season; circumstances that will sufficiently demonstrate the distress we are in.

The vessel we have hired, is called *The Lagtern Frigate*. The master's name is Arthur Gunning. If we are favoured in our voyage, the master hopes to be in your river Thames in about three weeks from our embarking.

God give us, my Grandison, a meeting not unhappy! May we find the dear

dear fugitive safe in your protection, or under the wings of one of your noble sisters!

I hope this unhappy affair will produce no uneasiness between your lady and you. If it should, what an additional evil would the dear rash one have to answer for!

The general is too much incensed against the unhappy girl, to think of accompanying us, could he obtain permission of his sovereign.

The least reparation the dear creature can make us, the bishop says, is, cheerfully to give her vows to the good Count of Belvedere, who looks forward to the issue of this affair, as to the crisis of his fate.

I hardly know what I have written; nor how to leave off. It is to *you*, our dear friend, our comfort, our brother, and, let me add, our refuge, next to that Almighty, who, we hope, will guide us in safety to you, and give an issue not greatly derogatory to the glory of our sister, and family. Join, my Grandison, your prayers with ours, to this purpose. Noblest of friends, adieu!

JERONYMO DELLA PORRETTA.

LETTER XVIII.

LADY GRANDISON, TO LADIES
L. AND G.

WEDN. FEB. 14.

LET me now give you the promised particulars.

As we, and our beloved guests, were at dinner on Monday, all harmony, all love; the dear Emily laying out the happy days she hoped to see in Northamptonshire; Sir Charles using generous arguments to prevail on my uncle and aunt to stay a little longer with him; the letter, the affecting letter, was given into Sir Charles's hands: 'From my Jeronymo!' said he, looking at the superscription. Asking leave, he broke it open, and, casting his eye upon the first lines, he started; and howing, he arose from table, and withdrew to his study.

We had not half dined. I urged our friends, but could not furnish them the example; and we wrote by consent, and went into the adjoining drawing-room.

Sir Charles soon joined us there:

his face glowed. He seemed to have struggled for a composure, for our sakes; which, however, he had not obtained.

I looked upon him with eyes, I suppose, that had speech in them, by his taking my hand, and saying, 'Be not surprized, my love: you will soon have guests.'

'From Italy! From Italy, Sir?'—
'Yes, my life.'—'Who? Who, Sir?'

Dr. Bartlett was with us. He besought him to give a translation of that letter. The doctor retired to do it: and Sir Charles said, 'It is not impossible but Clementina may be soon in England; perhaps before the rest of the family. Be not surprized,' (for we all looked upon one another:) 'Dr. Bartlett will give you the contents of the letter.—Oblige me, my dear, with your hand.'

He led me into his study; and there, in the most tender and affectionate manner, acquainted me with what he had just read.

'My dearest Harriet,' said he, his arms encircling my waist, 'will not, cannot doubt the continuance of my tenderest love. I am equally surprized and disturbed at the step taken. God preserve the dear Clementina! Join your prayers with mine for her safety. You can pity the unhappy lady; she is, I am afraid, desolate and unprotected: you can pity her equally unhappy friends. They are following her: they are all good; they mean well. Yet over-persuasion, as you lately observed, in such a case as hers, is a degree of persecution. In the unhappy circumstances she had been in, she *should* have had time given her. Time subdues all things.'

'Let me beseech you, Sir,' said I, 'to give the unhappy lady your *instant* protection. Consider me as a strengthener, not a weakener, of your hands, in her service. I have no concern but for her safety and honour, and for your concern on the affecting occasion. Dear Sir, let me by participation lessen it.'

'Soul of my soul,' said he, clasping me more ardently to his bosom, 'I had no doubt of your generous goodness. It would be doing injustice to the unhappy *absent*, and to the knowledge I have of my *own heart*, as well as to *you*, the absolute mistress





‘ of it, did I think it necessary, to make professions of my unalterable, my inviolable love to you. I will acquaint you with every step I take in this arduous affair. You must advise me as I go along. Minds so delicate as yours and Clementina’s must be allied. I shall be sure of my measures when I have the approbation of my Harriet. All our friends (they have discretion) shall be made acquainted with my proceedings. I will not leave a doubt upon the mind of any one of them, that my Harriet is not, as far as it is in my power to make her, the happiest of women.’

‘ What, Sir, is the date of the letter?’—‘ It has no date, my dear.—Jeronymo’s grief—’ ‘ The lady, Sir,’ said I, ‘ may be arrived. Leave me here at Grandison Hall, with my friends; I will endeavour to engage their stay a little longer than they had designed; and do you hasten up to town: if you can do service to the unhappy lady, destitute as you apprehend she is at present of protection, and exposed to difficulties and dangers, your letters shall be, if possible, more acceptable to me, than even the presence of the man who is as dear to me as my own soul.’

I was raised. It was making me great, my dear ladies, to have it in my power, as I may say, to convince Sir Charles Grandison, that my compassion, my love, my admiration, of the noblest of women, was a sincere admiration and love.

‘ How happy a man am I?’ said he. ‘ You have anticipated me by your goodness. I will hasten up to town. You will engage your friends. The man, whose love is fixed on such a mind as my Harriet’s, all loves, as is the admirable person that thus I again press to my fond bosom, must be as happy as a mortal can be!’

He led me back to the expecting company. They all stood up, as by an involuntary motion, at our entrance; each person looking eager to know our sentiments.

The doctor had not finished the translation; but Sir Charles sent up

for the letter; and read it in English to us all.

What, my dearest ladies; was there of *peculiarity* in my generosity, as your brother was pleased to call it?—My uncle, my aunt, my Lucy, Mr. Deane, all, *before* Sir Charles could well speak, besought him not to suffer their being here to be one moment’s hindrance to his setting out for London.

He generously applauded me to them for what had passed between us in his study, and told them, he would set out early in the morning, if they would promise to keep me company here.

They said, they would stay as long as their convenience would permit; and the longer, that he might be easier on such a generous call to town.

‘ One thing, dear Sir,’ said I, ‘ let me beg: let not the sweet fugitive be *compelled*, if you can help it, to marry. Let not advantage be taken, as they seem, by a hint in this letter, inclined to take it, of this seeming rash step, to make her compliance the condition of their forgiveness and reconciliation.’

He called me his generous, his noble Harriet: repeated, that he would be governed by my advice, and that then he should be sure of his footing.

Your brother set out early this morning for London: join your prayers, my dear ladies, with his and mine, and with those of all our friends here, for a happy issue to the present afflictions of the dear Clementina. How I long, yet half-fear, to see her! Shall I, do you think, be able to see her, without being apprehensive that she will look upon me as the invader of her right? She was undoubtedly his first love.

Your brother communicated to me his intention of complementing the furnishing of the new-taken house in Grosvenor Square, which was before in great forwardness, and to have it well aired for the reception of his noble friends. He will acquaint his sisters with his farther intentions, as occasions arise. God succeed to him his own wishes—He may be trusted with them.

Adieu, my dearest sisters! How proud am I, that I can indeed call you so, by the name of

HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER XIX.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, TO LADY
GRANDISON.ST. JAMES'S SQUARE, THURSDAY,
FEB. 15.

MY DEAREST LIFE,

ON my arrival here last night I found a long letter, dated Tuesday last, from the unhappy lady, whom we both so much admire and pity. The contents too well confirm her wandering state of mind, and account for the steps she has taken. I will send you the letter itself as soon as I have seen her, and can prevail upon her to put herself into my protection. Till the hope of a happier state of mind shall dawn upon us, the contents of it will afflict you.

She has been ten days in England: I wrote to her last night, to beg her to admit me to her presence.

She expresses in her letter a generous joy in our happiness, and in the excellent character which she has heard of the beloved of my heart; of *every* heart. In the midst of her affecting wanderings, she preserves the greatness of mind that ever distinguished her. She wishes to see you; but unknown to us both.

It would not be difficult perhaps to find out the place of her abode; but she depends on my honour, that I will not attempt it: Clementina loves to be punctiliously observed. In the way she is in, she must be soothed, and as little opposed as possible. She thinks too highly of my character, and apprehends that the step she has taken, has lowered her own. She has great sensibility, and only *sometimes* wanders into minutenesses to which her circumstances, which I find are not happy, oblige her to attend. I have great hopes that I shall be able to soothe, conciliate, and restore her: her mind seems not to be deeply wounded. God enable me to quiet the heart of the noblest of your sisters! Forgive me for my two beloved sisters. *They* will, if *you* do.

I hope our dear friends will make themselves and you happy, at Grandison Hall. This cloud passed away, if God preserve us to each other, and our friends to us, all our future days must be *serene*: at least as far as it is in my

power, they shall be so to my Harriet. Professions would disgrace *my* love, and *your* merits. All that your own heart can wish me to be, that, if I know it, will I be; for am I not the happy husband of the best and most generous of women? and, as such, *wholly yours*,

CHARLES GRANDISON.

LETTER XX.

LADY CLEMENTINA, TO SIR
CHARLES GRANDISON.

[MENTIONED IN THE PRECEDING.]

TUESDAY, FEB. 13. O. S.

BY this time, it is very probable, you have heard of the rashest step that the writer of these presents (chequered and unhappy, as the last years of her life have been) ever took. She knows it to be rash: she condemns herself for taking it. She doubts not but she shall be condemned by every body for it: nor is she sure, that she shall have the better opinion of your justice, if you are not one of the severest of her censurers; for you are a good man. Your goodness, I hear, fills every mouth in this your own country; and it is not one of your least praises, that you did your duty, in the strictest manner, to a father who was wanting in his to his whole family. It is, it seems, your principle, that where a duty is reciprocal, the failure in it of the one, acquits not the other for a failure in his. How then can I appear before you? I am covered with blushes at the thoughts of it—I, who am a runaway from the kindest, the most indulgent, of parents—God forgive me!—Yet, can I say, I repent? I *think* I can.—But at best, it is a conditional repentance only, that I boast.

I am here in your England; I cannot, cannot tell you where; in a low condition; my fortune scanty; my lodgings not very convenient; two servants only my attendants; Laura (you remember *her*) one; weeping every hour after her friends, and our Italy: my other you know not—My page he was called in the days of my state, as I may, comparatively, call them; but now my every thing: poor youth!—But he is honest, he is faithful. God reward him!—I cannot.

Yet in all this my depression of circumstances,

circumstances, if I may so express myself, and sometimes (too often indeed) of spirits; I think I am happy in the thought that I am a single woman.

Well, Sir!—And what can I say farther? A thousand things I have to say: too many, to know which to say first. I had better say no more. I am not, however, sure I shall send you this, or any other letter.

I have been ten days in this great, and, as it seems to me, ugly city; a vastly populous one: people very busy. I thought your London people were all rich?—But what is this to write to you about?

I have been out but once, and that for an airing in one of your parks. I can't say, I like England, nor it's people much: but I have seen nothing of the one, or the other.

I live a very melancholy life: but that befits me best.

They tell me, that your churches are poor, plain things. You bestow more upon yourselves than you do upon your God: but perhaps you trust more to the heart, than to the eye, in the plainness of your places of devotion. But, again, what is all this stuff to you?—Yet I am apt to ramble too, too much.

The truth is, I am not very well: so excuse me.

But do you know how it comes about, that having the best of fathers, the best of mothers, the most affectionate of brothers, I should yet think them persecutors? How it comes about, that I, who love them, who honour them, as much as daughter ever honoured parents, or sister ever loved brothers, should run away from them all, into a strange land, a land of hereticks; yet once be thought a pious kind of creature! Do you know how this comes about?

Once there was a man—But him I renounced—But I had a good reason for it. And do you think I repent it? By my truth, Chevalier, I do not: I never did. Yet I think of nobody half so often, nor with half the pleasure: for, though a heretick, he is a good man.

But hush! Dare I, in this country, say he is a heretick? Perhaps we catholicks are looked upon as hereticks here. Idolaters I know we are said to be—I grant that I had like to have

been an idolater once—But let that pass. I believe we catholicks think worse of you protestants, and you protestants think worse of us catholicks, than either deserve: it may be so. But to me, you seem to be a strange people, for all that.

Of one thing, my good chevalier, methinks I should be glad.—Here am I told you are married: that I knew before I left Italy; else, let me tell you, I never would have come hither; yet I should have got away rather than be married myself, I believe; but then perhaps it would have been to a catholic country.

What was I going to say?—One thing I should be glad of: it is to see your lady; but not if she were to see me. I came with very few cloaths, and they were not the best I had at Florence; my best of all are at Bologna. My father and mother loved to see me dressed. I dressed many a time to please them, more than to please myself. For I am not a proud creature: do you think I am? You knew me once better than I knew myself: but you know little of me now. I am a runaway; and I know you won't forgive me. I can't help it. However, I should be glad to see your lady. She dresses richly, I suppose. Well she may!

I am told, she is one of the loveliest women in England: and as to her goodness—there is nobody so good. Thank God! You know, chevalier, I always prayed, that the best of women might be called by your name.

But Olivia, it seems, praises her; and Olivia saw her when she was a rambler to England, as, God help me! I am now.

But Olivia's motive and mine were very different. Olivia went to England in hopes of a husband—Poor woman! I pity her.

But, chevalier, cannot I see your lady, and she not see me? I need not be in disguise to see her. If you were with her, handing her, suppose, to church, (I would not scruple to crowd myself into some unobserved corner of your church on such an occasion) you would be too proud of *her* to mind *me*: and you would not know me, if you saw me; for I would stoop in my shoulders, and look down; and the cloaths I should have on would be only

an English linen gown and petticoat, unadorned by ribbands or gew-gaw—Not half so well dressed as your lady's woman.

But yet I should thank God, that you had not disgraced the regard I had once for you: I had a great deal of pride, you know, in that hope. Thank you, Sir, that you have married so lovely and so deserving a woman. She is of a good family, I hope.

It was a great disappointment to me, when I came first to London, to find that you were not there. I thought, some how or other, to catch a sight of you and your lady, were it but as you stepped into your coach; and I to have been in a chair, near, or even on foot! For when I heard what a character you bore, for every kind of goodness; I, a poor fugitive, was afraid to see you. So many good lessons as you taught me, and all to come to this! Unhappy Clementina!

'Where will your ladyship' (but I have forbidden that title) 'choose to take up your residence?' said Antony when we first landed; (my servant's name is Antony; but you shall not know his other name.) We landed among a parcel of guns, at the Tower, they called it, in a boat.

Laura answered for me; for he spoke in Italian; 'Somewhere near the Chevalier Grandison's, won't you, Madam?' I won't tell you what was my answer; for perhaps I am near the Thames—I don't want you to find me out. I beseech you, chevalier, don't give yourself pain for me. I am a fugitive. Don't disgrace yourself in acknowledging any acquaintance with a creature who is poor and low: and who *deserves* to be poor and low; for is she not a runaway from the best of parents? But it is to avoid, not to get, a husband; you will be pleased to remember that, Sir.

But, poor Laura—I am sorry for Laura; more sorry than for myself—My brother Giacomo would kill the poor creature, I believe, if ever she were to come in his way. But she is in no fault. It was with great reluctance she obeyed her mistress. She was several times as impertinent as Camilla. Poor Camilla! I used her hardly. She is a good creature. I used her hardly against my own nature, to make her the easier to part with me. I love her. I hope she is well. It is

not worth her while to pine after me; I was an ungrateful creature to her.

My Antony is a good young man, as I told you. I think to save half his wages, and give the other half to raise Laura's, to keep her a little in heart. The poor young man hoped preferment in my service; and I can do nothing for him. It will behove me to be a good manager. But I will sell the few jewels I have left, rather than part with him, till he can get a better service. What little things do I trouble you with! Little things to you; but not quite so little to me now, as I have managed it. But so as I can do justice to this poor youth, and poor Laura, I matter not myself. What I have done is my choice: they had no option. I over-persuaded Laura, as my friends would have done me. I feel that sting: it was not doing as I would be done by. Very, very wicked in me! I dare say, you would tell me so, were you to find me out.

But, chevalier, shall I send you, yes, or no, this scrawl, written to divert me in a pensive mood? I would not, if I thought it would trouble you. God forbid that your pupil Clementina should give you discomposure, now especially in the early part of your nuptials! Yet if I could so manage, as that you would permit your secretary (I would not ask the favour of your own pen) to send a few lines to some particular place, where my servant could fetch them unknown to you or any-body, only to let me know if you have heard from Bologna, or Naples, or Florence, (I was very ungrateful to good Mrs. Beaumont and the ladies her friends) and how they all do; my father, mother, (my heart at times bleeds for them) my dear Jeronymo, my two other brothers, and good Father Marefcott, and my sister-in-law whom I have so much reason to love; it will be a great ease to my heart; provided the account be not a *very* melancholy one; if it should, poor Clementina's days would be numbered upon twice five fingers.

I am put in a way—This shall be sent to your palace in town. You will order your secretary to direct his letter, To George Trumbull, Esq. to be left, till called for, at White's chocolate-house in St. James's Street. I depend upon your honour, chevalier, that you will acquiesce with my desire

to remain incognita, till I shall consent to reveal to you the place of my abode, or to see you elsewhere. I sign only

CLEMENTINA.

LETTER XXI.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, TO
LADY GRANDISON.

SATURDAY, FEB. 17.

ALL day yesterday I was in pain that I heard not from Clementina. But I made myself as easy as I could in visiting my sisters, and their lords, and my aunt Grandison. What blessings do they all pour forth on my Harriet? What compassion do they express for the dear fugitive! How do they long to see her!

Yesterday I received a letter from her.

The copy of that to which hers is an answer; of hers; and of my reply; and her return to that; I inclose. You will read them to our friends in English.

You will find by the last of the four, that I am to be admitted to her presence. I would not miss a post, or I should have delayed, till the interview be over, the sending this to my Harriet. Hope the best, my dearest love. The purity of your heart, and of Clementina's, and the integrity of my own, if I *know* my heart, bids us humbly hope for a happy dissipation of the present cloud, which, hanging over the heads of a family I revere, engages our compassion, and mingles a sigh with our joys.

Adieu, my best, my dearest love. Answer for me to all my friends.

CHARLES GRANDISON.

LETTER XXII.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, TO
LADY CLEMENTINA.

(UNDER COVER, TO GEORGE TRUMBULL, ESQ. &c.)

ST. JAMES'S SQUARE, WED.
NIGHT, FEB. 14.

TEN days the noble Clementina in England, the native place of her fourth brother, her equally ad-

miring and faithful friend; yet not honour him with the knowledge of her arrival!—Forgive me, if I call you cruel.—It is in your power, Madam, to make one of the happiest men in the world a very unhappy one; and you will effectually do it, if you keep from him the opportunity of throwing himself at your feet, and welcoming you to a country always dear to him, but which will be made still dearer by your arrival in it.

I have a letter from your and my Jeronymo. I have a great deal to say to you of it's contents; of your father, mother, brothers—but it must be *said*, not *written*. For God's sake, Madam, permit me to attend you in company of one of my sisters, or otherwise as you shall think best. You have in me a faithful, an indulgent friend. I am no severe man: need I tell you that I am not? If you do not chuse that any-body else shall know the place of your abode, I will faithfully keep your secret. You shall be as much the mistress of your own will, of your own actions, as if I knew not where to address myself to you. If ever you had a kind thought of your fourth brother, if you ever wished him happy, grant him the favour of attending you; for his happiness, I repeat, depends upon it.

I received our Jeronymo's letter but on Monday. Tender and affectionate are the contents.

I have ridden post, to get hither this night, in hopes of being favoured with intelligence of you. In the morning I should have made enquiries at the proper places: but little did I think my sister could have been so many days in town. Let not an hour pass after this comes to your hand, before you relieve the anxious heart of, *dearest Lady Clementina, your most affectionate brother, and faithful humble servant,*

CHARLES GRANDISON.

LETTER XXIII.

LADY CLEMENTINA, TO SIR
CHARLES GRANDISON.

FRIDAY MORNING, FEB.
BRUARY 16, O. S.

I Received yours but this moment. What can I say to the contents? I wish to see you; but dare not. Your happiness,

happiness, you say, depends upon an interview with me. Why do you tell me it does? I wish you happy. Yet, if you wished me so; you would have told me how my dear friends in Italy do. This omission was designed. It was not generous in the Chevalier Grandison. It was made to *extort* from me a favour, which you thought I should otherwise be unwilling to grant.

But can you forgive the rash Clementina? God is merciful as well as just. You imitate him. But how can Clementina, humbled as she is, be sunk so low, as to appear a delinquent, before the man she respects for a character which, great as she thought it before, has risen upon her since her arrival in England!

But, Sir, can you, will you engage, that my friends will allow me to continue single? Can you answer, in particular, for the discontinuance of the Count of Belvedere's addresses? Can you procure forgiveness, not only for me, but my poor Laura? Will you take into your service, or recommend him effectually to that of some one of your friends, in some manner that is not altogether servile, the honest youth who has behaved unexceptionably in mine? For he wishes not to return to Italy.

Answer me these few easy and plain questions; and you will hear farther from

CLEMENTINA.

LETTER XXIV.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, to
LADY CLEMENTINA.

[UNDER COVER, DIRECTED AS BEFORE.]

FRIDAY MORN. FEB. 16.

TO the questions of dear Lady Clementina, I answer thus—I will endeavour to prevail upon your parents, and other friends, to leave you absolutely free to chuse your own state, without using either compulsion or over-earnest persuasion.

Who, Madam, can forbid the Count of Belvedere to hope? Leave him hope. If he has not the over-earnest entreaties of your own relations to give weight to his addresses, it will be in

your power to give him either encouragement or despair.

I will engage for the joyful reconciliation to her of all the dear Clementina's friends. I am sure I can.

Laura shall be forgiven, and provided for by an annuity equal to her wages, if the continuance of her service be not accepted.

I will myself entertain your young man; and place and reward him according to his merits.

And now, Madam, admit to the honour of your presence, *your brother, your friend, your ever grateful and affectionate humble servant,*

CHARLES GRANDISON.

LETTER XXV.

LADY CLEMENTINA, TO SIR
CHARLES GRANDISON.

SATURDAY MORNING, FEB. 17.

I Depend upon your honour, Sir, for the performance of the prescribed conditions: yet on meditating my appearance before you, I am more and more ashamed to see you. It was a great disappointment to me at my first arrival, that you were at your country-seat. At that time my heart was full. I had much to say, and I could have seen you then with more fortitude than now falls to my share. However, I will see you. To-morrow, Sir, about five in the evening, you will find at one of the doors on the higher ground; on the left-hand going up St. James's Street, from the Palace, as it is called, the expecting Laura, who will conduct you to

CLEMENTINA.

LETTER XXVI.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, TO
LADY GRANDISON.

MONDAY, FEB. 19.

YOU requested me, my dearest Harriet, to write minutely to you. Now I have been admitted to the presence of Clementina, and have hopes that she will soon recover her peace of mind, I can the more cheerfully obey you.

I was



I was exactly at the hour at the appointed place. Laura guessed at my chair, and my servants, as they crossed the way; and stood out on the pavement, that I might see her. When she found she had caught my eye, she ran into the house wringing her clasped hands—‘God be praised! God be praised!’ were her words, as I followed her in, in her own language. Laura can speak no other. ‘Shew me, shew me, to your lady, good Laura!’ said I, with emotion.

She ran up one pair of stairs before me. She entered the dining-room, as it is called. I stooped at the stairs head till I had Clementina’s commands. Laura soon came out. She held open the door for me, curtsying in silence.

The drawn window-curtains darkened the room: but the dignity of Clementina’s air and motion left me not in doubt. She stood up, supporting herself on the back of an elbow-chair.

Taking the trembling hand; ‘Welcome, thrice welcome to England, dearest Lady Clementina!’

I pressed her hand with my lips; and seated her: for she trembled; she sobbed; she endeavoured to speak, but could not for some moments.

I called to Laura, fearing she was fainting.

‘O that well-known voice!’ said she. ‘And do you, *can* you bid me welcome?—Me, a fugitive, an ingrate, undutiful!—O chevalier, lower not your unsullied character, by approving so unnatural a step as that which I have taken!’

‘I do bid you welcome, Madam! Your brother, your friend, from his soul, welcomes you to England.’

‘Let me know, chevalier, before another word passes, whether I have a father, whether I have a mother?’

‘Blessed be God, Madam, you have both.’

She lifted up her clasped hands: ‘Thank God! God, I thank thee! Disfranchisement would have been my portion, if I had not! I was afraid to ask after them. I should have thought myself the most detestable of parricides, if either of them had been no more.’

‘They are in the utmost distress for your safety. They will think themselves happy, when they know you are well, and in the protection of your brother Grandison.’

‘Will they, Sir? O what a paradox! They so indulgent, yet so cruel. —I, so dutiful, yet a fugitive! But tell me, Sir; determined as I was against entering into a state I too much honour to enter into it with a reluctant heart, *could* I, take any other step than that I have taken, to free myself from the *cruelty* of *persuasion*? O that I might have been permitted to take the veil!—But answer my question, chevalier.’

‘Surely, Madam, they would *not* have compelled you. They always declared to me they would not.’

‘Not compelled me, Sir! Did not my father kneel to me? My mother’s eyes spoke more than her lips *could* have uttered. The bishop had influenced good Father Marescotti (against the interests of religion, I had almost said) to oppose the wish of my heart. Jeronymo, your Jeronymo, gave into their measures: what refuge had I?—Our Giacomo was inexorable. I was to be met on my return from Florence to Bologna, by the Count of Belvedere, and all those of his house; the general was to be in his company: I had secret intelligence of all this; and I was to be received as an actual bride at Bologna, or made to promise I would be so within a few days after my arrival. My sister-in-law, my only advocate among my Italian friends, pitied me, it is true: but, for that reason, she was not to be allowed to come to Bologna. I was at other times denied to go to Urbino, to Rome, to Naples—*Could* I do otherwise than I have done, if I would avoid profaning a sacrament?’

‘My dearest sister Clementina *sometimes* accuses herself of rashness, for taking a step so extraordinary. At this moment does she not receive her brother in darkness? Whence this sweet *consciousness*? But what is done *is* done. Your conscience is a law to you. If that accuse you, you will repent: if it acquit you, who shall condemn? Let us look forward, Madam. I approve not of the vehemence of your friends’ persuasions. Yet what parents ever meant a child more indulgence; what brothers, a sister more disinterested affection?’

‘I own, Sir, that my heart at times misgives me. But answer me this:

‘are

‘are you of opinion I ought, at the instance of my parents, and brothers, however affectionate, however indulgent in all other instances, to marry against inclination, against justice, against conscience?’

‘Against any one of these you ought not.’

‘Well, Sir, then I will endeavour to make myself easy as to this article. But will you undertake, Sir, (a woman wants a protector) to maintain this argument for me?’

‘I will, Madam; and shall hope for the more success, if you will promise to lay aside all thoughts of the veil.’

‘Ah, chevalier!’

‘Will my dearest sister answer me one question; is it not your hope, that by resisting their wishes, you may tire out opposition, and at last bring your friends to consent to a measure, to which they have always been extremely averse?’

‘Ah, chevalier!—But if I could get them to consent—’

‘Dear Madam! is not *their* reasoning the same—if they could get *you* to consent?’

‘Ah, chevalier!’

‘May not this be a contention for months, for years? And—’

‘I know, Sir, your inference; you think that in a contention between parents and child, the child should yield. Is not that your inference?’

‘Not against reason, against justice, against *conscience*. But there may be cases, in which *neither* ought to be their own judge.’

‘Well, Sir, you that have yielded to a plea of conscience—(God *has* blessed you, and may God *continue* to bless you, for it!)—’

‘Admirable Clementina!’

‘Are fit to be a judge between us—You shall be mine, if ever the debate be brought on.’

‘No consideration in that case shall bias me!—But may I not hope, that the dear lady I stand before, will permit me to behold a person whose mind I ever revered?’

‘Laura,’ said she, ‘let the tea be got ready: I have been taught to drink tea, Sir, since my arrival. The gentlewoman of the house is very obliging. Permit me, Sir, to withdraw for a few moments.’

She sighed as she went out, leaning upon Laura.

Laura returned soon after with lights. She set them on the table; and giving way to a violent emotion, ‘O Milord Grandison,’ said the poor girl, ‘falling down, and embracing my knees; for the blessed Virgin’s sake, prevail on my lady to return to dear, dear Bologna!’

‘Have patience, Laura: all will be well.’

‘I, the unhappy Laura, shall be the sacrifice. The general will kill me—O that I had never accompanied my lady in this expedition!’

‘Have patience, Laura! If you have behaved well to your lady, I will take you into my protection. Had you a good voyage? Was the master of the vessel, were his officers, obliging?’

‘They were, Sir: or neither my lady or I should have been now living. O Sir, we were in a dying way all the voyage; except the three last days of it. The matter was the civilist of men.’

I asked after her fellow-servant, naming him from Jeronymo’s letters. Gone out, was the answer, to buy some necessaries! ‘O Sir, we live a sad life! Strangers to the language, to the customs of the country, all our dependence is upon this young man.’

I asked her after the behaviour and character of the people of the house, (a widow and her three daughters) that if I heard but an indifferent account of them, I might enforce by it my intended plea to get her to Lady L.’s. Laura spoke well of them. The captain of the vessel who brought them over, is related to them, and recommended them, when he knew what part of the town her lady chose.

What risks did the poor lady run! such different people as she had to deal with, in the contrivance and prosecution of her wild scheme; yet all to prove honest; how happy! Poor lady! how ready was she to fly from what she apprehended to be the nearest evil! But she could not be in a capacity to weigh the dangers to which she exposed herself.

‘Often and often,’ said Laura, ‘have I, on my knees, besought my lady to write to you. But she was—’
‘not

'not always well enough to resolve what to do; and when she was sedate, she would plead, that she was afraid to see you; you would be very angry with her; you would condemn her as a rash creature; and she could not bear your displeasure; she was conscious that the act she had done, bore a rash, and even romantick, appearance: had you been in town, Antony should have made enquiries at distance, and she might have yielded to see you; but for several days her thoughts were not enough composed to write to you. At last, being impatient to hear of the health of her father and mother, she *did* write.'

'Why stays she so long from me, Laura? Attend your lady, and tell her, that I beg the honour of her presence.'

Laura went to her. Her lady presented herself with an air of basifful dignity. I met her at her entrance—

'My sister, my friend, my *dearest* Lady Clementina,' kissing her hand, 'welcome, welcome, I repeat, to England. Behold your fourth brother, your protector; honour me with your confidence; acknowledge my protection. *Your* honour, *your* happiness, is dear to me as my life.'

I led her trembling, sighing, but at the moment, speechless, to a seat; and sat down by her, holding both her hands in mine; she struggled for speech: 'Compose yourself, Madam; assure yourself of my tenderest regard, of my truest brotherly affection.'

'Generous Grandison! *Can* you forgive me? *Can*, you, from your *heart* bid me welcome? *I will endeavour* to compose myself. You told me I was conscious; conscious indeed I am: the step I have taken has a disgraceful appearance; but yet will I not condemn, nor consent that *you* should, my motive.'

'I condemn not your *motive*, Madam. All *will*, all *must*, be happy! Rely on my brotherly advice and protection. My sisters, and their lords, every one I love, admires you. You are come to families of lovers, who will think themselves honoured by your confidence.'

'You pour balm into the wounds of my mind. What is woman when difficulties surround her? When it

'was too late, and the ship that I embarked in was under sail, then began my terror: *that* took away from me all power of countermanning the orders I had given; till the winds, that favoured my voyage, opposed my return. Then was I afraid to trust myself with my own reflections, lest, if I gave way to them, my former malady should find me out. But let me not make *you* unhappy. Yet permit me to observe, that when you mentioned the kind reception I might expect to meet with among your friends, you forbore to mention the principal person—What will *she* think of the poor Clementina? But be assured, and assure *her*, that I would not have set my foot on the English shore, had you *not* been married. O chevalier! if I make you and her unhappy, no creature on earth can hate me so much as I shall hate myself.'

'Generous, noble Clementina! Your happiness is indeed essential to that of us *both*. My Harriet is another Clementina! You are another Harriet! *Sister* excellences, I have called you to her, to all her relations. In the letter you favoured me with, you wished to know her: you *must* know her; and I am sure you will love her. Your wishes that she would accept of my vows, were motives with her to make me happy. She knows our whole history. She is prepared to receive you as the dearest of her sisters.'

'Generous Lady Grandison! I have heard her character. I congratulate you, Sir. You have reason to think, that I should have been grieved, had you not met with a woman who deserved you. To know you are happy in a wife, and think yourself so, that no blame lies upon me for declining your addresses, will contribute more than I can express, to my peace of mind. When I have more courage, and my heart is eased of some part of its anguish, you shall present me to her. Tell her, mean time, that I will love her; and that I shall hold myself everlastingly bound to her in gratitude, for making happy the man, whom once, but for a superior motive, I had the vanity to think I could have made so.'

She turned away her glowing face, tears on her cheek. My admiration of her

her greatness of mind, so similar to that of my own Harriet, would not allow me to pour out my heart in words. I rose; and taking both her hands, bowed upon them. Tears more plentifully flowed from her averted eyes; and we were both for one moment speechless.

It would be injurious to a mind equally great and noble as that which informs the person of this your sister-excellence, to offer to apologize for faithfully relating to you those tender emotions of hearts, one of them not less pure than my Harriet's, the other all your own.

I broke silence, and urged her to accept of apartments at Lady L.'s. 'Let me acquaint the gentlewoman of the house, I beseech you, Madam, that to-morrow morning the sister I have named, and I, will attend you to her house. We will thank her for you, as you have almost forgotten your English, for the civilities which she and her daughters have shewn you: and I will make it my business to find out the honest captain, who, Laura tells me, has been very civil to you also, and thank him, too, in the names of all our common friends, for his care of you.'

'I will think myself honoured, now you have encouraged me to look up, by a visit from either or both your sisters. But let me advise with you, Sir: is the kind offer you make me, a proper offer for me to accept of? I shall be ready to take your advice.— Little regard as I may seem, by the step I have taken, to have had for my own honour; I would avoid, if possible, suffering a first error to draw me into a second. Do you, Sir, as my brother and friend, take care of that honour, in every step you shall advise me to take.'

'Your honour, Madam, shall be my first care. I sincerely think this is the rightest measure you can now pursue.'

'Now pursue!'—sighing.

This argument admitted of a short debate. She was scrupulous from motives too narrow for a Clementina to mention. I made her blush for mentioning them; and, in a word, had the happiness to convince her, that the protection of the sister of her fourth brother was the most proper she could take.

I went down, and talked to the gentlewomen below.

I requested them to make my compliments to Captain Henderson, and desire him to give me an opportunity to thank him in person for his civility to a lady beloved by all who have the honour of knowing her.

I went up again to the lady; and sat with her most of the evening, Laura only attending us.

I talked to Clementina of Mrs. Beaumont, and the ladies of Florence; and intimated, that her mother had prevailed on that lady to come to England, in hopes, as she is an English woman, that her company would be highly acceptable to her. She blessed her mother. What an instance of forgiving goodness was this! she said, with tears of gratitude; and blessed Mrs. Beaumont for her goodness to her; and the ladies at Florence for parting with one so dear to them.

I was happy throughout this latter conversation in her serenity; not one instance of wandering did I observe.

I chose not, however, so early, to acquaint her with the intention of the dearest and nearest of her friends, to come over with Mrs. Beaumont; though I expressed my earnest hope, that if we could make England agreeable to her, I should have the honour of the promised visit from some of the principals of her family, before she left it.

This, my dearest life, is a minute account of our interview. One of the greatest pleasures I *can* know, is to obey the gentle, the generous commands, of my Harriet.

This morning I attended Lady L. to breakfast with the excellent lady, as proposed. My sister and her lord are charmed with their guest: their guest she *is*; and Lady Clementina is as much pleased with them. She is every hour more and more sensible of the dangers she has run; and censures herself very freely for the *rash* step, as she calls it herself.

She longs, yet is ashamed to see you, my dearest life; and listens with delight to the praises my Lord and Lady L. so justly give to my Harriet.

MONDAY AFTERNOON.

I HAVE introduced Lord and Lady G. to

G. to Lady Clementina, at her own request; being assured, she said, that the place of her *refuge* would be kept secret by all my friends. Both sisters occasionally joining in praising my angel: 'How happy,' said she, 'are those marriages which give as much joy to the relations on both sides as to the parties themselves!'

Adieu, my dearest love! With the tenderest affection I am, and ever will be, *your most faithful and obliged,*

CH. GRANDISON.

LETTER XXVII.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON. IN
CONTINUATION.

THURSDAY, FEB. 22.

WE are as happy here, as we can expect to be; Lady Clementina in her state of suspense and apprehension; I without my Harriet.

You hinted to me once, my love, something of our Beauchamp's regard for Emily. He just now, after more hesitations than I expected from my friend, opened his heart to me, and asked me to countenance his addresses to her. I chid him for his hesitation—and then said, 'Is my Beauchamp, in his proposition, so right as he generally is?—Emily, though tall and womanly, is very young. I am not a friend to *very* early marriages. You know as well as any man, my dear friend, the reason that may be urged against such. Methinks I would give Emily an opportunity, as well for her husband's sake, who ever shall be the man, as for her own, to look round her, and make her own choice. The merit of Sir Edward Beauchamp, his personal accomplishments, and character, to say nothing of his now ample fortune, must make his addresses to *any* woman acceptable. You would not, I presume, think of marrying her, if you might, till she is eighteen or twenty: and would my Beauchamp fetter himself, by engagements to a girl; and leave *her*, who at present can hardly give him the preference he deserves, no chance of chusing for herself when at woman's estate?'

He waved the discourse, and left me

without resuming it. I am grieved on recollection; for I am afraid he is not satisfied with me, for what I said.

My dearest life, you must advise me. I will not take any important step, whether relative to myself or friends, but by your advice, and, if you please, Dr. Bartlett's. Whenever heretofore I have had time to take that good man's, I have been sure of the ground I stood upon. His has been of infinite service to me, as you have heard me often acknowledge. Yours and his will establish my judgment in every case; but in this of Emily's, *yours*, my dear, for obvious reasons, I must prefer even to *his*. In the mean time, I will seek Beauchamp. He shall not be angry with his Grandison!—But, good young man! can it be, that he is really in love with such a girl as to years?

This I *dare* say; Beauchamp's principal regard cannot be to her fortune: his estate is unincumbered. I should think myself, as well as Emily, happy, and that I had performed all my duty by her, were I to marry her to such a man. But, methinks I want him to be *sooner* married, than I could wish my Emily to be a wife. I think you told me, that Emily at present has no thoughts of him—But you, my dear, must advise me.

THURSDAY AFTERNOON.

SIR Edward has just left me. He hoped I would excuse him, he said, for having mentioned the above subject to me: 'It is at present in your power, Sir Charles,' said he, 'to silence me upon it for ever. It might not have been so some time hence, I thought; therefore, on examining the state of my heart, it was but honourable to open it to you. Forbid me this moment to think of her, and I will endeavour to obey her guardian.'

'My dear friend! you know Emily's age—Would you willingly—I stoop that he might speak.'

'Stay for her? I would, Sir Charles, till you and she—' He paused—Then resuming: 'My love for her is not an interested love. I would, if I might have your permission to make my addresses to her, (and that should be by honest assiduities, before declaration) be wholly determined by your advice for the good of both. I would make your conduct to Lady Clementina,

‘when you last went over, my pattern. I would be bound, she should be free. I never would be so mean as to endeavour to engage her by promises to me. My pride will let her free, whenever I perceive the balances in favour of another man.’

‘But what, my excellent friend, shall we do? Can you condescend to court *two* women, Emily so young, for her *distant* consent?’

‘What means Sir Charles Grandison?’

‘I will read to you, without reserve, what I had just written to my Harriet on this topick; reciting to her what passed in the conversation between you and me, a little while ago.’

I read to him accordingly, what I wrote to you. He heard me with great attention, not interrupting me once, (nor did I interrupt myself; no, not by apologies for the freedom of my thoughts on the subject.) And when I had done, he wrung my hand, and thanked me for my unreservedness, in terms worthy of our mutual friendship.

‘You see, my dear Sir Edward,’ said I, ‘how I am circumstanced: what I have promised to my wife, is a law to me, prudence and after-events, not controuling. She loves Emily: she has a high regard for you. Women know women. Go hand in hand with her. I will save you the trouble of referring to me, in the progress of your application to my wife and Emily. My Harriet will acquaint me with what is necessary for me, as Emily’s guardian, to know. I build on your hint of assiduities, in preference to an early declaration. *You*, my Beauchamp, need not be afraid of giving time to a young creature to look round her. Let me add, that Emily shall give signs of preferring you to all men, as I expect from you demonstrations of your preferring her to all women; or I shall make a difficulty, for both your sakes, of giving a guardian’s consent: and remember also, that Emily has a mother; who, though she has not greatly merited consideration, is her mother. We must do *our* duty, you know, my Beauchamp, in the common relations of life, whether others do theirs or not. But the address of a man of your credit and

‘consequence cannot give you any difficulty there, when that of Miss Jervois’s tender years is got over.’

He was pleased with what I said. I asked him, if he approved of her motion to go down with Mrs. Selby and Lucy? Highly, he said; and as it came from herself, he thought it an instance of prudence in her, that few young creatures would have been able to shew.

Instance of prudence! my love! How so! When, wife as our Northamptonshire relations are, Emily would have wanted no benefit that her choice can give her, were she to remain with us, in the instructions and example of my Harriet.—But, my dear life, does Emily hold her mind to attend Mrs. Selby and Lucy into Northamptonshire? Let it be with her whole heart.

My cousin Grandison believes himself to be very happy. His wife, he says, thinks herself the happiest of women. I am glad of it. She has a greater opinion of his understanding than she has of her own: this seems to be necessary to the happiness of common minds in wedlock. He is gay, fluttering, debonnaire; and she thinks those qualities appendages of *family*. He has presented her with a genealogical table of his ancestors, drawn up and blazoned by heraldry-art. It is framed, glazed, and hung up in her drawing-room. She shews it to every one. Perhaps she thinks it necessary to apologize, by that means, to all her visitors, for bestowing her person and fortune on a ruined man. But what, in a nation, the glory and strength of which are trade and commerce, is gentility? What even nobility, where descendants depart from the virtue of the first ennobling ancestor?

Lord and Lady G. have invited Lady Clementina to dinner to-morrow. She has had the goodness to accept of the invitation. Lord and Lady L. and my aunt Grandison, will attend her.

What, my dear, makes Charlotte so impatient, (so petulant I had almost said) under a circumstance which, if attended with a happy issue, will lay all us, her friends, under obligation to her? I asked once my Harriet, if Lord G. were as happy in a wife as Charlotte is in a husband? You returned me not a direct answer. I was afraid of repeating my question, because I knew you

you would have chearfully answered it, could you have done it to my wishes. I see in my lord's behaviour to her, respect and affection even to fondness; but not the polite familiarity that becomes a wedded love. Let her present circumstance be happily over, and she will find her brother's eye a more observant one, than hitherto she has found it. But be not, my dear, over-solicitous for the friend you so greatly value: true brotherly love shall ever hold the principal seat in my heart, when I sit in judgment upon a sister's conduct.

My fond heart throbs in expectation of soon presenting a sister to each of the two noblest women on earth. Allow for the perplexity of Clementina's mind; and for the impolitick urgency of her friends; and you will not, when you see her, scruple to hold out to a sister-excellence, not happily situated, the hand that blessed *your ever faithful*

CH. GRANDISON.

LETTER XXVIII.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON. IN CONTINUATION.

SATURDAY, FEB. 24.

THE arrival of the Leghorn frigate is every day expected. The merchants have intelligence, that it put into Antibes. If the journey by land from thence to Paris, and so to Calais, could be made favourable to my dear friend Jeronymo, I have no doubt but our respected friends landed there, at this season of the year, so unpropitious to tender passengers.

The house in Grosvenor Square is now, thanks to good Lord G. quite ready for their reception. There will be room, I believe, as they propose to be here incognito, and with only necessary attendants, for the marquis and his lady, for Mrs. Beaumont, (who will be both their comforter and interpreter) for the two brothers, and Father Marescotti. Saunders has already procured handsome lodgings for the Count of Belvedere. I wish with you, my love, that the count were not to accompany them. The poor lady must not know it, if it can be avoided. The two young lords, whom I invited when I was in Italy, must be more imme-

diately our own guests, if my dearest life has no objection.

Assure yourself, my generous Harriet, that the lady shall not be either compelled, or too urgently persuaded, if I have weight with the family when they arrive. They shall not know where she is, nor see her, but by her own consent, and as I see their disposition to receive her as I wish. Excellent creature! what a noble solicitude is yours for her tranquillity of mind!

I have not yet been able to break to her the daily expectation I have of seeing in England her parents and brothers: yet am uneasy, that she knows it not. I want courage, my Harriet, to acquaint her with it. I have more than once essayed to do it. Dear creature! she looks with so much innocence, and so much reliance upon me; and is, at times, so apprehensive!—I know not how to break it to her.

She depends upon my mediation. She urges me to begin a treaty of reconciliation with them. I defer writing, I tell her, till I have seen Mrs. Beaumont. Little does she think they are upon their journey, and that I know not where to direct to them. She longs for Mrs. Beaumont's arrival; and hopes, she says, she will bring with her the poor Camilla, that she may have an opportunity to obtain her excuse for the harsh treatment she gave her. 'And yet Camilla,' said she, 'was a teasing woman.'

Were you ever sensible, my Harriet, of the tender pain that an open heart (yours is an open and an enlarged one) feels; longing, yet, for it's friend's sake, afraid to reveal unwelcome tidings, which, however, it imports the concerned to know? How loth to disturb the tranquillity which is built upon ignorance of the event! Yet that very tranquillity (contemplated upon) adding to the pain of the compassionate friend; who reflects, that when the unhappy news shall be revealed, time, and christian philosophy, only, will ever restore it to the heart of the sufferer!

Lord and Lady L. are endeavouring to divert their too-thoughtful guest, by carrying her to see what they think will either entertain or amuse her. Tomorrow (Lady L. contributing to the dear lady's proper appearance there) they

they purpose to attend her to the drawing-room. But hitherto she seems not to have a very high opinion of the country. If her heart could be easy, every thing would have a different appearance to her.

* *

I HAVE this moment the favour of yours of yesterday. If your kind friends will stay no longer with you at the Hall, do you, my dearest love, as you propose, accompany them up. They are extremely obliging in proposing to give me here two or three days of their company, before they return to Northamptonshire.

My consent, my Harriet!—Why, if you have a choice of your own, do you ask it? I must approve of whatever you wish to do. Could I have been certain, I would have met my love. But you will have many dear friends with you.

Tell my Emily, that I have had a visit from her mother and Mr. O'Hara; and was so much pleased with them, that I propose on Monday to return their visit at their own lodgings.

Now I know I am to be soon blessed with the presence of my Harriet, I have given way to all my wishes: one of them is, never to be separated from the joy of my heart. Such, I trust, will she ever be, to her grateful, ever faithful,

GRANDISON.

LETTER XXIX.

LADY GRANDISON, TO MRS.
SHIRLEY.

LONDON, FRIDAY, MARCH 2.

AGAIN, my ever-honoured grand-mamma, does your Harriet resume the pen. Lucy and my aunt, between them, have given you an account of every thing that passed since my last.

We arrived last night. With what tenderness did the best of men, and of husbands, receive his Harriet, and her friends!

This afternoon at tea, I am to be presented to Lady Clementina at Lord L.'s. Don't you believe my heart throbs with expectation? Indeed it does. Sir Charles says, her emotions are as great on the occasion.

What honour does my dear Sir Charles do to his Harriet! He consults her, as if he doubted his own judgment, and wanted to have it confirmed by hers. What happiness is hers, who marries a good man! Such a one will do obliging things for principle's sake; he will pity involuntary failings; he will do justice to good intentions, and give importance to all his fellow-creatures, because he knows they and he are equally creatures of the Almighty. What woman, who *thinks*, but will prefer a good man to all others, however distinguished by rank, fortune, or person? But my Sir Charles is a good man, and distinguished by all those advantages. What a creature should I be, blessed with a husband of a heart so faithful, and so well-principled, if I were not able to let my love and compassion flow to a Clementina, though once (and indeed for that very reason) the only beloved of his heart!—Why are not *real* calls made upon me, to convince such a man, that I have a mind emulative of his own, at least of Clementina's? The woman who, from motives of religion, having the heart of a Sir Charles Grandison in her hand, loving him above all earthly creatures, and all her friends consenting, could refuse him her vows, must be, in that act, the greatest, the most magnanimous, of women. But could the noble lady have thus acted, my dear grandmamma, had she not been stimulated by that glorious enthusiasm, of which her disturbed imagination had shewn some previous tokens; and which, rightly directed, has heretofore given the palm of martyrdom to saints?

* *

WE have just now been welcomed to town by Sir Edward Beauchamp. Sir Charles, on presenting him to me, thus expressed himself: 'You remember, my dearest life, what I wrote to you of the last part of the conversation between Sir Edward and me, in relation to my Emily. Your prudence, my Harriet, and love of the good girl—your discretion and generosity, Sir Edward; will join you together as counsellors and advisers of your Grandison. My wife and my friend cannot err in this instance, because you will both consider what belongs to the characters of a guardian, and a ward so beloved

' by

' by you both; and, if you doubt, have Dr. Bartlett at hand.'

My uncle, aunt, and Lucy, are determined to set out next Wednesday for Northamptonshire. Sir Edward desired to know of Sir Charles, if he had any objection to his attending them down? 'None at all, surely,' was Sir Charles's answer.

Mr. Deane accompanies them, in order to adjust some matters at Peterborough, preparative to the favour he does of settling with us, or near us, for the remainder of his days. May that remainder be long and happy!

Sir Charles asked Emily just now, if she held her mind, as to going down? Indeed she did, she said; her heart was in it; and she would go that instant to acquaint her mother with her intention, and to buy some things preparatory to her journey: she would take it for a great favour, she told Lucy, if she would go with her on both occasions.

Lucy has made to herself a great interest in Emily's heart. They are both sure they shall be happy in each other. My aunt loves her: so does my uncle. Who does not? I am sure *you* will, my dear grandmamma, and pity her too. Dear pretty soul! She coits me now and then a tear. But had I not been in her way, it would have been worse. She could have no hope. I am sure she knows she could not. But what a sad gradation is there in that love, which, though begun in a hopelessness of succeeding, rises by self-flattery, to possibility, then to a probability, to *hope*; and, sinking again to *hopelessness*, ends in despair!—But how coolly I write on, for one who is by and by to see a Clementina.

* *

I AM waiting Sir Charles's kind leisure to carry me to Lady L.'s. He has Mr. Lowther with him just now; who, however, finding us engaged, will not stay.

Sir Charles approved my dress, as he passed by me to go to Mr. Lowther in the study. He snatched my hand, and pressed it with his lips: 'My ever-lovely, my ever-considerate Harriet, you want no ornaments: but I was sure you would not give yourself any but those that flowed from a compassionate and generous heart, when you were to visit a lady who at pre-

' sent is not in happy circumstances; yet is entitled by merit, as well as rank, to be in the happiest.'

My aunt and Lucy long for my return, to have an account of the lady, and what passes between us. How my heart—What is the matter with my heart?

LETTER XXX.

LADY GRANDISON. IN CONTINUATION.

SATURDAY, MARCH 3.

LADY Clementina, my dearest grandmamma, must not, shall not, be compelled. If I admired, if I loved her before, *now* that I have seen her, that I have conversed with her, I love, I admire her, if possible, ten times more. She is really in her person, a lovely woman, of middle stature, extremely genteel; an air of dignity, even of grandeur, appears in her aspect, and in all she says and does; her complexion is fine without art: indeed she is a lovely woman! She has the finest black eye, hair, eyebrows of the same colour, I ever saw; yet has sometimes a wildish cast with her eye, sometimes a langour, that, when one knows her story, reminds one that her head has been disturbed. Why, taking advantage of her sex, is such a person to be controuled, and treated as if she were not to have a will; when she has an understanding, perhaps, superior to that of either of her *wilful* brothers?

When we alighted at Lady L.'s, I begged Sir Charles to conduct me into any apartment but that where she was. I sat down on the first seat. Lady L. hastened to me—'My dearest sister, you seem disordered—Fie! Lady Grandison, and want spirits?'

Sir Charles (not observing my emotion) had left me, and went to attend Lady Clementina. She, it seems, was in some disorder. 'My Harriet,' said he to her, as he told me afterwards, 'attends the commands of her sister-excellence.'

'Call me not *excellence*! Call me not her *sister*! Am I not a fugitive in her eye, and in every body's eye?—I think, chevalier, I cannot see her. She will *look down* upon me. I think

I am

'I am as much afraid to see her, as I was at first to see you. Is there severity in her virtue?'

'She is all goodness, all sweetness, Madam. Did I not tell you, that she is the Clementina of England?'

'Well, Sir, you are very good. Don't let me be unpolite. I am but a guest in this hospitable house—Else would I have attended her at the first door. Is she not Lady Grandison? Happy, happy woman!'

Tears were in her eyes. She turned away to hide them. Then stepping forward; 'I am now prepared to receive her: pray, Sir, introduce me.'

'She is not without *her* emotions, Madam—She is preparing herself to see you. Love, compassion, for Lady Clementina, fills her bosom—I will present her to you.'

Lady L. went to her. Sir Charles came to me.—'My dearest love, why this concern? You will see a woman you *cannot* fear but must *love*. She has been in the like agitations—Favour me with your hand.'

'No, Sir—That would be to insult her.'

'My dearest life! forget not your own dignity;' [I started] 'nor give me too much consequence with a lady, who, like yourself, is all soul. I glory in my wife: I cannot desert myself.'

I was a little awed at the time; fearing he was displeased; but the moment I got home, and was alone with him, I acknowledged his goodness and greatness, both in one.

He led me in. Lady L. only (at Sir Charles's request, for both our sakes) was present. The noble lady approached me. I hastened to meet her, with trembling feet. Sir Charles, kissing a hand of each, joined them together. 'Sister-excellences, I have often called you! Dearest of women, love each other, as I admire you both.'

She tenderly saluted me: 'Receive, O receive to your love, to your friendship, a poor desolate! Till within these few days, a desolate indeed! a fugitive! a rebellious! an ingrate to the best of parents!'

I embraced her—'Mistaken parents, I have called them, Madam—I have pitied them; but most I have pitied you—Honour me with your sisterly love. This best of men had before

'given me two sisters. Let us be four.'

'Be it so, my dear Lady L.' said Sir Charles, bringing her to us: and, clasping his arms about the three; 'You answer for the absent Charlotte and yourself; a fourfold cord that shall never be broken.'

Sir Charles led us to one settee, again putting a hand of each together, and sitting down over against us; Lady L. on the other hand of him. We were both silent for a few moments, each struggling with her tears.

'My Harriet, Madam,' said Sir Charles, as I have told you, 'knows your whole story. You two are of long acquaintance. Your minds are kindred minds. Your griefs are hers: your pleasures she will rejoice in as her own.—My Harriet, you now *see*, you now *know* by person, the admirable Clementina, whose magnanimity you so much admired, whose character, you have so often said, is the first among women.'

We both wept. But her tears seemed tears of kindness and esteem. I put the hand which was not in hers, on her arm. I wanted courage; my reverence for her would not allow me to be so free, or it had again embraced the too conscious lady. 'Believe me, Madam, (excuse my broken Italian) I have ever revered you. I have said often, very often, that your happiness, happy as I am, is necessary to complete mine, as well as Sir Charles Grandison's.'

'This goodness to me, a fugitive, an alien to your country; not a lover of your religion! O Lady Grandison, you must be as much all I have heard of you, in your mind, as I see you are in your person. Receive my thanks for making happy the man I wished to be the happiest of men; for well does he deserve to be made so. We were brother and sister, Madam, before he knew you. Let me be *his* sister still, and let me be *yours*.'

'Kindred minds, Sir Charles Grandison calls ours, Madam. He does me honour. May I, on farther knowledge, appear to as much advantage in your eye, as you, from what I know of you, do in mine; and I shall be a very happy creature!'

'Then

'Then you *will* be happy. I was *prepared* to love you. I love you already, methinks, with a passion that wants not farther knowledge of your goodness to augment it. But can you, Madam, look upon me with a true sisterly eye? Can you pity me for the step I have taken, so seemingly derogatory to my glory? Can you believe me unhappy, but not wicked, for taking it? O Madam! my reason has been disturbed; do you know that?—You must attribute to that, some of my perversenesses.'

'Heaven, dearest Lady Clementina, only knows how many tears your calamity has cost me: in the most arduous cases, I have preferred your happiness to my own. You shall know all of me, and of my heart. Not a secret of it, though yet uncommunicated to this dearest of men, will I conceal from you. I hope we shall be true sisters, and true friends, to the end of our lives.'

'My noble Harriet!' said the generous man—'Frankness of heart, my dear Clementina, is *her* characteristic. She means all she says; and will perform more than she promises. —I need not tell *you*, my love, what our Clementina is; you know her to be the noblest of women: give her the promised proofs of your confidence in her; and, whatever they be, they must draw close the knot which never will be untied.'

'Already, thus encouraged,' said the noble lady, 'let me apply to you, Madam, to strengthen for me the interest I presume to have in the friendship of Sir Charles Grandison. —Let me not, Sir, let me not, I intreat you all three, be compelled to give my vows to *any* man in marriage. All of you promise me; and I shall with more delight look before me, than for a long, long time past, I thought would fall to my lot.'

'You, Madam, must concede a little, perhaps: your parents must a little relax. Their reason, if you will not be too unconceding, shall not, if I am referred to, be mine, unless it is reason in every other impartial judgment. Would to Heaven they were at hand to be consulted!'

'What a wish! Then you would give me up! You are a good man: will a good man resist the authority

'of parents in favour of a runaway child!—Dear, dear Madam,' clasping her arms about me, 'prevail upon your Chevalier Grandison to protect me; to plead for me; he can deny you nothing: he will then protect me, though my father, my mother, my brothers, should all join to demand me of him.'

'My dear Lady Clementina,' said I, 'you may depend on *your own* interest with Sir Charles Grandison. He has your happiness at heart, and will have, as much as I wish him to have, mine.'

'Generous, noble, good Lady Grandison! how I admire you! May the Almighty shower upon you his choicest blessings!—If you allow me an interest in his services, I *demand* it of you, chevalier.'

"Demand it!" *expect* it, be assured of it, my dear Lady Clementina. I want to talk with you upon your expectations, your wishes. As much as is practicable, whatever they are, they shall be mine.'

'Well, Sir, when then shall we talk?—To-morrow will be too soon for my spirits.'

'Do my Harriet then the honour of passing the day on Monday with her. The dear friends we have for our guests will chuse to pass it with Lord and Lady G.—Yourself, Lady L. my Harriet and I, will be all the company: you shall declare your pleasure, and that shall be a law to me. At present, this affecting interview has discomposed us all; and we will retire.'

'Kindly considered!' said she: 'you are in England what you were in Italy—I *am* discomposed.—I have discomposed *you*, Madam;' to me. 'I was born to give trouble to my friends. Forgive me! I once was happy—I may hope, Madam,' to Lady L. 'your supporting presence at your brother's on Monday?'

Lady L. bowed her assent. She understands Italian, but speaks it not.

The lady stood up, yet trembling. 'I will withdraw, ladies—Sir—if you please. My head seems as if bound round by a tight cord,' (putting her hand to her forehead.) Then clasping her arms round me, thus in a high strain spoke she—'Angel of a woman, as gracious as the blessed virgin mo-

'ther, benign, all that is good and great, I attend you on Monday. Adieu!'

She kissed my cheek, I clasped my arms about her. 'Revered Lady Clementina!'—I could say no more. Tears, and tenderness of accent, interrupted my speech. Lady L. conducted her to her own apartment, and left her to her Laura.

We sat down, admiring, praising her. 'Dear Sir,' said I, taking Sir Charles's hand, 'Lady Clementina must not be persuaded. Persuasion is compulsion. Why comes over the Count of Belvedere? If she knows it, I will not answer for her right mind.'

My uncle and aunt, Lucy, Emily, were very curious after particulars; when we came home, as we did, to supper.

Sir Charles left it to Lady L. to manage with Lady G. who, he knew, expected a day of our beloved guests; and he himself apologized to them for the freedom he had taken of so disposing of them. They had the goodness to thank him for his freedom. They long, however, to see the admirable lady, who could renounce the man of her choice for religious motives, yet love him still; fly to him for protection, yet be able to congratulate him on his marriage, and love his wife. 'She is great indeed!' said my aunt—Lucy praised my generosity—But what is that which is called generosity in me, who am in full possession of all my wishes, to that of Clementina?

Join, my dear grandmamma, in prayers for her happiness; the rather, as in it, from true affection, is included that of *your*

HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER XXXI.

LADY GRANDISON. IN CONTINUATION.

MONDAY, MARCH 5.

LADY L. and Lady Clementina came just as we were preparing for breakfast.

Lady L. had given her such an account of my friends, that she was de-

sirous to see them, and, as she was pleased to say, to bespeak their favour to the poor fugitive. After the first salutations, she addressed my aunt Selby in French, being told that she spoke not Italian? 'You are happy,' 'Madam,' said she, 'in a niece, who may challenge the world to shew her equal; and still more happy in her being blessed with such a husband.' 'Merit is not always so well rewarded.' My aunt was struck with the manner as well as with the words.

She made a very pretty compliment to my uncle; who, having forgot his French, could only bow, and seem pleased.

When Lucy was presented to her, as my uncle's niece, and my favourite correspondent, 'You must not, Made-moiselle,' said she, 'be angry with me, if I envy you.'

To Emily, 'Happy young lady!' said she. 'I have heard of you in Italy. Mrs. Beaumont spoke honourably of you to me, more than once. We both called you happy in such a guardian.'

I hope, my dear grandmamma, you don't think I forget my cousins Reeves's, though I mentioned them not before. I have already called in upon them twice; and they have, with the kind freedom of relations, dropt in upon us several times. They are invited to Lord G.'s; I won't say Lady G.'s; though every body else does.

This is what I stole time to write, while Sir Charles is engaged in discourse with the lady; and our guests are preparing to be gone to Lord G.'s; Lady G. requesting my aunt's company early. She is the veriest coward! These brave spirits, she has said, are but flash. Indeed the very delicate, as well as very serious, and even solemn circumstances, which attend her case, must make the liveliest woman, when the time approaches, *think!*—The inclosed note of hers to my aunt, brought late last night, is, however, in her usual stile—

'YOU and Lucy must be here early to-morrow morning.'

'What wretched simpletons are we women! Daughters of gow-gaw, folly, ostentation, trifle!—First, we shew our sorry fellow, when not disapproved,

‘ approved, to our friends and relations; and take all their judgments upon him. If he has their opinion in his favour, every body, be he what he will, will praise him; and give him riches, sense, ancestry, and I cannot tell what of qualities, that perhaps we shall never find out. Then we shew our presents, our jewels, our laces; and a smile spreads the mouth, and a sparkle gladdens the eye, of every maiden that hangs admiring over them. Ah, silly maidens! if you could look three yards from your noses, you would pity, instead of envying, the milk-white heifer dressed in ribbands, and just ready to be led to sacrifice.

‘ Well, then, what comes next?

‘ Why, the poor soul, in a few months, by the time perhaps her gratulatory visits are half paid her, begins to find apprehension take place of security. Then is she and all her virgins employed in the *wretchedest* trifles—If I thought you had forgot them, I would give you a list of them—And the poor fools, wrapping up their jewels in cotton, with sighs that perhaps they have worn them for the last time, and doubtful whom they may next adorn, cover the decked-out milk-white bed with their baby-things. “ See here!” and, “ see here!” and, “ What is the use of this, and of that?” asks the curious, and perhaps too fearless maiden. “ Why, this is for—” and, “ that is for—” answer the matrons who have passed the Rubicon.

‘ And to this is your Charlotte reduced!—Aunt Selby, Lucy, come early, that I may shew you my *baby* things!—O dear! O dear! O dear!—and that you may be able to testify, that I had no design to overlay the little marmouset. Adieu till ten to-morrow morning.

‘ C. G.’



THE moment our company were gone, Sir Charles came to me; and leading me into my drawing-room, where the lady was, ‘ Comfort, my love,’ said he, ‘ your sister.’

I hastened to her, (poor lady! she was in tears, and even sobbing;) and clasping my arms about her, ‘ Be comforted, be consoled, my dearest Lady Clementina.’

‘ O Madam! my father, my mother, my Jeronimo, are every day expected; who beside, I know not; how shall I look my father, my mother, in the face!’

Sir Charles withdrew. He was troubled for her. He sent in Lady L.

‘ Your dear friend, Madam,’ said I, ‘ and my dear friend, will protect you. Your father and mother would not have had the thoughts of taking so long and troublesome a voyage, had they not resolved to do every thing in their power to restore you to peace, and to them.’

‘ So the chevalier tells me.’

‘ At this time of the year, Madam, such a voyage! Your mamma so tender in her health! Such a dislike to the sea! Her whole motive is tenderness and love. She prefers your health, your tranquillity, to her own.’

‘ And is not this consideration enough to distress a grateful spirit?

‘—Unworthy Clementina! To every relation, in every action, of late unworthy! What trouble hast thou given thy parents! I cannot, cannot bear to see them!—O my Lady Grandison, I was ever a perverse creature! Whatever I set my heart upon, I was uneasy, till I had compassed it. My pride, and my perverseness, have cost me dear. But of late I have been more perverse than ever. My heart ran upon coming to England. I could think of nothing till I came. I have tried that experiment. I am sick of it. I do not like England, now, I see I cannot be unmolested here. But my favourite for years, was another project. That filled my mind, and helped me to make the sacrifice I did.—And here I am come to almost the only country in Europe, which could render my darling wish impracticable.

‘ Why went I not to France? I had with me sufficient to have obtained my admission into any order of nuns: and had I been once professed!—I will get away still, I think. Be-friend me, my sister! I cannot, I cannot, see my mother!’

Sir Charles came in just then. ‘ I heard what you last said, Madam,’ said he: ‘ compose yourself, I beseech you. I dreaded to acquaint you with the expected arrival of your parents. But are they not the most

‘indulgent of parents? You *have* nothing, you *shall* have nothing to fear, and you will have every thing to hope, from their presence.’

‘Will you engage for their allowing of a divine dedication, Sir? Will you plead that cause for me?’

‘I cannot say, what will, what can be done, till I see them. But confide in my zeal to serve you, Madam. Lord L.’s house, I repeat, shall be your asylum, till you shall consent to see them. I cannot be guilty of a prevarication: I will own to them, that I know where you are; but, till you give leave, you shall be as much concealed from their knowledge, as if you were still at your first lodgings, and I myself ignorant of your abode.’

‘A man of honour,’ said she, her hands lifted up, ‘is more valuable to a woman in trouble, than all the riches of the east! But tell me now, tell me upon your never-forfeited honour, whom besides my father, mother, and your *Jeronymo*, do you expect?’

‘My lord the *bishop*, Madam—’

‘Oh! Oh!’ said she, clapping her hands together, with an imitable grace and eagerness—‘I am afraid—But whom else?’

‘Father Marescotti—’

‘The good man! will he think it worth his while—But for my father and mother’s sake, he will—Whom else?’

‘Mrs. Beaumont, Madam, never intended to set her foot on English ground again; but she has broken through her resolution, to oblige your mother.’

‘Good Mrs. Beaumont!—But I am half-afraid of her. Well, Sir.’

‘Camilla, your poor Camilla, Madam.’

‘Poor Camilla! I used her hardly; but teasing never yet did good with me. Remember, Sir, they are not to know where I am.—Your house, Madam,’ to Lady L. ‘is to be my asylum.’—Then seeing me affected, ‘Gentlest of human hearts,’ said she, ‘what right have I thus to pain you?’—‘Well, Sir,’ drying her eyes, with looks too earnest for her health of mind; ‘tell me, if any body else expected?’

‘Your cousins Sebastiano and Julian, Madam; but not the general.’

‘Thank Heaven for that!—I love my brother Giacomo: but he is so determined a man! His own lady only can soften his heart.’

Sir Charles, by his admirable address, made her tolerably easy by dinner-time, on the subject of her friends expected arrival: and she once owned, that she should be transported with joy to see her father, mother, and Jeronymo, could she assure herself that she could see them with forgiveness in their countenances.

Sir Charles would only be attended at table by Saunders, whom she had seen in Italy. She was much pleased to have it so; but desired Laura might be permitted to attend at the back of her own chair.

I addressed myself to Laura three or four times as she stood. The lady was pleased: and Laura seemed proud of my notice.

Now and then an involuntary tear filled the lady’s eye, as she sat. It was easy to enter into her thoughts, poor lady! on her situation. She was grieved, she said, at the trouble she gave me; and frequently fought to suppress a sigh. Once, after a reverie of a few minutes: ‘And am I here?’ said she; ‘In England? At the house of the Chevalier Grandison? Can it be?’

After dinner, Lady L. and she and I, retiring to my drawing-room—‘What a generous lady,’ said she, ‘are you! I was afraid to see you, before I saw you: but the moment I beheld you, I embraced a sister. You will allow of my esteem of your Grandison?’

‘Of your *love*, dear Lady Clementina, and thank you for it. A good man has an interest in every good person’s affections.’

‘Such generosity,’ snatching my hand with both hers, ‘would confirm a doubtful goodness. But indeed my esteem for him always soared above person. You know I am a zealous catholic. You know our doctrine of merits. I would have laid down my life to save his soul. But surely God will be merciful to such a man: and no less so to such a woman, as,’ (putting her arms about me)

me) 'I have now the honour to embrace.'

'Mercy, Madam,' said I, 'is the darling attribute of the Almighty. He is the God of *all* men.'

'True—But—' And was going to say something farther; but stooped on Sir Charles's entrance.

Sir Charles, after sitting with us a little while, asked leave of absence for an hour, to look on his friends at Lord G.'s. We had a charming conversation in the mean time. Our subjects were various. The customs of Italian ladies, and their surprizing illiterateness in general, were parts of it. A woman there, it seems, who knew more than her own tongue, was a miracle till within these few years, that the French customs seem prevailing there. Why, Madam, the ladies of Italy with geniuses as fine as that classic climate ever produced, are immersed in the pleasures of sense: singing, dancing, and conversation-gallantry, take up their whole time. One would imagine, that their husbands and fathers thought them only children of this world, and not heirs of a better hope, by the little care taken in improving their understanding: and were it not for the religion of the country, which we call superstition, half the Italian world of women, would be looked upon merely as temporary idols, for men to worship for temporary gratifications only. Yet in their conversation-assemblies, men see what they are capable of. But their country, it seems, is in the same uncultivated state as the minds of their women. The garden of the world, as Italy is called, is over-run with weeds: and, for want of cultivation, the very richest of it's soil becomes it's disease. But these reflections I draw rather by deduction from what Lady Clementina said, than from any direct confession of hers. She is fond of her country in it's present state: but sensible English travellers speak of it as I have written.

Sir Charles returned within his time. He is kind to be every-where! for he is the life of every company, and of every individual.

We passed a sweet evening together, and till near eleven o'clock. Were Lady Clementina happy, how happy should we all be!

Sir Charles waited on the ladies home. Lord L. was by that time returned from Lord G.'s; but was the first of the friendly company that withdrew. Lady G. it seems, was all alive in every part of the entertainment. My uncle Selby and she spared not each other. Her lord, I fancy, feared the better for the presence of the earl and Lady Gertrude, and for her having my uncle to shoot at.

God preserve my grandmamma, and all my dear friends in her neighbourhood, prays *her ever dutiful*

HARRIET GRANDISON!

LETTER XXXII.

LADY GRANDISON. IN CONTINUATION.

WEDN. MARCH 7.

OUR grief will be your joy, my dearest grandmamma! My uncle, my aunt, Lucy, Emily, Mr. Deane!—They are just gone: just left me.

What a parting!—But Emily! Dear creature, what was her grief, her noble struggle with herself, to conceal her anguish from her guardian!

She will now be yours, and my aunt Selby's; and, when once settled, will, mult, be happy; for she is good, and you all love her, and will love her the more for this great instance of her nobleness of mind.

About half an hour before we parted, she begged to speak a few words to me in my closet. I led her thither. When we entered it, she shut the door, and dropt down on her knees. I would have raised her; but she would not be raised. I clasped my arms about her neck. 'I have revealed all my folly to you,' said she. 'Forgive the weakness of a poor girl. A thousand, thousand thanks to you, Madam, for your indulgent goodness to me. I longed to live with you and my guardian. I placed my whole happiness in the grant. You gave me an opportunity to try the experiment. What I little expected happened: I was more unhappy than before. I revere my grandmamma: she is a blessed lady! How good was she on your wedding day, to wish me, *just now!* to supply to her the

' loss of her Harriet! Her goodness, her condescension, that of all your family, overcame me: it would *not*, perhaps, had I not tried the other experiment. All that I have now to beg of you, is to pardon me for the trouble I must have given to your noble heart: it *is* a noble heart, or it could not have borne with me as it has done. But promise to write a letter to me once a fortnight—and permit me to write to you once a week; and I shall think myself a happy creature. Not a thought of my heart but I will reveal to you.'

' I do promise, my love, my Emily. The correspondence between us will delight me. Nobody shall see any of our letters but at your choice.'

' Lady L. Lady G. may, Madam: they love the poor Emily. Nobody else may, I believe; I shall write so poorly!—But I shall improve as I have more years, and more sense. But my present concern is more for Lady Clementina than for myself. Poor lady! Pray write something of her friends' behaviour to her, and hers to them, to *me* particularly, besides what you write to your grandmother: I shall take it for *such* a favour! And it will make me look so important! You don't know how proud it will make me; and it will induce your Lucy, and every body, to shew me every thing you write to them; and I shall have it in my power to read out of your letters to me something in return; which will look like an acquittal of obligation.'

All that she wished me to do, and still more, as occasions offered, I promised.

She arose from her knees; called me by many tender names; kissed one cheek, then the other; then one hand, then the other. I folded her to my fond heart: 'My sister, my friend, my Emily!' I called her. We wetted each other's bosom with our tears; and both went down with red eyes.

Extremely tender, but delicate, was the leave she took of her guardian. The brother, the affectionate friend, and father, I may say, appeared in his unreserved tenderness to her. She hurried into my uncle's coach, which stood ready, when she parted with him, that her emotion might not be too vi-

sible. I hastened in after her, lest she should be too much affected; while my aunt, Lucy, and my uncle, were taking their leaves in the Hall.

' My dearest Emily, I admire you!' said I.

' Do you, do you!—Best of wives, of women, of friends, of sisters, do you say so?—I behaved not amiss, then?'

' Amifs! No, my dear: charmingly, my love! You are great as ever a woman was.'

' How you comfort me!'

' Adieu: adieu! my best love!' said I.—' My best Lady Grandison!' said she; both in a breath, as from one heart, embracing, and quitting each other with regret; her arms folded about herself, when I left her; as if I were still within them.

I gave my hand to Sir Edward Beauchamp on stepping out of the coach; for he was ready to attend them; and hurrying into the Hall, threw myself into the arms of my aunt. 'My love,' said she, 'take care of yourself; Emily shall not need to be *your* concern; she will be our Harriet.'

' Indeed she shall,' said Lucy. 'Dear girl, she shall be mine: and, thank God, I now have two Harriet's instead of one.'

My uncle wept like a child at parting with me. He would have carried it off, smiling, in his tears. 'What, what,' sobbed he, 'shall I do for my girl! I shall miss, I shall miss, your *fau-fau-fauciness*, sometimes—Was I ever angry with you in my life?'

Mr. Deane comforted himself, that he should but settle his affairs at Peterborough, and then would make our residence his, wherever we should be.

All of them departed, blessing us, and we them; hoping for a speedy meeting in Northamptonshire. Every one expressed their solicitude for the happiness of Lady Clementina, as well for her own sake as for Sir Charles's and mine.

God give you, and my dearest, dearest friends, now on their journey to you, a happy meeting, with every felicity that on this earth can fall to the lot of persons so dear to the heart of *your ever dutiful*

HARRIET GRANDISON!

LETTER

LETTER XXXIII.

SIGNOR JERONYMO, TO SIR
CHARLES GRANDISON.DOVER, MONDAY NIGHT,
MARCH 12. O. S.

HERE we are, my Grandison; my father and mother so indifferent in their healths, that we shall have time to wait for your direction. My mother was so incommoded, that we put in at Antibes; and by slow journeys, stopping a few days at Paris, proceeded to Calais, where we hired a vessel to bring us hither. My brother, and Father Marescotti, are indisposed. Camilla is not well. Mrs. Beamont, to whom we owe infinite obligations, is the life of us all.

Have you heard of the dear fugitive, who has given us all so much disturbance, and at this season of the year, so much fatigue? God grant that she may be safe in your protection, and in her right mind! Had she been so at the time, she had never meditated such a wild, such a disgraceful flight. The heart of the Count of Belvedere is torn in pieces by his impatience. He will soon follow the man and horse whom we dispatch with this. Signor Sebastiano will accompany him. Juliano will stay with us. The fatigue has been rather too much for your Jeronymo: but he rejoices, that he has his foot on English ground; the country that gave birth to his Grandison; and in his hopes of seeing his kind and skilful Lowther. God grant us a happy meeting; and that no interruption may have been given to your nuptial happiness, by the extravagance of a young creature, which can only be accounted for in her, by the unhappy disorder of her mind! Adieu, adieu, my Grandison!

JERONYMO DELLA PORRETTA.

LETTER XXXIV.

LADY GRANDISON, TO MRS.
SHIRLEY.TUESDAY MORNING, ELEVEN,
MARCH 13.

ABOUT two hours ago, Sir Charles received a letter from Signor Jeronymo. The man had rode all night. They are all at Dover.

Sir Charles is already set out; gone, with four coaches and six, of our own and friends, for them, and their attendants; Mr. Lowther with him. Saunders is left to attend the Count of Belvedere to the lodgings taken for him.

The house in Grosvenor Square is ready for the reception of the rest.

As soon as I can get quieter spirits, I will attend Lady Clementina, in order to re-assure her, if I find she has presence of mind enough to hear the news. Sir Charles has already induced her to wish the crisis over. It is a crisis. I am almost as much affected for her, as she can be for herself. Yet she has not cruel friends to meet. May the dear lady keep in her right mind!

In what a hurry of spirits I write. You will not wonder. I have not my grandmamma's steadiness of mind. Never, never, shall I be like my grandmamma.

TUESDAY, TWO O'CLOCK.

[IN LADY L.'S CLOSET.] I have, as gently as I could, broken the news of their safe arrival at Dover, to Lady Clementina. She began the subject; and said, she had been praying for the safety of her friends. 'What will become of me,' said she, 'should mis-hap befall any one of them? Should the fatigue be too much for either my father or mother, their healths so precarious; or for my Jeronymo, so lately ill!'

After proper prefacings, I hoped, I said, her cares on that subject would soon be over. Sir Charles had some intimation of the likelihood of their arrival at a particular port; and was actually set out with coaches, in hopes of accommodating them, when they *did* arrive, and to bring them to the house which had been (as she knew before) got ready for their reception.

She looked by turns on me, and on Lady L. in speechless terror: at last, 'Then I am sure,' said she, 'you know they are come. Tell me, tell me, are they indeed arrived? And are they all well?'

I owned they were, and at Dover; and waited there to refresh themselves, and to be informed of her health and safety, before they would proceed farther.

She wept even to sobbing; inveighed against herself: her tears were tears of

of duty and tenderness. She comforted herself, that Sir Charles would be able to soften their resentments against her; and she was sure he would make the best conditions for her, that could be obtained.

Lord L. is all goodness, all compassion, to her. He greatly admires her. But we observe, that there are some little traces of wildness now and then in her talk, which carries her into high language and exclamation. May her mind be quieted! May her intellects be preserved entire, in the affecting scenes before her!—I am sent for home in haste.

TUESDAY NIGHT.

MITHINKS I am half-afraid of telling even *you*, my grandmamma, at this distance, to whom I was sent for. It was to the Count of Belvedere. Signor Sebastiano was with him. Lord G. happened to call in at St. James's Square, when they arrived; and sending for me, entertained them till I came.

I asked Lord G. half out of breath with fear, at my *first alighting*, if he had said any thing of the lady? 'Not a syllable,' said he: 'I avoided answering questions. The gentlemen were full of impatience to know something about her; and this made me send for you: for, though cautioned, I was afraid of blundering.' Honest, modest, worthy Lord G.—I prevailed on them to stay supper with me. Lord G. was so obliging, as to send home to excuse himself to his lady, at my request.

They are both fine young gentlemen, extremely polite.

We have been told, that the count is a handsome man. Indeed he is. Any lady, with such a character as he has, if she were not prepossessed, might like him. He is certainly a gentle-dispositioned and good-natured man. He looks the man of quality. He seems not to be above five or six and twenty: has a foreign aspect, and a complexion a fallowish brown; yet has a healthy look. His eyes, however, as I knew his case, appeared to me to have a cast like those of a man whose mind is disturbed.

I behaved to them with the greatest frankness I could shew. I told them that Sir Charles set out in the morn-

ing, on the receipt of a letter from Dover, for that port, and with what equipages. They gave but a poor account of the health of the marchioness: but if she could but hear good tidings, he said, and stopt—

Sir Charles, I answered, would do his utmost to set their hearts at ease.

'May I not ask a question, Madam?' said the count. 'I find your ladyship knows every thing of us, and our affairs. We heard in Italy, that you were all goodness; and find you to be an angel. I make no compliment,' said he, laying his spread hand on his heart.

I answered in French, the language in which he spoke to me—That I had the pleasure of informing him, that letters had passed between Lady Clementina and Sir Charles. 'The account she gives of herself,' said I, 'makes us not quite unhappy.'

'Makes us!' said the count to Signor Sebastiano, in Italian, his hands lifted up: 'Heavenly goodness!'

I imagined that he thought I understood not that tongue; and that I might not mislead them into undue compliments, I said, in my broken-accented Italian, 'We all here, Signors, are as much interested in the health and happiness of Lady Clementina, as any of her friends in Italy can be.'

They applauded all of us, who were, as they said, so generously interested in the happiness of one of the most excellent of women.

I told the count, that Sir Charles had, as desired, provided lodgings for him. I hoped he would find them convenient, though Sir Charles thought them not befitting his quality. He had, before he set out this morning, (hearing that their lordships were then probably on their journey from Dover to London) ordered his gentleman to attend him to them: 'You, Signor,' said I, 'are, if you please, with Signor Juliano, to be Sir Charles's own guests. We have another house will be honoured with the residence of the marquis and marchioness, their sons, the good Father Marefcotti, and their other friends.'

'Good Father Marefcotti!' repeated the count—'Excellent Lady Grandison! But you say well: Father Marefcotti is indeed a good man.'

'I have by heart, my lord,' said I, 'the

‘ the characters of all my dear Sir Charles’s Italian friends.’

Again the two lords looked upon each other, as in admiration.

Pity, my dear grandmamma, that different nations of the world, though of different persuasions, did not, more than they do, consider themselves as the creatures of one God, the sovereign of a thousand worlds!

The count expressed great impatience to know some particulars of Lady Clementina. I took this opportunity to say, that as I had been informed of the transcendant piety of the lady, and of her great earnestness, from her earliest youth, to take the veil; I presumed it would forward the good understanding hoped for, if it were not at present known, that his lordship was arrived; and the rather, as several tender scenes might be expected to pass between her and her other friends, which perhaps her present (easily to be supposed) weak spirits, and turn of mind, might with difficulty enable her to support.

The count sighed: but, bowing, said, he came with a very small retinue, because he would be as private as possible. He had been for many months determined to visit England: the family della Porretta, Signor Jeronimo, in particular, had promised to visit Sir Charles in it likewise; they should indeed have chosen a better season for it, had not their care and concern for one of the most excellent of women induced them to anticipate their intentions. He was entirely of my opinion, he said, that his arrival in England should not at present be known by Lady Clementina.

He then, in a very gallant, but modest manner, owned to my Lord G. and me, his passion for her; and said, that on the issue of this adventure of the dear lady hung his destiny.

I told him I had been the more free in giving my humble advice, as to the keeping secret his arrival, as, but for that reason, I could assure him Sir Charles would not have permitted his lordship, or any of his train, to go into lodgings: and I mentioned the high regard which I knew Sir Charles had for the Count of Belvedere.

I ordered supper to be got early, as I supposed the two lords would be glad to retire soon, after the fatigue of their

journey; for they had set out early in the morning. I sent a note, begging the favour of my cousins Reeves’s company to supper; apologizing for the short notice. They were so kind as to come. They admire the two young noblemen; for Signor Sebastiano, as well as the count, is a sensible modest young man. Mr. Reeves and they entered into free conversation in French, which we all understood, on their country, voyage, and journey, by land. Both gentlemen spoke of Sir Charles, and his behaviour in Italy, in raptures.

My cousin Reeves was so good as to conduct the count to his lodgings, in his coach; Sir Charles having all our equipages with him.

You will soon have another letter, my dearest grandmamma, from *your ever dutiful*

HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER XXXV.

LADY GRANDISON. IN CONTINUATION.

WEDN. MORN. MARCH 14.

MR. and Mrs. Reeves were so kind as to breakfast, and intend to dine, with me.

They brought with them, as agreed upon over-night, the Count of Belvedere, who has assumed the name of Signor Marsigli. After breakfast, Mr. Reeves, dropping my cousin at Lady G.’s, carried the two noblemen through several of the great streets and squares of this vast town: to Westminster Hall; the houses of parliament, &c.

I went in my chair, mean time, to pay my sincerest compliments to Lady Clementina: I assured her, that she was, and should be, the subject of our choicest cares.

Poor lady! She is full of apprehensions. I owned to her the arrival of Signor Sebastiano, and his prayers for her safety and health; and told her what I had answered to his enquiries after her.

She was for removing to some distance from town, where she thought she could be more private. Lord and Lady L. both assured her, it was impossible she could be any-where so pri-

vate as in this great town; nor so happily situated (should she think fit, on a reconciliation, to own where she had been) as in the protection, and at the house, of Sir Charles Grandison's brother and sister.

God be praised for the happy meeting you all have had. Lucy is very good to be so particular about my Emily*! Dear girl! She is an example to all young ladies! Let Clementina be made easy, and who will be so happy as your Harriet?

THURSDAY, MARCH 15.

SIR Charles has been so good as to let me know that he and Mr. Lowther arrived yesterday morning at Dover. He found the marchioness, Signor Jeronimo, and the good Camilla, as he calls her, very much indisposed from the fatigues they had undergone, both in mind and body. The whole noble family received him with inexpressible joy. Jeronimo told him, that his arrival, and Mr. Lowther's with him, had given them all spirits; and health must follow to those who were indisposed.

Sir Charles supposes, that they will be obliged to continue at Dover all this day. To-morrow, if the marchioness is able to bear the journey, they propose to set out, and proceed as far on their way to London as her health will permit; and to get to town as early on Saturday as possible.

The dear man thought his Harriet would be easy, if he had not written to her, as he shall be two days longer out than he had hoped. To be sure she should. If he had not thought so justly of her, as she knows no other method of valuing herself than by his value of her, she must have been extremely sunk in her own opinion.

He bids me assure Lady Clementina, that she will find every one of her friends determined to do all in their power to make her happy. Repentment, he says, has no place in their bosoms: they breathe nothing but reconciliation and love.

I will now, my dear grandmamma, dispatch this letter to you, till I can inform you that this worthy family

are settled with *us*, and *at* Grosvenor Square.

SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 17.

I HAVE just received the following billet from Sir Charles.

GROSVENOR SQUARE, SAT.
4 O'CLOCK.

MY dearest love will rejoice to know by this, that our friends are all arrived here in safety. The marchioness bore the journey better than we expected. My Jeronimo is in fine spirits. I thought it would give my Harriet as well as them less fatigue, if I put them into immediate possession of this house, than if I brought them to pay their compliments to her, as they were very desirous to do, at St. James's Square. Mrs. Beaumont has allotted to them their respective apartments. There is room enough, and they are pleased to say, handsome room. Signor Julian will attend you with me. What an amiable forecast in my dearest life! A repast so elegantly prepared (as your Murray informs me) by your personal direction, to attend their hour. She tells me you have borrowed a female servant of each of our sisters, and one of Mrs. Reeves, to join with two of your own in the service of this house. In every-thing, on every occasion, you delight by your goodness and greatness of mind, *your ever devoted*

CH. GRANDISON.

I shall stay supper with them. But shall break away as soon as I can, to attend the joy of my heart.

Am I not a happy creature, my dear grandmamma? By what little offices, if done with tolerable grace, may one make a great and noble spirit think itself under obligation to one!—But had I known they would not have called first in St. James's Square, I would not have contented myself, as I did, with a visit to the other house in the middle of the day, to see every thing was in order, against they came: they should

* This letter of Miss Lucy Selby appears not.

have found me there to receive and welcome them.

Signor Sebastiano is flown to them. I should have told you, that the count, at my request, dined and supped with me and Signor Sebastiano, (they chusing to comply with our English customs) every day of this week from that of his arrival. They are really good young men. They improve upon me every hour. How do they admire Lady Clementina! The count yesterday complimented me, that for piety, reading, understanding, sweetness of manners, frankness of heart, she could only be equalled in England. Italy knew not, he said, nor had known of modern times, her mother excepted, such another woman. *If I knew* Lady Clementina, he added, I would not wonder at his perseverance, he having besides the honour of all her family's good opinion.

How I long to see every individual of this noble family!—I know how sincerely I love them all, by this one instance—I have not now, for near a week that my dearest friend has been absent from me, in their service, wished once for his company; though had he not written to me on Thursday, I should have been anxious for his health and theirs.

May they be indulgently, and not ungraciously, forgiving!—Then will I dearly love them.—Poor Lady Clementina! How full of apprehensions has she been all this week! She has not stirred out of her chamber since Wednesday morning, nor designs it for a week or two to come.

SUNDAY.

My Sir Charles left his noble friends for their sakes early last night, and he was pleased to tell me, for his own sake, longing to see, to thank, to applaud his Harriet. He brought with him the two young noblemen, who are our own immediate guests.

He gave me last night, and this morning, an account of what passed between the family and himself, from his arrival at Dover, to their coming to town last night.

They confessed the highest obligations to him for attending them in person; and for bringing Mr. Lowther with him. But when, on their eager

questions to him after their Clementina, he told them, that he had heard from her, and that she had owned herself to be in honourable and tender hands, the marquis lifted up his eyes in thankful rapture; the marchioness, with clasped hands, seemed to praise God; but her lips only moved: all the rest expressed their joy in words dictated by truly affectionate hearts.

Sir Charles found them all most cordially disposed to forgive the dear fugitive, as the bishop called her: 'But depend upon it,' added the prelate, 'nothing will secure her head, but our yielding to her in her long wished-for hope of the convent, or our prevailing on her to marry—and if you, Grandison, join with us, I question not, but the latter may be effected.'

Sir Charles blamed them for having precipitated her as they had done.

'That,' said the bishop, 'was partly the fault of our well-meaning Giacomo, and partly her own; for more than once she gave us hope that she would comply with our wishes.'

I besought Sir Charles that he would not be prevailed upon to take part with them, if she continued averse to a change of condition.

'I waved the subject, my dearest life,' replied he, 'at the time. I have continued to do so ever since. I want only to see them settled, and Lady Clementina composed, and then I shall know what can be done. Till then, arguments on either side will rather strengthen than remove difficulties.'

The bishop, with great concern, told Sir Charles, that when the first news of Clementina's flight was brought to Bologna, her poor mother was for two days as unhappy in her mind, as ever her daughter had been; and when it was found likely that Clementina was gone to England, she insisted so vehemently on following her, that they had no other way to pacify her, but by promising that they would out of hand pay to Sir Charles the visit they intended, and some of them had engaged to make him. Nor would she, when she grew better on their promise, acquit them of it. This determined them to this winter excursion, solely against the will of some of them: and it was in compassion to this unhappy state of the poor mother's mind, that Mrs. Beaumont consented to accompany her.

Sir Charles is gone to attend Lady Clementina. He then proposes to welcome the Count of Belvedere into England; and afterwards to wait on the noble family, and know when I shall be permitted to pay my devoirs to them.

SUNDAY, TWO O'CLOCK.

SIR Charles has found it very difficult to quiet the apprehensions of Lady Clementina. He is grieved for her. God grant, he prays, that she keep in her right mind. Lady L. thinks the poor lady is already disturbed.

Sir Charles was joyfully received by *Signor Marfigli*. He hinted to that lord, that he knew where to send letters to Lady Clementina. He is to introduce me by and by to his guests at Grosvenor Square.

SUNDAY NIGHT.

SIR Charles presented me to this expecting family. I admire them all.

The marquiss and marchioness are a fine couple. There is dignity in their aspects and behaviour. A fixed kind of melancholy sits upon the features of each. The bishop has the man of quality in his appearance; but he has something more solemn in his countenance than even Father Marefcotti; who, at a glance, is not unlike our Dr. Bartlett: the more like, as goodness and humility both shine in his countenance.

But Signor Jeronymo is an amiable young man: I could almost at first sight (and his winning grace confirmed me) have called him brother. With signal kindness did my Sir Charles present me to this his dear friend; and with equal kindness did Signor Jeronymo receive me, and congratulate Sir Charles. They all joined in the congratulation.

The amiable Mrs. Beaumont!—She embraced me! She felicitated me with such a grace, as made her manner surpass even her words.

The good Camilla was presented to me. She has the look of a gentlewoman. How many scenes did the sight of this good woman revive in my memory! Some of them painful ones!

Signor Marfigli, as he is called, and the two young lords, dined with them. This being a first visit on my part, we made it a short one. We went from

them to Lady G.'s, and drank tea with her and her lord. Sir Charles could not bear, he said, to go immediately from the sighing parents to the sorrowing daughter; they not knowing, nor being at present to know, she was so near them.

Lady G. was so petulant, so whimsical, when her brother's back was turned, that I could not forbear blaming her; but I let her go on her own way: she stopt my mouth—'So you think you shall behave more patiently, more *thankfully*, in the same circumstance!'—Look to it, Harriet!

Here, my dearest grandmamma, I will conclude this letter. Pray for the poor Clementina; for a happy reconciliation; and that the result may be tranquillity of mind restored to this whole noble family; so necessary to that of your dear Sir Charles, and *his and your*

HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER XXXVI.

LADY GRANDISON. IN CONTINUATION.

THURSDAY, MARCH 22.

NOTHING decisive yet, my dear grandmamma. There have been some generous contentions between the family and Sir Charles. He has besought them to make their hearts easy, and he will comply with all their reasonable desires.

They think not of dining with, or visiting us, till they can hear some tidings of their beloved daughter.

Lord G. Lord L. and Lady L. as also Mrs. Eleanor Grandison, have been introduced to them.

Sir Charles has begun to enter into treaty, as I may call it, with the lady on one part, her family on the second, and the Count of Belvedere on the third. Lady Clementina, it seems, insists upon being allowed to take the veil; and that in a manner that sometimes carries wildness with it. The bishop, Sir Charles thinks, seems less fervent in his opposition to it, than formerly. Father Marefcotti, in his heart, he believes, favours her wishes. But the marquiss and marchioness, and Signor Jeronymo, plead their own inclinations, the son their general's unabated

bated fervour, in behalf the marriage, were it but to secure the performance of the grandfather's will, and to be an effectual disappointment of the interested hopes of Lady Sforza and her daughter Laurana. The Count of Belvedere's passion for the lady (notwithstanding her unhappy malady past, and apprehended) makes a great merit with him with the family: and the two young lords think so highly of him for his perseverance, that they are attached to his interest; and declare that the Count della Porretta their father, is as strongly on the same side as the general himself.

In the mean time, the fond mother is so impatient to see her daughter, that they are afraid of the consequences, as to health both of mind and body, if a speedy determination be not come to: on the other hand, the young lady grieves to find herself, as she says, in such a situation, as to be obliged to insist on conditions with her parents, before she can throw herself at their feet; which she longs to do, though she dreads to see them. Sometimes (and they are when she is calmest) she blames herself for the step she has taken; at others, she endeavours to find excuses for it.

SUNDAY MORNING, MARCH 25.

SIR Charles has drawn up a paper at the request of all parties. He last night gave a copy of it to the lady; another to the count; a third to the bishop, for each to consider of the contents; and he will attend them to-morrow for their answer. He has given me also a copy of it; which is as follows—

- ‘ I. That Lady Clementina, in obedience to the will of her two deceased grandfathers, in duty to her parents and uncle, and in compliance with the earnest supplications of the most affectionate of brothers, shall engage her honour to give up all thoughts of withdrawing from the world, not only for the present, but for all future time, so long as she shall remain in her maiden state.
- ‘ II. She shall be at liberty to chuse her way of life; and shall be allowed, at her own pleasure, to visit her brother and his lady at Naples; her uncle at Urbino;

- ‘ Mrs. Beaumont at Florence; and be put into the immediate possession of the profits of the estate bequeathed to her, if she chuses it: that she may be enabled to do that extensive good with the produce, that she could not do, were she to renounce the world; in which case, that estate would devolve upon one, who, it is too probable, would make a very different use of it.
- ‘ III. She shall have the liberty of nominating her own attendants; in the case of death, or removal by promotion, of Father Marefcotti, (whose merits must at last render him conspicuous) to chuse her own confessor; but that her father and mother shall have their negative preserved to them, in either case, while she continues in their palace: nor will the dear lady think this a hardship; for she wishes not to be independent on parents, of whose indulgent goodness to her she is most dutifully sensible; and it is reasonable that they should be judges of the conduct of every one who is to be a domestick in their family.
- ‘ IV. As Lady Clementina, from some late unhappy circumstances, thinks she cannot marry any man; and as a late extraordinary step taken by her, has shewn, that there is at present too much reason to attend to the weight of her plea; it is hoped that the Count of Belvedere, for his own sake, for the sake of the composition of the mind of the lady so dear to all who have the honour of knowing her; will resolve to discontinue his addresses to her, and engage never to think of resuming them, unless some hopes should arise, in course of time, of his succeeding in her favour by her own consent.
- ‘ V. Her ever-honoured parents, for themselves, and for their absent brother, the Count of Porretta; her right reverend brother for himself, and as far as he may, for his elder brother; Signor Jeronymo for himself; will be so good as to promise, that they will never

‘ never with earnestness endeavour to persuade, much less compel, Lady Clementina to marry any man whatever; nor encourage her Camilla, or any other friend or confident, to endeavour to prevail upon her to change her condition: her parents, however, reserving to themselves the right of proposing, as they shall think fit, but not of urging; because the young lady, who is by nature sweet-tempered, gentle, obliging, dutiful, thinks herself (however determined by inclination) less able to withstand the persuasions of indulgent friends, than she should be to resist the most despotick commands.

‘ VI. These terms conceded to, on all sides, it is humbly proposed, that the young lady shall throw herself (as she is impatient to do) at the feet of her indulgent parents; and that all acts of disobedience shall be buried in everlasting oblivion.’

‘ The proposer of the above six articles takes the liberty to add, on the presumption that they may be carried into effect, a request that his noble guests will allow him to rejoice with them on their mutual happiness restored, for months to come, in his native country.

‘ He hopes that they will accept of his endeavours to make England as agreeable to them, as they heretofore made Italy to him.

‘ He begs that they will consider their family and his as one family, ever to be united by the indissoluble ties of true friendly love.

‘ He hopes for their company at his country-seat.

‘ He will seek for opportunities to oblige and accommodate them in every article, whether devotional or domestick.

‘ And when they will be no longer prevailed upon to stay in England, he will (no accidents, no events, preventing, of which

‘ themselves shall be judges) attend them to Italy; and if his beloved wife and sisters, and their lords, shall have made to themselves, as he hopes they will, an interest in their affections, he questions not to prevail on them to be of the party.

‘ CH. GRANDISON.’

MONDAY MORNING, TEN O’CLOCK.

SIR Charles is gone to attend the count at his lodgings, in pursuance of his request signified by a note last night.

TWO O’CLOCK.

THE following billet is just now brought to me.

‘ MY dearest Harriet will have the goodness to excuse my dining with her this day. *Signor Marfigli*, and I, are hastening to Grosvenor Square; where we shall dine. This worthy nobleman deserves pity. Adieu, my dearest life!

‘ CH. GRANDISON.’

I am all impatience for the issue of these conferences: but I will not dine by myself, when I can sit down at table with Lady L. Lady Clementina, and Lord L. so much my brother and friend. Here therefore will I close this letter. Forgive, my ever-honoured grandmother, the abruptness of *your ever dutiful*

HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER XXXVII.

LADY GRANDISON. IN CONTINUATION.

MONDAY, MARCH 26.

LADY L. when I was set down at her house, told me, that Lady Clementina had been in great agitations on the contents of the proposals left with her. She kept her chamber all day yesterday, and this morning. Lady L. had but then just left her. I sent up my compliments to her. She desired me to walk up. She met me on the stair-head in tears; and led me into

into her dressing-room—‘Have you seen the chevalier’s proposals, Madam?’—I owned I had.

‘Give up for ever,’ said she, ‘my scheme, my darling scheme, for the sake of which, I—’ There she stopt.

It was easy to guess what the poor lady was going to say. The subject was too delicate for me to help her out.

‘Dearest Lady Clementina,’ said I, ‘be pleased to consider the good it will be in your power to do hundreds, according to the second article, if you *can* comply. How much has our dear friend consulted your beneficent spirit! All my fear is, that your parents will not subscribe to their part of it. If they *will*, what a favourite scheme of their own will they give up!’

She paused—Then breaking silence—‘And is it your opinion, Lady Grandison?—Your opinion, joined to the chevalier’s—Let me consider—’

She took two or three turns about the room: then thinking of Sir Charles’s intimation of a tour to Italy—‘With what soothing, what consoling hope,’ said she, ‘does the next to divine man almost conciliate my mind to his measures!—And could you, would you, Madam, think of going with us to Italy! O how flattering are these hints!’

‘I should rejoice in such a tour,’ replied I: ‘love me but in your Italy, if I should be allowed to go, as I do you in our England, and I shall be happy in so fine a country, as I am told it is. But, dearest lady, what shall we do to obtain your friends compliance with these articles? Shall I cast myself on my knees before your father and mother to beg theirs? You in *my* hand, I in *yours*?’

‘Ever good, ever noble Lady Grandison!—But how first shall I pacify my own heart on yielding to my part of them?’

‘Let it not stick there, Madam. Will not Lady Clementina meet them one *fourth* of the way? It is not more.’

‘Well, I will consider of it. I shall hear what *they* will do. Your advice, my dear Lady Grandison, shall have all the weight with me, that a sister’s ought.’

I attended the summons to dinner,

She excused herself. I took leave of her for the day, declaring my intention of going home as soon as I had dined.

MONDAY NIGHT.

SIR Charles returned with a benevolent joy brightening his countenance. He hopes to bring this affair to an issue not unhappy.

He was first with the Count of Belvedere, who received him with great emotion. ‘I apprehended,’ said he, ‘that I was to be the sacrifice. O Grandison, did you but know the hopes, the assurances, given me by the general, by every body!’

Sir Charles expatiated on every argument that could compose his mind.

‘Will she promise, will she engage, that if ever she marry, it will be the man before you, chevalier? Why did you not make that a stipulation in my favour?’

‘I think such a stipulation would be of disadvantage to your lordship: you would be kept by it in suspense, whatever had offered, whether in Italy or Spain; in both which countries you have considerable connections. If Lady Clementina can be brought to give up the veil, it may not be impracticable to induce her in time (but time *must* be given her) to favour with her hand a man of your lordship’s merit and consequence. If otherwise, your lordship (unfettered either by hope or obligation) will be free to make another choice.’

“*Another choice,*” Sir! This to a man, who has so long adored her; and, through the various turns of her unhappy malady, still preserved for her a love that never any other woman shared in!—But, if you please, we will hear what her father, her mother, and other friends, say to the articles you have drawn up.’

They went to them. After dinner the important subject had a full and solemn consideration.

Signor Jeronymo and Mrs. Beaumont only at first espoused the proposed plan in *all* its articles; but every body came into it at last. God be praised! Now surely the dear lady must be happy. But the poor Count of Belvedere! He has not, in giving up his inclination, such a noble triumph of self-conquering duty, as she had to support her

her in the same arduous trial. But then he cherishes a hope, that there remains a possibility; the lady still unmarried.

Noblest of women! Is Harriet a bar! —No! She is what you generously wished her to be.

THURSDAY, MARCH 27.

SIR Charles excused himself to Lady Clementina, by a few lines last night, for not waiting on her yesterday; and just as he was setting out to attend her this morning, the following note was brought him from Signor Jeronymo; the contents designed to strengthen his endeavours to prevail on the lady to accept his plan.

TUESDAY MORN.

‘MY DEAREST GRANDISON,
‘**Y**OU will make us all happy, ‘if you can prevail upon our ‘beloved Clementina to accept, and ‘subscribe to, your generous plan, as ‘we all most cheerfully are ready to ‘do.—Restore yourself, my dearest ‘sister, this day, or to-morrow at far- ‘thest, to the arms of the most indul- ‘gent of parents, and to those of the ‘most affectionate of brothers, two ‘of us, who will answer for our third. ‘How impatiently shall we number ‘the hours, till the happy one arrives, ‘that we all shall receive from the ‘hand of the dearest of friends, and ‘best of men, a sister so much be- ‘loved!—Ever, ever, my dear Gran- ‘dison, *your grateful*

‘JERONYMO.’

O my dearest Lady Clementina! let your sister Harriet prevail upon you not to refuse the offered olive-branch!

TUESDAY, TWO O’CLOCK.

SIR Charles has just now acquainted me, that he has prevailed with Lady Clementina. To-morrow afternoon she will throw herself at the feet of her father and mother. Rejoice with me, my dear grandmamma! All my friends rejoice with me! congratulate me!—Is it not I myself that am going to be restored to the most indulgent of parents, brothers, friends!

Let me gratefully add, from the information of his aunt Grandison, whom he brought home with him, that he was so good as to resist an intreaty to

dine at Lord L.’s. And why? Because, as he was pleased to give the reason, (and was generously commended for it, by Lady Clementina) that I was alone. Lord L. proposed to send to request my company: he was sure his sister Grandison would oblige them. ‘And I, my lord,’ said Sir Charles, ‘am sure she would too: but the time ‘is so short, that it is not giving one ‘of the most obliging women in the ‘world an option.—Tendrest of hus- bands! Kindest and most considerate of men!—He will not subject a wo- man to the danger of being a refusing Vasshti; nor yet will give her reason to tremble with a too-meanly apprehen- sive Either.

TUESDAY EVENING.

As Sir Charles and I were sitting at supper, sweetly alone; the whole world, as it seemed, to each other, (for Mrs. Grandison chuses to be at present at Lord L.’s, and was gone thither;) the following billet was brought me, written in Italian; which thus I Eng- lish—

‘**T**O-morrow, my dearest Lady ‘Grandison, as the chevalier has ‘no doubt told you, the poor fugitive ‘is to be introduced to her parents. ‘Pray for her. But if I am to have ‘the honour of being looked upon as ‘indeed your sister, you must do more ‘than pray for me. Was you in ‘earnest yesterday, when you offered ‘your comforting hand to sustain me, ‘if I consented to cast myself at the ‘feet of my father and mother? Lady ‘L. is so good as to consent in person ‘to acknowledge the protection she ‘has given me. Will you, my sister, ‘be my sister on this awful occasion? ‘—Will you lend me your supporting ‘hand?—If you, as well as Lady L. ‘credit the runaway penitent with your ‘appearance in her favour, then will ‘she, with more courage than can ‘otherwise fall to her share, look up ‘to those parents, and to those bro- ‘thers, whose indulgent bosoms she ‘has filled with so much anguish. ‘Till to-morrow is over, she dare not ‘sign the respectable addition to the ‘name of

‘CLEMENTINA.

‘TUESDAY EVENING.’

Will I! repeated I, as soon as I had read it: *was I in earnest yesterday!*—Indeed I was: indeed *I will*.
 ‘—Read it, my dearest Sir, and give me leave to answer it’s contents, as my amiable sister wishes.’

He had looked benignly at his servants, and at the door; and they withdrew, as soon as the billet was brought, on my saying, ‘*From the lady!*’

‘Scenes that may be expected to be tender,’ said he, ‘will not, I hope, affect too much the spirits of my angel—But it is a request as kindly made by Clementina, as generously complied with by you. I will tell you, my dear, how, if the lady please, we will order it. After dinner you shall call upon your worthily adopted sister, and take her and Lady L. to Grosvenor Square. I will be there to receive her, and present her to her friends, though I doubt not but she will meet with a joyful welcome. I will acquaint her with this to-morrow morning.’

WEDNESDAY MORNING, MARCH 28.

LADY Clementina approves of my calling upon her and Lady L. and of Sir Charles being at Grosvenor Square, ready to receive her. I am to attend her about five in the afternoon. She is, it seems, full of apprehensions.

WEDNESDAY NIGHT, TEN O’CLOCK.

WE are just returned from Grosvenor Square—‘Dear Sir, I obey you.’ Sir Charles, in tenderness to me, insists upon my deferring writing till to-morrow.

The first command he has laid upon me.

LETTER XXXVIII.

LADY GRANDISON. IN CONTINUATION.

THURSDAY MORNING, MARCH 29.

NOW for particulars of what passed yesterday. Sir Charles is gone to Grosvenor Square, to enquire after the health and composure of the family there.

When I called upon Lady Clementina yesterday, five o’clock, I found her greatly distressed with her own apprehensions. ‘I must,’ said she to

me, ‘be a guiltier creature than I had allowed myself to think I was: why chide am I so ashamed, so afraid, to see parents whom I ever honoured, brothers and friends whom I ever loved?’
 ‘—O Lady Grandison! What a dissipating thing is the consciousness of having done amiss! And to a proud heart too!’

Then looking upon the written plan, ‘Let me see,’ said she, ‘what I am to sign.’ These were the remarks she made upon them, as she read—

(1.) ‘Hard, hard article, *the first!*
 ‘—But your Grandison, Madam, my fourth brother, my friend, my protector, tells me, that I shall discharge all the obligations he ever laid upon me, if I will sign it. I submit.’

(2.) ‘How flattering to my pride: to my hopes of doing good to the indigent and unhappy!’

(3.) ‘Nominating my attendants—my confessor—Kind, considerate Grandison! If I give up the first wish of my heart, I shall not insist upon these stipulations in my favour. My parents shall have, in these cases, affirmative and negative too. Indeed I desire not in any article to be independent of them.’

(4.) ‘A grateful article! I acknowledge, chevalier, your protection with gratitude, in this stipulation.’

(5.) ‘If my friends promise, they will perform. Ours is a family of untainted honour. I hope my brother Giacomo will be answered for by *his* brothers in these articles: but he will hate me, I fear.’

‘Generous Grandison! what tempting proposals do you conclude with!’
 ‘—And you, Lady Grandison, are so good as to say, that my happiness is wanting to compleat yours—That is a motive, I assure you. Lead me, Madam—and do you, my dear Lady L. (my hospitable other protectress) oblige me with your countenance too.
 ‘A woman of your honour and goodness, sister of the Chevalier Grandison, acknowledging me your guest, and answering for my behaviour, will credit the abject Clementina in the eyes of her forgiving relations—Sir Charles Grandison there before me, to prepare them to receive graciously the fugitive—Lead me on, while I am guided: I will attend you.’

She looked wild and disordered; and, giving each of us a hand, we led her to the coach. But, at stepping in, she trembled, faltered, and seemed greatly disturbed.

We consoled her all we could; and the coach drove to Grosvenor Square. When it stopt, she threw her arms about Lady L. and, hiding her face in her bosom, called upon the Blessed Virgin to support her—'How, how,' said she, 'can I look my father, my mother, in the face!'

Sir Charles, on the coach stopping, appeared. He saw her emotion. 'It is kind, my Harriet—it is kind, Lady L.—to accompany Lady Clementina.—Your goodness will be rewarded in being eye-witnesses of the most gracious reception that ever indulgent parents gave to a long absent daughter.'

'Ah, chevalier!' was all she could say.

'Let me conduct you, dearest Lady Clementina, into a drawing-room, where you will see no other person but whom you now see, till your recovered spirits shall rejoice the dearest of friends.'

I was afraid she was too much discomposed to attend to this considerate expedient. I repeated, therefore, what Sir Charles last said. She was visibly encouraged by it. She gave him her trembling hand; and he led her into the prepared drawing-room. Lady L. and I followed. Our offered salts, and soothing, with difficulty kept her from fainting.

When she was a little revived—'Hush!' said she, with her finger held up, and wildness in her looks, casting her eyes to the doors and windows in turns: 'they will hear us!—Farther recovering herself—'O chevalier!' said she, 'what shall I say? How shall I look? What shall I do?—And am I, am I, indeed, in the same house with my father, mother, Jeronymo? Who else? Who else?' with quickness.

'It is so ordered, my dearest Clementina,' said Sir Charles, 'in love and tenderness to you, that you shall only see your mother first; then your father—At your own pleasure, your brothers, Mrs. Beaumont, Father Marefcotti.'

Sir Charles was sent for out—'Don't,

'don't leave me, Sir.' Then looking to Lady L. and then to me—'You are all goodness, ladies—Don't leave me.'

Sir Charles instantly returned: 'Your mamma, Madam, all indulgence, is impatient to fold you to her heart. What joy will you give her?'

He offered his hand. She gave him hers; motioning for our attendance. Sir Charles led her; we following, into the room where was her expecting mother.

The moment each saw the other, they ran with open arms to each other. 'O my mamma!'—'My Clementina!'—was all that either could say. They sunk down on the floor, the mother's arms about the daughter's neck; the daughter's about the mother's waist.

Sir Charles lifted them up, and seated them close to each other—'Pardon! Pardon!' said the dear lady, hands and eyes lifted up, sliding out of her mother's arms on her knees—But at that moment could say no more.

The marquis, not being able longer to contain himself, rushed in—'My daughter! My child! My Clementina! Once more do I see my child!'

Sir Charles had half-lifted her up, when her father entered. She sunk down again, prostrate on the floor, her arms extended: 'O my father! forgive!—Forgive me, O my father!'

He raised her up, by Sir Charles's assistance; and, seating her between himself and his lady, both again wrapt their arms about her. She repeated prayers for forgiveness in broken accents: blessings, in accents as broken, flowed from their hearts to their lips.

After the first emotions, when they could speak, and she now and then could look up, which she did by snatches, as it were, her eyes presently falling under theirs, 'Behold, Madam—Behold, my lord,'—said she, 'the hospitable lady to whom—' looking at Lady L.—'Behold,' looking at me, 'a more than woman; an angel—More she would have said; but seemed at a loss for words.

'We have before seen and admired,' said the marquis, 'in Lady Grandison, the noblest of all women.'

He arose to approach us: Sir Charles led us both to them.

Lady Clementina snatched first my hand, and eagerly pressed it with her lips; then Lady L.'s: her heart was full; she seemed to want to speak; but could not; and Lady L. and I, with overflowing eyes, congratulated the father, mother, daughter; and were blessed in speech by the two former; by hands and eyes lifted up by Lady Clementina.

Sir Charles then withdrawing, returned with the bishop, and Signor Jeronymo. It is hard to say whether these two lords shewed more joy, than Clementina did shame and confusion. She offered at begging pardon; but the bishop said, 'Not one word of past afflictions! Nobody is in fault. We are all happy once more; and happy on the conditions prescribed to both by this friend of mankind in general, and of our family in particular.'

'My ever noble, my venerable brother,' said Jeronymo, (who had clasped his sister to his fond heart, his eyes running over) 'how I love you for this uncalled-for assurance to the dear Clementina! Every article of my Grandison's plan shall be carried into execution. We will rejoice with the chevalier in his England—And he, and all who are dear to him, shall accompany us to Italy. We will be all one family.'

Sir Charles then introduced to the lady his greatly and justly esteemed Mrs. Beaumont. Clementina threw herself into her arms. 'Forgive me; my dear Mr. Beaumont! If you forgive me, *virtue* will. Pardon the poor creature, who never, never, would have so much disgraced your lessons, and her mamma's example, as she has done, had not a heavy cloud darkened her unhappy mind. Say you forgive me, as the best and most indulgent of parents, and the kindest of brothers, have done.'

'It was not your fault, my dear Lady Clementina, but your misfortune. You never was so much to be blamed as pitied. All here are of one sentiment. We came over to heal your wounded mind: be it healed, and every one will be happy; yes, more happy, perhaps, (for now we all understand one another) than if you had not left us to mourn your absence.'

'Blessed be my comforter, my

'friend, my beloved Mrs. Beaumont! You always knew how to blunt the keen edge of calamity: what a superior woman are you!'

Father Marescotti was introduced by the marquis himself, with a respect worthy of his piety and goodness. 'I submit, father,' said Lady Clementina, before he could speak, 'to any penance you shall inflict.'

His voice would not befriend him: his action, however, shewed him to be all joy and congratulation.

'I have been wicked, very wicked,' continued she—'But Mrs. Beaumont says, and she says justly, that I merited pity, rather than blame. Yet if you think not so, you, who are the keeper of my conscience, spare me not.'

'Who, who,' said the good man, 'shall condemn, when father, mother, and brothers, so zealous for the honour of their family, acquit! God forgive you, my dearest lady! And God forgive us all!'

'My dearest Chevalier Grandison,' said Jeronymo, 'what gratitude, what obligations do we owe to you, and your admirable lady and sisters! Again I acknowledge the obligation for a whole family, from this hour a happy one, I hope.'

It had been agreed between the family and Sir Charles, that not a word should be mentioned to Lady Clementina of the Count of Belvedere. They requested Sir Charles to take upon himself the breaking to her, that he was in England, in his own manner, as opportunity should offer.

Every one having been greatly affected, Sir Charles proposed to take leave; and that Lady Clementina should return to Lady L.'s for that night, as preparation might not have been made for her stay in Grosvenor Square; but all the family, with one voice, declared they could not part with the restored daughter and sister of their hopes: and she herself cheerfully consented to stay; gratefully, however, thanking Lady L. for her sisterly treatment.

'Who, in the general joy,' said Sir Charles, 'has remembered the good Camilla? Let Camilla congratulate her lady, and all of us, on this happy occasion.'

Every one called out for Camilla. In ran the worthy creature. On her

knees she embraced her young lady's, and wept for joy. 'Ah! my Camilla, my friend Camilla!' said Clementina, clasping her arms about her neck, 'I have been cruel to you: but it was not I—Alas! alas! I was not always myself—I will endeavour to repair your wrongs.'

'Thank God that I once more clasp my dear young lady to my heart!—I have no wrongs to complain of.'

'Yes, yes, you have, kind Camilla: I wanted to elude your watchful duty; and was too cunning to be just to my Camilla.'

Sir Charles forgot not to commend Laura to forgiveness and favour.—'Laura,' said Lady Clementina, 'is blameless. She obeyed me with reluctance. If I am myself forgiven, forgive Laura.'

'My dearest love,' said the marchioness, 'we have agreed, that you shall chuse your own servants. The chevalier, we have no doubt, had Laura in his thoughts, when he made that stipulation; the English youth too. You, my Clementina, must have it in your power to do with these as you please.'

'May I be permitted, my lord,' said Sir Charles, 'to make one request for myself to Lady Clementina; a request which shall be consistent with the articles you will all sign.'

'I will agree to a request of yours, chevalier,' said the lady, 'be it almost what it will.'

'I will not, Madam, make it to-day, nor to-morrow. After the hurry of spirits we have all sustained, let to-morrow be a day of composure. Permit me to expect you all at dinner with me on Friday. The articles then may be signed: and then, but not before, I will mention my request, and hope it will be granted.'

Sir Charles's invitation was politely accepted; and to-morrow—

Lady Clementina and Mrs. Beaumont below!—A agreeable surprize!



SIR Charles had been out, and was just come in when the two ladies alighted. I was overjoyed to see them, and to see Lady Clementina serene, and seemingly not unhappy. 'We are come,' said Mrs. Beaumont, 'to make our earliest acknowledgments for the

'happiness restored to a whole family. Lady Clementina could not be easy till she had paid her personal thanks to Lady Grandison, for the support her presence gave her yesterday.'

'Gratitude,' said the lady, 'fills my heart—but how, chevalier, shall I express it? I beseech you, let me know your request.—Tell me, dear Lady Grandison, wherein I can oblige my fourth brother?'

'My dearest Lady Clementina,' said Sir Charles, 'fortify your heart against a gentle (hope it will then be but a gentle) surprize. You have not yet signed, your *relations* have not, I presume, the articles to which you have mutually agreed.'

'Sir! chevalier! Sir!'

'Let me not alarm you, Madam!'

He put one of her hands in mine; and took the other, in a very tender manner, in his.

'You intend to sign them?—They do, I am sure. To-morrow, when we are all together, they will be signed on both sides.'

'I hope so—They will not, chevalier, be receded from?'

'They will not, Madam: and hence you will be assured, that the Count of Belvedere will never be proposed to you with any degree of urgency.'

'I hope not! I hope not!' said she with quickness.

'Should you, Madam, on your return to Italy, be unwilling to see the count as a friend to your family, as a respecter of your great qualities, as a countryman?'

'I shall always regard the Count of Belvedere, as a man of honour, as a friend of my brother Giacomo, of all our family—But I cannot place him in any other light. What means the Chevalier Grandison? Keep not my mind in suspense.'

'I will not. Your father, your mother, your brothers, came over, in hopes that you might be prevailed upon in the count's favour. They have given up that hope—'

'They have, Sir!'

'And will absolutely leave you to your own will, to your own wishes, on the condition to which you have agreed to sign—But *shall* I ask you—Were the count to be in France, would you allow him to come over,

'and

‘and take leave of your family and you, before he sets out for the court of Madrid?’

‘What, Sir! as a man who had hopes from me of *more* than my good wishes?’

‘No, Madam; only as a friend to the whole family—not requesting any other favour, now he sees you so determined, than your good wishes, your prayers, for him, as you will ever have his for you.’

‘I can consent in that view: but were any other favour to be hoped from me; were my generosity to be expected to be prevailed upon—O chevalier!—Lady Grandison!—Mrs. Beaumont!—Let me not be attempted in this way: the articles would be broken. This would be *persuasion*, and *that* compulsion.’

‘Nothing, Madam, of this kind is intended. The articles will be inviolably observed on the part of your relations. But here Mrs. Beaumont, who never intended to set her foot on the English shore, to oblige and comfort your mother, is come to England: and in the general grief that was occasioned by your absenting yourself, if the man, who was always deservedly esteemed by your family, *had* accompanied, had attended, your father, your brothers—’

Sir Charles stopt, and looked at the apprehensive lady with *such* a sweet benignity, and, on her eye meeting his, with *such* tender and downcast modesty, (all the graces of gentle persuasion are his!)

‘O chevalier! your request! your request! Tell me in what I can oblige the most obliging of friends, of men!’

‘I will tell you, Madam,’ bowing on the hand he held—‘Consent, if it be not with too much pain to yourself, to see the Count of Belvedere.’

‘See him, Sir!—How?—When?—Where?—As what?’

‘As a friend to your family—a well-wisher to your glory, and happiness; and as a man ready and desirous to promote the latter at the expence of his own. He wishes but, while he stays here—’

“Stays here,” Sir!

‘To be allowed to visit your family, and to see you once, twice, thrice, as you please—but entirely under the

‘conditions of the articles to be signed to-morrow.’

‘And is then the count in England?’

‘He is, Madam. He attended his and your friends over. He has not once desired to appear in your presence: he keeps himself close in private lodgings. Hence judge of his resolution not to disturb or offend you. He will depart the kingdom without an interview, if you will have it so: but I could not bear, that so good a man should be obliged to depart *disgracefully*, as I may say, and as if he were undeserving of pity, though he could not obtain favour.’

‘O chevalier!’

‘Secured, Madam, by the articles, though *his* emotion may be apprehended to be great, *yours* cannot—There is not the same reason for the one as for the other: I make it *my* request, that the Count of Belvedere may be allowed, as one of the chosen friends of your house, but as no more, (*more* the articles forbid) a place at my table to-morrow.’

‘To-morrow, Sir! and I present!’

He bowed affirmatively.

O how the penetrating man looked into the heart of the lady at her eyes!—As sure as you are alive, Madam, he thought of guessing by her then emotion, whether any hopes could distantly lie for the count, by the consequence his presence or absence would give him with her.

She paused—At last—‘And is *this*, chevalier, the request you had to make me?’

‘It is, Madam; and if my Harriet had not had the honour of this visit, I should have made the same request for his admission in the evening to-morrow—as now I do to dinner.’

‘Well, Sir; I can suspect no double-dealing from Sir Charles Grandison.’

‘I ask for no favour for the count more than I have mentioned, Madam: I am bound by the articles I have drawn, as if I were a party to them.’

‘Well, Sir, I consent to see the count. He will be prudent, I hope I

‘ shall be so. In Italy, more than once, after you had left it, I saw him: and I always wished him happy.’

‘ Now, my dearest sister,’ said Sir Charles, ‘ my ever to be respected friend, I am easy in my mind. I could not bear in my thoughts, that any thing I knew, which it concerned you to know, should be concealed from you.’

Tears stood in her eyes. ‘ O Madam,’ said she to me, ‘ God and you only can reward this excellent man for his goodness to me, and all the world that know him.—You see your influence, chevalier. In every way do I wish to shew my gratitude. But never, never ask me to give him my hand in marriage.’

‘ Ah! my dear lady,’ thought I; a tear stealing involuntarily down my cheek; ‘ the less the less, I doubt, must you be asked, for having before you a man, who having no equal, you cannot think of any other.’

LETTER XXXIX.

LADY GRANDISON. IN CONTINUATION.

THURSDAY EVENING, MARCH 29.

LADY G. has sent to me in all haste. She is taken ill. God give her a happy hour.

O my grandmamma! there are solemn, there are awful, circumstances in the happiest marriages.

She begs to see her brother as well as me.

I wait for him. The Count of Belvedere is with him—

They have parted—I am gone.

THURSDAY NIGHT.

JUST returned. All happily over! A fine girl!—Yet, though a fine one, how are the earl and Lady Gertrud disappointed!—Poor mortals! how hard to be pleased!

The brave are always humane. Sir Charles’s tender and polite behaviour on this occasion—How does every occurrence endear him to every body.

How dearly does Lord G. love his Charlotte! Till all was over, he was in agonies for her safety. His prayers then, his thankfulness now, how ought they to endear him to his Charlotte!

And so they must, when she is told of his anxiety, and of his honest joy, or I will not own her for my sister. But in her heart, I am sure she loves him. Her past idle behaviour to him was but play. She will be matronized now. The mother must make her a wife. She will doubly disgrace herself, if she loves her child, and can make a jest of her husband.

I have just now asked Sir Charles, whether, if he could prevail on Lady Clementina, while they were all with us, to give her hand to the Count of Belvedere, he would? ‘ By no means,’ said he, ‘ and that for both their sakes. Lady Clementina has, on many occasions, shewn that she may be prevailed upon by generous and patient treatment: let the count have patience. If she recover her mind, a train of chearful ideas may take place of those melancholy ones, which make her desirous of quitting society. She will find herself by the articles agreed to, in a situation to do more good, than it is possible she could do, were her inclination to take the veil to be gratified. The good she will do will open and enlarge a mind which is naturally noble; and she will be grateful for the indulgence given her, which will be the means of so happy a change: but if the poor lady’s mind be not curable, (which God forbid) who will pity the count for not being able to obtain her hand?—I think, my dear, I have made him, though not happy, easy; and I hope he will be able to see her without violent emotions.’

FRIDAY MORNING.

SIGNORS Sebastiano and Juliano are come back, rejoicing that they have been introduced to, and kindly received by, Lady Clementina.

Sir Edward Beauchamp has just left me. How happy does the account he gives of my Emily’s chearfulness make me! I knew you would all love her.

Sincerely do I rejoice in the news which my Nancy confirms, that Lucy has absolutely rejected the addresses of Mr. Greville. She startled me once, I can tell her! A naughty girl! what could she mean by it?

Won’t she give me the particulars under her own hand? I shall be afraid of her till she does; so much was I impressed

impressed by her warmth in the argument she once held with me, in *his* favour, as I thought. Yet I cordially wish Mr. Greville well; but my Lucy better. Pray, Madam, let me privately know, if the proposals for the young Irish peer*, whom Nancy praises so much for his sobriety, modesty, learning, and other good qualities, were made *before* or *after* the rejecting of Mr. Greville? I half mistrust the girls who have been disappointed of a first love. Yet Lucy's victory over herself was a noble one. She is in the way, I hope, to be rewarded for it. God grant it!—Think you, my dear grandmamma, I can be solicitous (as I am from the bottom of my heart) for the happiness of a new adopted sister, and not be inexpressibly anxious for that of my Lucy, the faithful, the affectionate friend of my earlier years?

Our guests are entering.—May the same gracious Providence, which has more than answered every wish of your Harriet's heart in her own situation, shower down it's blessings on Lucy, on you, and all the revered, the beloved circle! prays, my dear grandmamma, *your and their ever dutiful and affectionate*

HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER XL.

LADY GRANDISON, TO MRS.
SHIRLEY.

SATURDAY, MARCH 31.

NOW, my dear grandmamma, let me give you some account of what passed yesterday.

The articles signed and witnessed, were put into Lady Clementina's hand, and a pen given her, that she might write her name, in the presence of all her surrounding friends here.

Never woman appeared with more dignity in her air and manner. She was charmingly dressed, and became her dress. A truly lovely woman! But every one by looks seemed concerned at her solemnity. She signed her name; but tore off, deliberately, their names; and, kissing the torn bit, put it in her bosom: then, throwing herself on her knees to her father and mother who stood together, and presenting the pa-

per to the former; 'Never let it be said, that your child, your Clementina, has presumed to article in form with the dearest of parents. My name stands. It will be a witness against me, if I break the articles which I have signed.—But in your forgiveness, my lord—in yours, Madam—and in a thousand acts of indulgence, I have too much experienced your past, to doubt your future goodness, to me. Your intention, my ever-honoured parents, is your act. I pray to God to enable your Clementina to be all you wish her to be. In the single life only indulge me. Your word is all the assurance I wish for. I will have no other.'

They embraced her. They tenderly raised her between them; and again embraced her.

'I would not, methinks, Sir,' said she, turning to Sir Charles, 'for the first time see the Count of Belvedere before all this company, though I revere every one in it. Is the count in the house?'

'He is in my study, Madam.'

'Will my mamma,' said she, turning to her, 'honour me with her presence?'

She gave her hand to Sir Charles, and took mine.—Jeronymo followed her; and Sir Charles led her into the next room. 'Too great solemnity, in all this!' whispered the marquis to Father Marescotti. She curtsied, invitingly, to Mrs. Beaumont. She also followed her.

Sir Charles, seating her and the marchioness, by the young lady's silent permission, went into his study; and, having prepared the count to expect a solemn and uncommon reception, introduced him. He approached her, profoundly bowing; a sweet blush overspread her cheeks: 'You, my Lord of Belvedere,' said she, 'are one of those my friends, to whom I am, in some measure, accountable for the rash step which brought me into this kingdom; because it has induced you to accompany my brothers, whom you have always honoured with your friendship.—Forgive me for any inconveniences you have suffered on this occasion.'

'What honour does Lady Clemen-

* Lord Reresby, mentioned Vol. VI. p. 280.

'tina do me to rank me in the number of the friends to whom she thinks herself accountable!—Believe me, Madam—'

'My lord,' interrupted she, 'I shall always regard you as the friend of my family, and as my friend. I shall wish your happiness, I do wish your happiness, as my own; and I cannot give you a stronger proof that I do, than by withholding from you the hand which you have sought to obtain, with an unshaken, and, my friends think, an obliging perseverance, quite through an unhappy malady, which ought to have deterred you, for many sakes, and most for your own.'

'My dear mamma,' throwing herself at her feet, 'forgive me for my perseverance. It is not altogether owing (I hope it is not at all owing) to perverseness, and to a wilful resistance of the wills and wishes of all my friends, that I have withstood you. Two reasons influenced me, when I declined *another* hand: religion and country, a double reason, was one; the unhappy malady which had seized me, was another. *Two reasons*, rising with dignity, and turning from her weeping mother, 'also influence me with regard to the Count of Belvedere; though neither of them are the important articles of religion and country. I owe to you, before these my dearest friends, and let it be told to every one whom it concerns to know it, that justice to the Count of Belvedere is one—What a wretch should I be, if I gave my hand to a man who had not the preference in my heart, which is a husband's due!—And should I, who had an unhappy reason to refuse one worthy man for his *own* sake, perhaps for the sakes of the unborn, (I will speak out on this important occasion) not be determined to do as much justice to another?—In one word, I refused to punish the Chevalier Grandison—[Madam, to me, you know my story:] what has the Count of Belvedere done, that I should make no scruple to punish him?—My good lord, be satisfied with my wishes for your happiness. I find myself, at times, very, very wrong. I have given proofs but too convincing to all my friends, that I am not right.—While I so

think; conscience, honour, justice; (as I told you once before, my good chevalier) compel me to embrace the single life.—I have, in duty to my nearest friends, given up the way I should have chosen to lead it in.—Let me try to recover myself in their way.—My dearest, dearest mamma,' (again dropping on her knees to her) 'I will endeavour to make all my friends happy in the way they have agreed to make me so.—Pray for me, all my friends!' looking round her, tears in big drops trickling down her cheeks.—Then rising, 'Pray for me, my Lord of Belvedere: I will for you; and that you may do justice to the merit of some worthier woman who *can* do justice to yours.'

She hurried from us, in a way which shewed she was too much elevated for her bodily powers. Sir Charles besought Mrs. Beaumont to follow her. Mrs. Beaumont took my hand.

We found the lady in the study: she was on her knees, and in tears. She arose at our entrance. Each of us hastening to give her a hand, 'O my dear Lady Grandison,' said she, 'forgive me—Am I, am I wrong, my dear Mrs. Beaumont?—Tell me, have I behaved amiss?'

We both applauded her. Well we might. If her greatness be owing to a raised imagination, who shall call it a malady? Who, but for the dear lady's own sake, would regret the next to divine impulse, by which, on several occasions, she has shewn herself actuated?

She suffered herself to be led to her mother, who embracing her, (Clementina again kneeling to her) 'My dearest child, my blessed daughter, we all of us, while such are your apprehensions, must acquiesce with your reasons. Be happy, my love, in your own magnanimity. I glory in my child.'

'And I in my sister,' said the noble Jeronymo—'Saint! Angel!' kneeling to her on one knee, notwithstanding his lameness, 'I next to adore my sister.'

She called him her brother, her true brother. Then, taking my hand: 'And will you, Lady Grandison,' said she, 'be my sister; shall Sir Charles Grandison be my brother? Will you return with us into Italy? Shall we cultivate on both sides a family friendship to the end of our lives?'

I threw my arms about her neck, tears

tears mingling on the cheeks of both :
 ‘ It will be my ambition, my *great*
 ‘ ambition, to deserve the distinction
 ‘ you give me—My sister, my friend,
 ‘ the sister of my *best* friend, love *him*
 ‘ as he honours *you*; and me for his
 ‘ sake, as I will you for your own, as
 ‘ well as for his, to the end of my life.’

Sir Charles clasped his arms about us both. His eyes spoke his admiration of her, and his delight in each. Angels he called us. Then seating us, he took the count’s hand; and, leading him to her, ‘ Let me, Madam, present ‘ to you the Count of Belvedere, as a man equally to be pitied and esteemed. He yields to your magnanimity ‘ with a greatness of mind like your ‘ own. Receive then, acknowledge, ‘ the *friend* in him. He will endeavour to forego a dearer hope.’

‘ Then will I receive him as my ‘ friend.—I thank you, my lord, for ‘ the honour you have so long done ‘ me. May you be happy with a woman who *can* deserve you!—See that ‘ happy pair before you!—May you ‘ be as happy as Sir Charles Grandison!—What greater felicity can I ‘ wish you?’

He took her hand; on one knee he lifted it to his lips: ‘ I will tear from ‘ you, Madam, a tormentor. I must ‘ ask nothing of *you*; but, for myself, ‘ I can only promise, in the words of ‘ the Chevalier Grandison, to *endeavour* ‘ to forego, a dearer, the *dearest* ‘ hope.’

The count arose, bowing to her with profound respect; his eyes full; as his heart seemed to be. Signor Jeronymo motioned to return to the company. Lady Clementina wished to retire with me, till what had passed was related to the rest. I led her to my closet. There did we renew our vows of everlasting friendship.

Sir Charles, thinking the relation would be painful to the count, withdrew with him into his study. Mrs. Beaumont and Signor Jeronymo, told those who were not present at the affecting scenes, what had passed.

When we were summoned to dinner, every one received Lady Clementina as an angel. They applauded her for her noble behaviour to the count, and blessed themselves for having taken the resolution of coming to England; and, most of all, they blessed my dear Sir

Charles; to whom they ascribed all their opening happy prospects; and promised themselves that his family and theirs would be as much one, as if the alliance, once so near taking place, had actually done so.

Sir Charles, at and after dinner, urged the carrying into execution the latter part of his beneficent plan. He offered to attend them to the drawing-room, to the play, to the oratorios, (and took that opportunity to give the praises which every body allows to be due to Mr. Handel;) and to every place of publick entertainment which was worthy the notice of foreigners; and left it to their choice, whether they would go first to Grandison Hall, or satisfy their curiosity in and about town.

The marquis said, that as Sir Charles and I were brought out of the country by the arrival of their Clementina, and our expectation of them, he doubted not but it would be most agreeable to us to return to our own seat; adding, politely, that the highest entertainment they could have, would be the company and conversation of us, and our friends; and that rather at our own seats, than any where else. The publick diversions, he was pleased to say, might take their attention afterwards. Now they were here, they would not be in haste to return, provided Sir Charles and his friends would answer the hope he had given of accompanying them back to Italy.

There is no repeating the polite and agreeable things, that were said on all sides.

Well, then, my dear grandmamma, to cut short, thus it was last agreed upon—

The Count of Belvedere, who, all the afternoon and evening, received the highest marks of civility and politeness from the admirable Clementina, (which, by the way, I am afraid will not promote his cure) proposes, with Signors Sebastiano and Julian, to pass a month or six weeks in seeing every thing which they shall think worthy of their notice in and about this great city; and then, after one farewell-visit to us, they intend to set out together for the court of Madrid; where the count intends to stay some months.

We shall all set out, on Monday next, for Grandison Hall.

Lord and Lady L. will follow us in a week or fortnight.

'How will the poor dear Charlotte mutter!' whispered Lady L. to me: but she and her lord will join us as soon as possible.

Mrs. Eleanor Grandison loves not the Hall, because of the hardships she received from the late owner of it, Sir Thomas; and thinks herself bound by a rash vow, which she made the last time she was there, never again to enter it's gates.

Lady Clementina whispered to me more than once, how happy she should think herself in these excursions; and hoped all their healths would be established by them. She said the sweetest, the most affectionate things to me. Once she said; bidding me call her nothing but my Clementina, that she should be happy if she were sure I loved her as much as she loved me. I assured her, and that from my very heart, that I dearly loved her.

Surely it was a happy incident, my dear grandmamma, that Lady Clementina took a step, which, though at first it had a rash appearance, has been productive of so much joy to all round, (the poor Count of Belvedere excepted) and in particular, to *your ever dutiful, ever grateful,*

HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER XLI.

LADY GRANDISON, TO LADY G.

GRANDISON HALL, MONDAY,
APRIL 9.

HOW happy, my dear Lady G. are we all of us here, in one another! How happy is your Harriet?—And yet when *you* can come, and partake of my felicity, it will be still enlarged.

I have just now received a letter from Lucy. The contents, as you will see, (for I shall inclose it) are a conversation that passed a few days ago at Shirley Manor, upon a subject of which you are a better judge than your Harriet. In short, it is a call upon you, as I interpret it, to support your own doctrines; by which, in former letters, you have made some of the hottest girls in England half-ashamed to

own a first passion. You know how much I am at present engaged. I would not have the dear girls neglected. Answer the letter therefore for me, and for yourself; yet, remember, that I do not engage to abide implicitly by your determination. Ever, ever, my Charlotte, *your most affectionate*

HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER XLII.

MISS LUCY SELEY, TO LADY
GRANDISON.

[INCLOSED IN THE PRECEDING.]

THURSDAY, APRIL 3.

EVERY hour in the day some circumstance or other makes me with my dear Lady Grandison in Northamptonshire: Emily charms us all.—But still every object reminds us of our Harriet. Not that Harriet *alone* would content us now. Nor could Sir Charles and Lady Grandison be at this time spared by their noble guests. After all, therefore, every thing is best as it is. But indeed we all wished for you yesterday evening, most particularly, at Shirley Manor. The conversation was an interesting one to all us girls; and Emily, Nancy, and our cousins Holles's, have brought me to give you an account of it, and to appeal to you upon it; and through you to Lady G. And yet we are all of us more than half afraid of a lady, who has already treated but lightly a subject that young women think of high importance.

The conversation began with my cousin Kitty's greatly pitying Lady Clementina; describing, in her pathetic way, the struggles she had had between her first duties and her inclination; the noble preference she had given to the former; and the persecution, as she called it, of all her friends to induce her to marry when she chuses to live single all her life. Every one of us young folks joined with my cousin Kitty.

But your grandmamma Shirley could not, she said, perfectly agree with us in the hardship of Lady Clementina's situation; who having from noble motives spontaneously rejected the man of her choice, was, from reasons

reasons of family convenience, and even of personal happiness, urged to marry a nobleman, who, by all accounts, is highly deserving and agreeable, and every way suitable to her: a man, in short, to whom she pretended not an aversion; nor hoped nor wished to be the wife of any other man; proposing to herself only the single life, and having given up all thoughts of taking the veil.

"*Personal happiness!*" cried out Miss Kitty Holles: "Can the woman be happy in a second choice, whose first was Sir Charles Grandison?"

"And whom, for noble motives, she refused," said my aunt Selby; remember *that*, Kitty; and whom she wished to be, and who actually is, the husband of another woman."

The girls looked at one another; but Mrs. Shirley speaking, they were all silent.

"The happiness of human life, my dears," replied your grandmamma, "is at best but comparative. The utmost we should hope for here, is such a situation, as, with a self-improving mind, will carry us best through this present scene of trial: such a situation, as, all circumstances considered, is, upon the whole, most eligible for us, though some of it's circumstances may be disagreeable."

"Young people set out with false notions of happiness; gay, fairy-land imaginations; and when these schemes prove unattainable, sit down in disappointment and dejection. Tell me now, Kitty Holles, and speak freely, my love;" [She would not address herself to some of us for a reason I, your Lucy, for one, need not give] "we are all friends; the gravest of us *have been* young; tell us, Kitty, your ideas of happiness for a young woman just setting out in life."

Poor Emily answered only with a sudden blush, and a half-stifled sigh: but all the rest, as with one voice, cried out, "Harriet, our Harriet, is *the* happy woman—To be married to the man of her choice: the man chosen by her friends, and applauded by all the world."

"And so," said Mrs. Selby, "as there is but *one* Sir Charles Grandi-

son in the world, were his scheme of protestant nunneries put into execution, all the rest of womankind, who had seen him with distinction, might retire into cloisters."

"Were men to form themselves by *his* example—" said Emily; [No unfavourable hint for Sir Edward]—"There she stops."

"Besides," said I, (my own case in view) "when our eye has led our choice, imagination can easily add all good qualities to the plausible appearance. But to give our hand where we cannot give a preference, is surely, Madam, acting against conscience in the most important article of life."

"A preference we ought to give, my Lucy: but need this be the preference of giddy inclination? No aversion pre-supposed, will not reason and duty give this preference in a securer and nobler way to the man who, upon the whole, is most suitable to us? It is well known, that I was always for discouraging our Harriet's declarations, that she never would be the wife of any other man than him she is now so happy as to call hers. If (as we all at one time apprehended) our hopes had been absolutely impracticable, the noble Countess of D. who gave such convincing reasons on her side of the question*, would have had my good wishes for the Earl of D. So, before him, had not ill health been an objection, would Mr. Orme, you all know, that I wished but to live to see my Harriet the wife of some worthy man. A single woman is too generally an undefended, unsupported creature. Her early connexions, year by year, drop off; no new ones arise; and she remains solitary and unheeded, in a busy bustling world; perhaps soured to it by her unconnected state. Is not some gratitude due to a worthy man, who early offers himself for her guide and protector through life? Gratitude was the motive even of Harriet's inclination at first."

Nancy smile'd. "Why smiles my Nancy?" asked your smiling grandmamma, "I am sure you think child, there is weight in what I said."

* See Vol. V. Letter xiii.

‘ Indeed, Madam, there is—Great weight—But just as you gave us an idea of the dreary unconnected life of a single woman in years, I thought of poor Mrs. Penelope Arby. You all know her. I saw her in imagination, surrounded with parrots and lap-dogs!—So spring-like at past fifty, with her pale pink lustring, and back-head—Yet so peevish at girls!’—

‘ And she,’ resumed Mrs. Shirley, ‘ refused some good offers in her youth, out of dread of the tyranny of a husband, and the troublesome of a parcel of brats!—Yet now she is absolutely governed by a favourite maid, and as full of the bon-mots of her parrots, as I used to be of yours, my loves, when you were prattlers.’

‘ Yet let us not,’ said Mrs. Selby, ‘ with the insolence of matrons or brides-expectant, be too severe upon old maids. Lady G. surely is faulty in this particular. Many worthy and many happy persons in that class have I known: many amiable and useful in society, even to their latest age—You, Madam,’ to Mrs. Shirley, ‘ had a friend—Mrs. Eggleton.’

‘ I had, my dear Mrs. Selby—Never has any length of time, any variety of scene, at all effaced the dear idea, though she died many years ago. She never married; but that was not her own fault. She was addressed, when near twenty, by a young gentleman of unexceptionable character. She received his addresses, on condition that both their friends approved of them. She was a visitor in town. The relations of both lived in the country. The young couple loved each other: but neither of their family, when consulted, approving the match, to the great regret of both, it was broken off. The gentleman married, and was not unhappy. In three or four years another worthy man made his addresses to Mrs. Eggleton. All her friends approved. She found him deserving of her affection, and agreed to reward his merit. He was to make one voyage to the Indies, on prospects too great to be neglected; and on his return they were to be married. His voyage was prosperous to the extent

of all his wishes. He landed in his native country; flew to his beloved mistress. She received his visit with grateful joy. It was his *last* visit. He was taken ill of a violent fever; died in a few days, delirious, but blessing her.

‘ She and I have talked over the subject we are upon a hundred times. In those days I was young, and had my romantick notions.’

‘ Indeed, Madam!’ said Patty Holles. ‘—Indeed, Madam!’ said Emily—‘ Dear, dear Madam,’ said Kitty Holles—if it be not too bold a request, let us hear what they were.’

‘ The reading in fashion, when I was young, was romances. You, my children, have, in that respect, fallen into happier days. The present age is greatly obliged to the authors of the Spectators. But till I became acquainted with my dear Mrs. Eggleton, which was about my fixteenth year, I was over-run with the absurdities of that unnatural kind of writing?’

‘ And how long, Madam, did they hold?’

‘ Not till I was quite twenty. That good lady cured me of so false a taste: but till she did, I had very high ideas of first impressions; of eternal constancy; of love raised to a pitch of idolatry. In these dispositions, not more than nineteen, was my dear Mr. Shirley proposed to me, as a person whose character was faultless; his offers advantageous. I had seen him in company two or three times, and looked upon him merely as a good sort of a man, a sensible man—But what was a good sort of a man to an Oroondates? He had paid no addresses to me: he applied to my friends on a foot of propriety and prudence. They laid no constraint upon me. I consulted my own heart—But, my dear girls, what a temptation have you thrown in the way of narrative old age!’

All of us most eagerly besought her to go on.

‘ The excellent Mrs. Eggleton knew my heart better than I did myself. “Even now,” said she, “you *dislike* not this worthy man. You can make no reasonable objection to his offer. You are one of many sisters.”

[‘ We

[' We were then a numerous family—
 ' Alas! how many dear friends have I
 ' out-lived!] " A match so ad-
 ' vantageous for you, will be of real be-
 ' nefit to your whole family. Esteem,
 ' heightened by gratitude, and en-
 ' forced by duty," continued she,
 ' will soon ripen into love: the only
 ' sort of love that suits this imperfect
 ' state; a *tender*, a *faithful* affection.
 ' There is a superior ardour due only
 ' to supreme perfection, and only to
 ' be exercised by us mortal creatures
 ' in humble devotion. My dear Hen-
 ' rietta," concluded she, "*condescend*
 ' to be happy in such a way as suits
 ' this mortal state."

' I replied to her, with a distress of
 ' mind,' proceeded Mrs. Shirley, ' that
 ' I could not depend on my own sen-
 ' timents. I had seen little of the
 ' world. " Suppose, after I had vowed
 ' love to a man quite indifferent to me,
 ' I should meet with the very one, the
 ' kindred soul, who must irresistably
 ' claim my whole heart? I will not
 ' suspect myself of any possibility of
 ' misconduct, where the duty and the
 ' crime would be so glaring; but must
 ' I not, in such a case, be for ever
 ' miserable?"

' The mild Mrs. Eggleton did not
 ' chide: she only argued with me.
 ' Often afterwards did I, with delight,
 ' repeat this conversation to the best of
 ' men, my dear Mr. Shirley, when a
 ' length of happy years had verified all
 ' she said.'

' Dear Madam,' cried Kitty, ' tell
 ' us how she argued, or we shall all
 ' remain on your side of the question.'

' O my children!' said the venerable
 ' parent, ' in what talkativeness do you
 ' engage me!'

' I fear, Henrietta," said Mrs. Eg-
 ' gleton, " that though you are a good
 ' christian, your opinions in this
 ' point are a little heathenish. You
 ' look upon love as a blind irresistible
 ' deity, whose darts fly at random,
 ' and admit neither defence or cure.
 ' Consider the matter, my dear, in a
 ' more reasonable light. The passions
 ' are intended for our servants, not
 ' our masters, and we have, within
 ' us, a power of controuling them,
 ' which it is the duty and the business
 ' of our lives to exert. You will
 ' allow this readily in the case of any
 ' passion that poets and romance wri-

" ters have not set off with their false
 " colourings. To instance in *anger*;
 " will my Henrietta own, that she
 " thinks it probable, anger should
 " ever transport *her* beyond the bounds
 " of duty?"

' I pleaded, that I was not naturally
 ' of an angry temper; and was asked,
 ' with a smile, whether I meant, by
 ' that distinction, to own myself of a
 ' *loving* one.

' I could not be angry with my good
 ' Mrs. Eggleton; yet I remember I
 ' was vexed to the heart.

" But why then," rejoined she,
 " should you think yourself more like-
 " ly to fall in love *after* you are mar-
 " ried, than *before*?"

" At least," said I, a little peevish-
 ' ly, " let me stay till I *am* in love, as
 ' you are pleased to call it, before I
 ' marry."

" I would not by any means," re-
 ' plied she, " have you marry a man
 ' for whom you have not a preferable
 ' inclination; but why may you not
 ' find on admitting Mr. Shirley's ad-
 ' dresses, young, agreeable, worthy,
 ' and every way suitable to you, as
 ' *he* is, that he is that man whom
 ' your inclination can approve?"

" I never saw him yet," said I,
 ' with the least emotion. I have no
 ' aversion to him; I might esteem
 ' him: but what is that to the love
 ' one is so solemnly to vow a husband?
 ' And should I, after that vow, be-
 ' hold an object whom I could indeed
 ' have loved—"

" A Duke de Nemours!" said she,
 ' taking up the *Princess of Cleves*, that
 ' unluckily lay on my table—" Ah, my
 ' Henrietta, have I found you out—
 ' That princess, my dear, was a silly
 ' woman. Her story is written with
 ' dangerous elegance; but the whole
 ' foundation of her distresses, was an
 ' idle one. To fancy herself in love
 ' with a mere stranger, because he
 ' appeared agreeable at a ball, when
 ' she lived happily with a worthy hus-
 ' band, was mistaking mere *liking*
 ' for love, and combating all her life
 ' after with a chimera of her own
 ' creating. I do not tell you it is
 ' impossible for you to meet hereafter
 ' with persons in some external ac-
 ' complishments superior to the de-
 ' serving man whose wish is to make
 ' you happy: but will you suffer your
 " eye

"eye to lead you into misery *then*, when an additional tie of duty forbids it's wandering? If so, I must suppose, it would equally mislead you *now*.— Tell me, Henrietta, what think you of those girls, who blast all the hopes of their fond parents, by eloping with a well-dressed captain, a spruce dancing-master, or a handsome player?"

"She struck me dumb with shame.

"You see then, my dear, the filial duty, the duty of a reasonable and modest woman, were she even without parents or friends, forbids fancy to be her guide, as much as the sacred engagement of marriage forbids it to be her tormentor."

"But have there not been instances," said I; "do not you and I know one" [we did] "in this neighbourhood, where a truly good woman was made miserable for years, by having her heart and hand differently engaged?"

"Mrs. Eggleton reminded me, that there were, in that case, such extremely particular circumstances, as made it absurd to form from thence a general judgment. "In almost every thing," said she, "we act but upon probabilities; and one exception out of a thousand ought never to determine us. Even this exception, in the case you hint at, is owing, in some measure, to a pitiable misguided imagination. Let us take our rules, my dear, from plain common sense, and not from poetical refinements."

"Say, my children," said the condescending parent, "did my friend argue well?"

"I think, Madam," answered Kitty, "she argued poor love out of doors. She did not seem to allow the possibility of any persons being in love at all."

"I told her so," replied my grandmother.

"So far from it," said she, with a sigh, and a look expressive of the softest tenderness, "that my own affections, as you know, were deeply engaged. The amiable youth, to whom I was to be united by marriage, died. His memory will ever be dear to my heart. Love authorized by reasonable prospects; love guided and heightened by duty, is every thing excellent that poets have said of it: yet even *this* love must submit to the

"awful dispensations of Providence; whether of death or other disappointment: and such trials ought to be met with cheerful resignation, and not to be the means of embittering our lives, or of rendering them useless: and every thing we ought to do, be assured, my dear, we shall be enabled to do, if we set about it rightly, and with equal humility and trust. As for that kind of love, which in it's very beginning is contrary to duty, to suppose *that* unconquerable, is making ourselves wretched indeed: and for first-sight impressions, and *beginning* inclinations, though always dangerous, and often guilty to indulge, they are absolutely trifles to overcome and suppress, to a person of prudence and virtue."

How we dwelt upon every sweet document that fell from the lips of the dear Mrs. Shirley.

But now, Harriet, for the appeals. After all, were you, or were you *not*, a romantick girl, when you declared, that you never would be the wife of any man living, if you were not Sir Charles Grandison's; even at the time when neither you nor we thought there could be any hopes of such a happy event?

But had we not, however, better appeal to Lady G. than to you? You were always *his* wife!—Yet you could not be contented with the worthy Orme: You knew instinctively, as I may say, that your kindred mind dwelt in St. James's Square. And Lady G. forty years hence, will be looking back, I suppose, with wonder, on the time when she gave her then fair hand of swan-skin, changed to buff, [Her own flighty idea!] with reluctance to her deserving lord. So, perhaps, we had best make no appeals at all. If we did, neither you nor she are at leisure now to answer them. Yet we have one appeal more to make; but it must be to our Harriet; not to Lady G.—Was not even our venerable parent a little too severe upon old maids? That wicked Nancy fell a laughing—Does she know what may be her own case? Here is a great parcel of girls of us—Have not I, her elder, been crossed in love already? But if no *proper* match ever offers, must we take an *improper* one, to avoid the ridicule of a mere name? An *unsupported* state is better than an *appressed* and *miserable*



Stothard del.

Cook sculp.



one, however: and how many rashly-chosen husbands, and repentant wives, could I set against Nancy's Mrs. Arby?—But the post is just going out; so that, far from entering on so copious a subject, I have barely time to add, that I am, with the truest affection, my dearest creature, *your faithful*

LUCY.

LETTER XLIII.

LADY G. TO LADY GRANDISON.

THURSDAY, APRIL 12.

I Am very well—What's the matter with the women!—*I will* write! Fifteen days controul and caudle—Why surely!

They are impertinent, my dear, and would take my pen and ink from me!—

You do well, Harriet, to throw upon me your self-condemning task.

How conscious you are, when you tell me, before you know my opinion of the contents of Lucy's letter, that you will not subscribe implicitly to my determination!—But I will not spare you. In my condemnation of *them*, read *your own*. I have written my answer, and shall inclose it; and no more at present trouble myself about them.

But here, I, Charlotte G. who married with indifference the poor Lord G. who made the honest man, whenever I pleased, foam, fume, fret, and execrate the hour that he first beheld my face, now stand forth, an example of true conjugal felicity, and an encouragement for girls who venture into the marriage state, without that prodigious quantity of violent passion, which some hare-brained creatures think an essential of love.

You, my dear, left us *tolerably* happy. But now we are almost *in-tolerably* so. I had begun to recover my spirits, depressed as they had been, for near a month before, on finding myself, like any common woman, confined to my chamber, while every other mouth sang 'O be joyful!' and one was preparing, another had set out, and half a score more were actually got to dear Grandison Hall. I bit my lip, and raved at the wretch to whom I attributed my durance: when, yesterday, (after a *series* indeed of the most obliging and

most grateful behaviour, that a man ever expressed for a present made him, which he holds invaluable) he entered my chamber; and surprized me; as I did him; (for I intended that he should know nothing of the matter, nor that I would ever be so condescending) surprized me, as how? Ah, Harriet! In an act that confessed the mother, the *whole* mother!—Little Harriet at my breast; or, at my neck, I believe I should say—should I not?

The nurse, the nursery-maids, knowing that I would not for the world have been so caught by my nimble lord, (for he is in twenty places in a minute) were more affrighted than Diana's nymphs, when the goddess was surprized by Acteon; and each, instead of surrounding me in order to hide my blushes, was for running a different way; not so much as attempting to relieve me from the brat.

I was ready to let the little leech drop from my arms. 'O wretch!' screamed I—'Be gone—be gone!—Whence the boldness of this intrusion?'

Never was man in greater rapture. For Lady Gertrude had taught him to wish that a mother would *be* a mother: he threw himself at my feet, clasping me and the little varlet together in his arms. 'Brute!' said I, 'will you smother my Harriet.' I was half-ashamed of my tenderness—'Dearest, dearest, dearest Lady G.—' shaking his head, between every *dear* and *est*, every muscle of his face working—'how you transport me! Never, never, never saw I so delightful a sight! 'Let me, let me, let me,' (every emphatick word repeated three times at least) 'behold again the dear sight. 'Let me see you clasp the precious gift, our Harriet's Harriet too, to that lovely bosom.'—The wretch (trembling, however) pulled aside my handkerchief. I tried to scold; but was forced to press the little thing to me, to supply the place of the handkerchief—Do you think I could not have killed him?—To be sure I was not half angry enough. I knew not what I did, you may well think—for I bowed my face on the smiling infant, who crowed to the pressure of my lip.

'Be gone, Lord G.' said I—'See! see! How shall I hold the little marmoset, if you devour first one of my hands, then the other?'

He arose, took the little thing from me,

me, kissed it's forehead, it's cheek, it's lips, it's little pudsey hands, first one, then the other; gave it again to my arms; took it again; and again resigned it to me.

'Take away the pug,' said I, to the attendants—'Take it away, while any of it is left.' They rescued the still smiling babe, and ran away with it.

My lord then again threw himself at my feet—'Pardon, pardon me, dearest creature,' said he, 'that I took amiss any thing you ever said or did—*You* that could make me such rich amends.—O let not those charming, charming spirits ever subside, which for a fortnight together, till yesterday, I missed. I loved you too well,' proceeded he, 'to take any usage that was not quite what I wished it, lightly. But for some time past I have seen that it was all owing to a vivacity, that now, in every instance of it, delights my soul. You never, never, had malice or ill-nature in what I called your petulance. You bore with *mine*. You smiled at me: henceforth, every thing you say, every thing you do, I will take for a favour. O my Charlotte! Never, never more shall it be in your power to make me so far forget myself, as to be angry.'

My dear Lord G.! I had like to have said—I believe I *did* say—'Then will you ruin, absolutely ruin me?—What shall I do—for my roguery?'—

'Never, never part with what you call so!—'

'Impossible, my lord, to retain it, if it lose it's wonted power over you. I shall have a new lesson to learn. O my lord! why began you not this course before Harriet and Caroline set out for Grandison Hall? I might, by a closer observation of their behaviour, have made myself mistress of lessons that would have far more delightfully supplied the old ones, than can be done without their examples. But, my lord, the time will soon come, when we shall be allowed to fly to that benefit at Grandison Hall. Our little Harriet shall go with us: the infant is the cement between us; and we will for the future be every day more worthy of that, and of each other.'

My lord hurried from me in speechless rapture; his handkerchief at his eyes—'Nurse,' said I, 'bring me

'again our precious charge. I will be all the mother.' I clasped it in my bosom. 'What shall I do, my little Harriet! Thy father, sweet one! has ran away with my roguery.'

What a scene is here!—I will not read it over. If it requires a blush, do you, my dear, blush for me: I am hardened—And shall not perhaps, were I to refuse it, my *maternity* so kindly acknowledged, so generously accepted, by my Lord G. be able to blush for myself.

But, that I may seem only to have changed the *object*, not only to have parted with my levity, read the inclosed here, in answer to the appeal of the young people; directed thus—

'LADY G. TO MISS LUCY SELEY,

'AND THE REST OF THE GIRLS AT
'SELBY HOUSE,

'GREETING.

'**Y**OU appeal to Harriet, and revoke your appeal: you appeal to me, and withdraw it in the same letter.—A parcel of chits! You know not what you would have; what you would be; and hardly what you are: you can have the sauciness in more places than one, to reflect upon me your judge. But are you not convinced by the solid arguments of Mrs. Shirley! and her Mrs. Eggleton? If you are not, what strange creatures are girls from sixteen to twenty-two! Don't boys read romances as well as girls? Yet, in these latter days, do the glaring absurdities influence them so much in love matters, or last so long? Foolish things! would you give a preference against yourselves to the other sex?

'Harriet, I think, was a *romantick* girl, when she made her declarations of *one* man only, or no one, for a husband. I did let her know my mind at the time by hints: but had my brother actually married Clementina, not only I, but her grandmother Shirley, and aunt Selby, and uncle too, (odd soul as he is in some things) would have spoken out in favour of the young Earl of D. And had it not been with success, after a proper time had passed, I, for my part, would have set her down as a very
'silly

' silly girl; inferior, in this respect, to you, Lucy, and to twenty more I could name: for how few of us are there, who have their first loves? And indeed how few first loves are fit to be encouraged? You know my thoughts, Lucy, of a beginning love, in a young bosom*.—A very, very silly and childish affair, believe me.

' Let me enumerate a few chances that may render a first love impracticable.

' A young woman may fix her affections on a man, who may prove perfidious—On a man, who may be engaged to another woman; as had like to have been my brother's case—

' On a man who may be superior to her in degree or fortune; or who may be greatly inferior to her in both.—

' If love be not a voluntary passion, why not upon a hostler, a groom, a coachman, a footman—A grenadier, a trooper, a foot-soldier?—She may be in Mrs. Eggleton's case: her lover may be taken from her by death. In either, or any, of these cases, what is to be done? Must a woman sit down, cry herself blind, and become useless to the principal end of her being, as to this life, and to all family connections, when, probably, she has not lived one third of her time?—Silly creatures!—to maintain these non-senses at their own expence, in favour of a passion that is generally confined to the days of girlhood; and which they themselves would laugh at in a woman after she was arrived at honest thirty; or at years of discretion—Thus narrowing their own use and consequence—I, for my part, am, and ever will be, a friend of my sex.

' But, hark ye, girls—Let me ask you—Do you find many of these *constant* nymphs, when they have had their foolish way given them, and they have buried the honest man of whom they were once so doatingly fond, refuse to marry again?—Do they wish, like the wives of some Pagan wretches, to be thrown into the funeral pile, with the dead bodies of their lords?—No! They have had their *whimsy* out. Their *fit of constancy* is over; and, quite good souls as they are by that time become, they go on without *rantipoling*, in the or-

' dinary course of reasonable creatures.

' Not but Harriet was in earnest: I am sure she was. She believed, she certainly believed, *HERSELF*. And were it given to us women *always* to be in *one* mind, she would have made all her friends, the good Mrs. Shirley at the head of us, despair of succeeding with her in our endeavours to induce her to change it. But Harriet, with all her wisdom, could not know what *time* would have done for her. Time is the pacifier of every woe, the qualifier of every disappointment—Pity for the man, [the Earl of D. suppose—He would have thought it worth his while to feign dying for her;] the entreaty of her friends—You see what arguments her excellent grandmamma could have produced—Pho, pho, never fear but Harriet would have married before my brother and Clementina had seen the face of their second boy—No *girls* shall she have, for fear they should be romancers.

' And, do you think, that Clementina and the Count of Belvedere, a year or two hence—I have no fear of the matter; if they do not teaze, torment, oppose her. If they *do*—Why then, I will not be answerable for their success. For, with excellences that none but she and Harriet among women ever boasted, there is a glorious perverseness, which they miscall *constancy* and *perseverance*, in the mind of that noble lady, [and indeed in the minds of *most* of us] that will probably, as it has already done, carry her through all opposition—In short, no more teasing, tormenting from friends, no more heroicks from girls—Is not opposition, is not resistance, the very soul and essence of all sorts of heroism?—My life therefore for Clementina's, admirable creature as the undoubtedly is—Leave her sea-room, leave her land-room, and let her have time to consider; and she will be a bride.

' Did I ever mention to you a trick that an honest guardian put upon his ward? Many a one have you heard of from *dishonest* ones. This briefly was it.

' The girl was of an heroick stamp; as good a girl as an heroick girl could

* Vol. VI. p. 814.

well be. A match was proposed for her, much more considerable than she could have expected, as to fortune; and as to the man's person, and qualities of mind, absolutely unexceptionable—Young, handsome, gallant, and most ardently in love with her: but, impolitic! he had let her know as much, before he had made himself sure of the shadow of a return, or acceptance. Her guardian, from pure love of his ward, and a sense of the advantageousness of the offer, heartily espoused the interests of the young gentleman. This was *another* unhappiness to him. She gave him an absolute denial: nor vouchsafed the least alligance reason for it; having, indeed, no other mas either in her head or heart.

Her guardian was a man who knew the world, and a little of the sex: he saw that Miss was in the very mould of her heroicks, and that the grievance most probably was, that there was no likelihood of difficulty or opposition. He took another course. He acquainted the young lady, that he had altered his mind: that he had objections to the address of Sir Arthur Feinings, (the young gentleman's name) and declared, that he never would give his consent. He desired that she would by no means see him, or receive letters from him; and he talked of carrying her down to his country-seat in a full town-coach; [the girl had a taste for pleasure—what girl has not?] no doubting, he said, that the young baronet would persecute her with his addresses while she remained in London. He then actually forbid Sir Arthur his house; and, more than once, read Miss a lecture on the *authority* of a guardian, and the *duty* of a ward. Words that naturally incite young girls to rebellion.

Sir Arthur found means to write to the mix, as if unknown to her guardian. Darts, flames, and distresses, were suggested in his letter. The girl began to relent; the guardian to suspect: he *renewed* his prohibition; cunning creature! The affair now wore a face of difficulty. She answered the young gentleman's letters. It became a regular love-affair of the heroick kind. And, at last!—What at last!—Why, the

young lady, attended only by her faithful DELIA, who had been assistant to the lover in their correspondence, ran away from an *inexorable* guardian, to Sir Arthur; married him; and, in a few days, writing a humble letter for her cloaths, acknowledged rashness, which she laid at the door of LOVE, and so forth. The guardian desired a meeting with the love-yers; now no more *love-yers*, but *man and wife*. They met, with trembling on her side, with pretended apprehension on Sir Arthur's, for having disobliged so good a guardian. The guardian was in high good-humour. He forgave them both, at the first word, and surrendered up his trust with pleasure. The girl was surprized at his unexpected goodness; and had she not been actually nailed down by the solemnity, would very probably have again returned her thanks.

Well; but I am charmed with Mrs. Shirley's Eggleton, as well as with her account of her life in her heroic days. Little did I think that she ever was *girl* enough to be infected: but, as the says, romances were the fashionable reading of her youthful years.

Tell aunt Selby that I am not an enemy to old maids; but only to those ill qualities which I should equally dislike in old or in young *any-bodies*. I love Lady Gertrude, and even aunt Eleanor, for their qualities that are *love-able* in them. But you see that your Nancy, the mild, good-natured Nancy, could not forbear laughing at the idea of the young-old Penelope Arby: yet knows she not, says the malicious Lucy, what may be her own case. But I have appealed for you; and to whom? To Lady Gertrude. I was writing to her on a particular occasion, when your packet was brought me; and, in order to enliven my subject, transcribed three lines of Lucy's query upon defending the single state. She was but at Enfield, and returned me the following by the same messenger; the other part of my letter requiring an immediate answer.

YOUR question, my dearest niece, is whimsically asked: you tell me that a whole room full of young country

"country ladies wait only the success
"of an appeal you have referred to
"me, to know whether they shall out
"of hand dispose of themselves to re-
"cruiting officers, mountebanks, and
"fox-hunters; or venture to live on
"with the melancholic title of old
"maids, in an unsupported, unde-
"fended state.

"One or two queries to be put,"
"proceeds the sage, "are, whether the
"worthy matches you have mentioned;
"or any unsuitable matches whatso-
"ever, would be a *support* and *de-
"fence*? Whether the woman who
"makes a rash and improper choice,
"does not throw herself out of that
"protection and defence which every
"one may depend upon in the state of
"life marked out to them by Provi-
"dence? And whether the single state
"is not thus marked out to the wo-
"man who never has it *fitly* in her
"choice to change it?

"I, my dear, who am an old maid,
"must not write partially on that side
"of the question. In general, I will
"fairly own, that I think a woman is
"most likely to find her proper hap-
"piness in the married state. May
"you, my dear niece, experience it
"every day more and more.—But
"there are surely many exceptions:—
"women of large and independent
"fortunes, who have the hearts and
"understanding to use them as they
"ought, are often more beneficial to
"the world, than they would have
"been had they bestowed them on
"such men as look for fortune *only*.
"Women who have by their nume-
"rous relations many connections in
"the world, need not seek out of
"their own alliances for protection
"and defence: Ill health, peculiarity
"of temper or sentiments, unhappi-
"ness of situation, of person, afford
"often such reasons, as make it a
"virtue to refuse what it would other-
"wise be right to accept.

"But why do I write seriously to
"such a lively creature? Only, my
"dear—"

"But, girls, I will give you 'no
"more of Lady Gertrude. I have not
"done with you myself yet."

"Much to the same purpose, I re-
"member, to Mrs. Shirley's, were the
"exhortations of Lady D. in one
"of her letters to Harriet; who only

"answered her, (I also remember) like
"a girl. What could she say?"

"You, my Harriet," (wrote that
"lady) "are pious, dutiful, bene-
"volent.—Cannot you, if you are
"unable to entertain, for the man
"who now with so much ardour ad-
"dresses you were you married to
"him, the passion called *Love*, regard
"him as *gratitude* would oblige you
"to prefer any *other* man who is assid-
"uous to do you service or pleasure?
"Cannot you shew him as much good-
"will, as you could any *other* man,
"whom it was in your power to make
"happy? would you esteem him *less*
"than a person absolutely a stranger
"to you? The exertion of your na-
"tive benevolence, of your natural
"obligingness, of your common gra-
"titude, of your *pity*, is all that is
"asked of you. You have no ex-
"pectation of the *only* man, who is
"dearer to you than he. This ex-
"ertion will make my lord happy;
"and if you retain that delight, which
"you have hitherto taken, in pro-
"moting the happiness of others who
"are not undeserving, yourself not
"unhappy."

"You have now before you, give
"the opinion of Mrs. Shirley, and the
"Countess of D. on the same subject.
"They both sit enthroned on the se-
"rene hill of wisdom, which hardly
"one in fifty of their sex attain.
"From thence they look down with
"pity, and with beckoning finger, to
"the crowds below them, who with
"aching eyes, and despairing hearts,
"emulate their starry heights; but in
"too faintly attempting to gain the
"ascent, tumbled down, some (shame-
"ful!) head over heels, immersed in
"the miry puddles of sense; and others
"taking a supposed more easy, though
"visibly round-about way, are misled
"by mazy paths into dreary deserts,
"till they lose even the distant sight
"of the sacred hill.

"There, chits, I end romantically,
"figuratively at least, in compliance
"to your fanciful tastes. And thus
"much as to you, girls, young lady-
"expectants, whimsicals, and to-be-
"worn, from you."

"CHARLOTTE G.

"FRIDAY, SATURDAY, APRIL 13, 14"

My women are so impertinent, and my marmouset is so voracious, that I have been forced to take two days for what once I could have performed in little more than two hours.

LETTER XLIV.

LADY GRANDISON, TO MRS.
SHIRLEY.

GRANDISON HALL, MONDAY,
APRIL 16.

AND must I, my dear grandmamma, be *more* particular in relation to ourselves, our guests, our amusements, diversions, conversations—Why then does not Lucy write as usual, every tender, every engaging, every lively occurrence that happens at Selby House, and Shirley Manor? Is she so much taken up with her *agreeable* peer, that she must leave the obliging task wholly to Nancy and Emily? I don't care. *They* shall be my best girls; and I will put down my Lucy as a woman of mere quality before she has the title. Yet let me tell her, that could honest Mr. Fowler have courted for *himself*, have suffered his heart to rise to his lips, I should have wished, by her means, to have been related to him and Sir Rowland. But that matter, it seems, is as good as over; and I will proceed to do *my* duty, whether she does *hers* or not.

I have told you, Madam, how much our guests are pleased with us and the place. How much we are charmed with *them*, I need not tell you. Every praise you have heard of them, is confirmed and heightened, on a more intimate knowledge of them.

Lord and Lady L. are with us. Lord and Lady G. will come as soon as they can. Lady L. has her sweet infant with her. And I hope Lady G. will not come without my god-child.

Sir Edward Beauchamp is at present our guest. The good doctor, you know, is at home here; and how beloved, how revered, by every one!

Sir Charles! The soul of us all! O Madam! never, surely, was one spot blessed with so many persons of one mind, as are now rejoicing together at Grandison Hall.

And pray, my dear grandmamma, let me ask; would it not be affectation rather than modesty, were I to leave myself unnamed in this noble circle? I will *not*. Every body, for Sir Charles's sake, looks on me with the kindest partiality, and my heart tells me, that being his as much as my own, it deserves that partiality.

Except at certain devotional hours of retirement, we know not, but that we are all of one faith. Nothing of religious subjects is ever mentioned among us, but in those points in which all good Christians are agreed. You, Madam, who have a true catholic charity for the worthy of all persuasions, would be delighted to see the affectionate behaviour of the *two* fathers (I will call them) to each other. When they are not in the general company, they are always together, walking, riding out; or in the apartment of each other, reading, conversing. The dear Clementina cannot but see, that charitable and great minds, however differing even in some essential articles of religion, might mingle hearts, and love each other; and from Sir Charles's catholicism, that she might have been happy with him, and kept her own faith!—But, no! it would in her notion, now I recollect, have been a dangerous trial. She could not trust *her own* heart—Great and noble lady! how much is she to be revered!

The gentlemen ride out almost every day.—Our conversations! It would be endless to give you an account of the conversations that yet, I flatter myself, would delight you all. The least interesting ones of those we hold, would have made a great figure in my former letters. Such the company, you may suppose we know not what trifling subjects are.

Every one avoids mentioning the name of the poor Count of Belvedere in the presence of Lady Clementina; yet we all pity him. We have reason to do so, from the account Signor Jeronymo receives of his distress of mind, while he endeavours to overcome his hopeless passion.

Allow me, Madam, to conclude this letter here. We are to have a little concert this evening, and our company is beginning to assemble in the musick-room.—I must go and attend the marchioness and Lady Clementina;
who

who herself will be a performer. She is an admirable one. I can only stay to add, that I am *your ever dutiful*

HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER XLV.

LADY GRANDISON, TO MRS.
SHIRLEY.

GRANDISON HALL, SATURDAY,
APRIL 28.

MY dearest grandmamma will not complain that my three last letters * were not filled with particulars of our engagements and conversations here. What a scene of happiness! what have I to pray for but the continuance of it? except that the admirable Lady Clementina were somehow settled to her own liking, and that her indulgent relations could be satisfied with it? Something seems to be wanting for *her*, and therefore for *them*. Yet can a lover of her, of her fame, of her family, say what that something should be? I, for my part, ought to be the last who should decide for her; I, who never, I think, (say Lady G. what she pleases of my romancings) could have been happy with any man in the world, but Sir Charles Grandison, after I had known him, and once was led to hope for so great a blessing; and who have not that notion that she has, or seems to have, of the dreariness, and disadvantages of a single state; on the contrary, who think the married life attended with so many cares and troubles, that it is rather (as it is a duty to enter into it, when it can be done with prudence) a kind of faulty *indulgence* and selfishness, in order to avoid these cares and troubles, to live single. But to leave this subject to the decision of Lady G. and Lady Gertrude, the latter of whom has given some unanswerable hints on her side of the question, I will proceed with my narrative.

And here let me observe, that had not Lady Clementina made her rejection of the best of men her sole and deliberate act, it is my humble opinion that her loss of him would have been unsupportable to *her*. That consideration, and her noble motive for it, enable her to behave gloriously under

the self-deprivation, as I may call it. Yet, I can see, at times, by her studiously avoiding his company, and frequently excusing herself from making one in little parties of Sir Charles's proposing, and by her chusing, at all times, *my* company, that the noble lady thinks self-denial *necessary* for her peace.

She was once for putting Jeronimo on proposing to leave England sooner than they had intended; and take my promise to *follow* them. I was present. She had tears in her eyes when she proposed it. We had been talking of Sir Charles in raptures, on some of his noble charities which had but lately come to our knowledge, and it was pretty evident to me, that she, at the time, was of opinion, that distance from him would be a means to quiet her heart.—The dear Emily finds it so, thank God!

Lady Clementina has been, however, tolerably cheerful since, amusing herself with drawing up plans for her future life. Very pretty ones, some of them: but a little too *ideal*, if I may so express myself; and she changes them too often to shew that steadiness, which I want to see in her mind. Poor lady! How I pity her as I contemplate her, in her contrivances and proposals! I am often forced to turn away my face, that she may not see the starting tear.

TUESDAY, MAY 1.

THE Count of Belvedere being returned to London from a country excursion, and not very well, the marquis was desirous of making a visit to him, and at the same time to pass a few days in London, to see the curiosities of the place, and to be present at some of the publick entertainments, the gentlemen at the first motion made a party to attend him, and Sir Charles, you may suppose, would not, in complaisance, be excused. Dr. Bartlett and Father Marefcott, who are inseparable, had formed a scheme of their own; and the ladies declared, that not one of them would leave *me*.

The gentlemen accordingly set out yesterday morning. In the afternoon arrived here, one of the most obliging of wives, tenderest of mothers, and amiable of nurses—Who do you think, Madam?—No other than Lady G.

* These three letters do not appear.

And her lord! Ungovernable Charles! Her mouth but just up! We have all blamed her. We blamed her too for suffering her to come.—‘But what could I do?’ said he, innocently—But they are both so much improved as husband and wife!—Upon my word, I am charmed with her in every one of the above characters. Her lord appears, even in her company, now that his wife has given him his due consequence, a manly, sensible man. If he ever had any levities of behaviour, they are all vanished and gone. She is all vivacity, as heretofore, but no flippancy. Her liveliness, in the main, is that of a sensible, not a very fancy wife, entirely satisfied with herself, her situation and prospects. Upon my word, I am brought over to her opinion, that if the *second* man be worthy, a woman may be happy, who has not been indulged in her first fancy: and I am the rather inclined to hope so for my Emily’s sake.

TUESDAY EVENING.

Mrs. Beaumont has received a letter from the ladies her friends at Florence, expressing their fear that the love of her country, now she is in it, has taken place in her heart, and weakened her affection for them. They beg of her to convince them of the contrary by hastening to them.

This letter, it seems, mentions some severe reflections cast upon Lady Clementina by the unhappy Olivia. Camilla, who is very fond of me, has lent this to me, and at the same time acquainted me with her young lady’s earnestness to see it; Mrs. Beaumont having expressed to her her indignation against Olivia on the occasion. Unworthy Olivia! What reflections can you cast on the adorable Clementina!—Yet I with Mrs. Beaumont would let me see them.—But dear Mrs. Beaumont, impart not to Clementina any thing that may affect her delicate and too scrupulous mind!

This over-lively Lady G. has been acquainting Lady Clementina with Emily’s story, yet intending to let forth nothing by it, if she fails, but the fortitude of so young a creature.

She avows, that Lady Clementina often ridiculed as she proceeded in it, yet that she was not.—How could she?—I should like for your Emily’s sake—

for her own sake, for Lady Clementina’s, for Sir Edward Beauchamp’s sake—How could she be so indelicate? ‘Is there a necessity, dear Lady G.’ (thought I, as she repeated what passed on the occasion) ‘now you are to speak in the great articles of your duty, that you must be wrong in *yourself*?’

Lady Clementina highly applauded Emily, however. A charming young creature she called her. ‘Absent,’ added she, ‘is certainly a right name.’ ‘Sure. Were the man a common man, it would not signify: presence, in that case, might help her, as he probably would every day expose his faults to her observation. But absence from such a man as Sir Charles Grandison, is certainly right.’ Lady G. says, it is easy to see, that Lady Clementina made some self-applications upon it.

WEDN. MORN. MAY 2.

LADY G. has been communicating to me a conference which she says, she could not *but* overhear between Lady Clementina and Mrs. Beaumont, held in the closet of the latter, which joins to a closet in Lady G.’s dressing-room, separated only by a thin partition. The rooms were once one.—‘A little of your usual *curiosity*, I doubt, my dear Lady G.’ thought I. ‘You were not confined to that closet. You might have retired when their conversation began.’ But, no; curiosity is a nail, that will fasten to the ground the foot of an inquisitive person, however painful what she hears may sometimes make her situation.

Mrs. Beaumont had acquainted Lady Clementina with the contents of the letter she had received from her friends at Florence. The poor lady was in tears upon it. She called Olivia cruel, unjust, wicked. ‘The very *furthest*,’ said she, ‘is of such a nature, that I cannot bear to look either Lady Grandison, or any of her friends, in the face: for Heaven’s sake, let it not be hinted to any one in the family, nor even to my own relations, that Olivia *herself* could be capable of making such a reflection upon me.’

‘My dear Lady Clementina,’ said Mrs. Beaumont, ‘I wish—’

‘What wished my dear Mrs. Beaumont—’

‘That you would change your syllable.’

‘ARTICLES,

'ARTICLES, Mrs. Beaumont!'
 'ARTICLES!—If they are broken with me, I resume my solicitude to be allowed to take the veil. That allowance, and that only, can set all right. My heart is distressed by what you have let me see Olivia has dared to throw out against me.'

'Allow me one observation only, my dear Clementina. What Olivia has hinted, the *world* will hint. It behoves you to consider, that the husband of Lady Grandison ought not to be so much the object of any woman's attention, as to be an obstacle to the address of another man really worthy to be so.'

'Cruel, cruel, Olivia! There is no beating the *thought* of her vile suggestion. None but Olivia—Say not the *world*. Olivia only, Mrs. Beaumont, was capable of such a suggestion.'

'For my own part,' interrupted Mrs. Beaumont, 'I am confident that it is a base suggestion; and that if Sir Charles Grandison had not been married, you never would have been his. You could not have receded from your former objections. You see what a determined protestant he is; a protestant upon principle. You are equally steady in your faith; yet, as matters stand; so amiable as he is; and the more his private life and manners are seen, the more to be admired; must not your *best friends* say it at the door of a first love, that you cannot give way to the address of a man, against whom no one other objection can lie?'

'ARTICLES, Mrs. Beaumont! ARTICLES!—'

'One word more only, my dear Lady Clementina, as the subject was begun by yourself—May it not be expected, now that no opposition is given you, you will begin to feel, that your happiness, and peace, and *strength* of mind, will flow from turning your thoughts on principles of *duty*, (so the world will call them) to other objects; and that the dwelling on those it will *suppose* you to dwell upon, till your situation is visibly altered, will serve only to disturb your mind, and fill your friends, on every instance that may affect it, with apprehensions for you?'

'You have said a great deal, Mrs.

Beaumont. But is not the veil the only possible expedient to make us all easy?'

'ARTICLES! ARTICLES! my dear Clementina. I have been drawn in by yourself insensibly to speak my mind on this subject. But I have no view, no design. Your parents, your brothers, you see, inviolably adhere to the articles. But, consider, my dear, were you even allowed to assume the veil, that all such recollections of your former inclination as would be faulty in a married state, would have been equally contrary to your religious vows. Would then the assuming of the veil make you happy?'

'Don't you hint, Olivia-like, Mrs. Beaumont, at *culpable* inclinations? Do you impute to me *culpable* inclinations?'

'I do not, neither do I think you are absolutely as yet an angel. Would you, my dear, refuse your vows to the Count of Belvedere, or any other man, for a *certain* reason, yet think yourself free enough to give them to your God?'

'Will this argument hold, Mrs. Beaumont, in the present case?'

'You will call upon ARTICLES, my dear, if I proceed. Your silence, however, is encouraging. What were but now your observations, upon the story of Miss Emily Jervois? Is there not a resemblance between her case and yours?'

'Sure!—Madam, I am not such a girl!—O Mrs. Beaumont, how am I sunk in your opinion!'

'You are *not*, my dear Clementina, you cannot in any body's. Miss Jervois is under obligations to her guardian, that you are not.'

'Is that, Mrs. Beaumont, all the difference?—That makes none. I am under greater. What are peculiar obligations to the preservation of a brother's life? To a hundred other instances, of goodness!—That get my pattern! Poor, poor Clementina! How art thou fallen! Let me fly this country.—Now I see, in the strongest light, what a rashness I was guilty of, when I led to it. How must the Chevalier Grandison himself despise me!—But I tell you, Mrs. Beaumont, that I am incapable of a wish, of a thought, contrary to

‘those that determined me when I declined the hand of the best of men. O that I were in my own Italy!—What must young creatures suffer from the love of an improper object, in the opinion of their friends, if, after the sacrifices I have made, I must lie under disgraceful imputations from my gratitude and esteem for the most worthy of human minds?—O how I disdain myself!’

‘It is a generous disdain, my dear Lady Clementina. I end as I began—I wish you would think of changing your system. But I leave the whole upon your own consideration. Your parents are passive. God direct you. I wish you happy. At present you will not yourself say you are so. Yet nobody controuls you, nor *wishes* to controul you. Every body loves you. Your happiness is the subject of all our prayers.’

Lady G. believes the conversation ended here.



LADY L. in Mrs. Beaumont’s presence, has been just making me a compliment on my *generous* love, as she calls it, of Lady Clementina, and my security in Sir Charles’s affection. ‘Dear Madam,’ said I, ‘where is the merit? A man of such established principles, and a woman of such delicate honour! They both of them move my pity, and engage my love. With regard to Lady Clementina, this is my consolation, that I stood not in her way: that your brother never made his addresses to me, till she, on the noblest motives, left him free to chuse the *next* eligible, as I have reason to think he allowed me to be.—And let me tell you, my dear Mrs. Beaumont, that in his address to me, he did her justice; and dealt so nobly with me, that had I not before preferred him to all other men, I should have done it then.’

THURSDAY, MAY 3.

I HAVE received a letter from Sir Charles. Lady Clementina and I were together when it was brought. She seeing whom it came from, and that I meditated the seal with impatience, begged me to read it then, or she would withdraw. I opened it. There were

in it, I told her, the politest remembrances of her, and the other ladies; and read what he wrote of that nature. She looked with so desiring an eye at it, that I said, ‘Were you to read it, Madam, you would find him the kindest of men. Sir Charles and I have not a secret between us. But there are in it a passage or two, relating to a certain gentleman, that, were you to read it, might affect you.’ [By the way she reads English extremely well.]—‘And is that, Lady Grandison, your only objection? I should be glad to see, were it not improper, how the politest of men writes to the best of wives.’

I gave her the letter.

She had greatness of mind to be delighted with his affectionate stile—‘Tender delicacy!’ said she, as she read.—‘Happy, happy Lady Grandison!’ Tears in her eyes, and clasping her arms about me, ‘let me thus congratulate you. I acted right in declining his address. I must have thought well of the religion of the man, who could speak, who could write, who could act, who could live, as he does.’

I bowed my face on her shoulder. To have expressed but half the admiration I had in my heart of her nobleness of mind, would have been to hint to her the delicate situation she *had* been in, and to wonder how she could overcome herself.

‘What follows,’ said she, sitting down, ‘I presume I may read: for my eye has caught the name of a man my heart can pity.’

She read to herself the passage, which is to the following effect—‘The *per-son* of the poor Count of Belvedere’ (Sir Charles writes, in the count’s words) ‘is loitering in town, endeavouring to divert itself there; while his *soul* is at Grandison Hall. He cannot think of quitting England, till he has taken leave of Lady Clementina; yet, dreading the pangs he shall feel on that occasion, he cannot bring himself to undergo them.’

The marquis, the bishop, Signor Jeronymo, all joined, Sir Charles writes, to console him; yet wished him to pursue his better fortune at Madrid; and the count thinks of prevailing on himself to accompany them down,

down, in order to take this dreaded farewell. Sir Charles expresses his pity for him; but applauds the whole family for their inviolable adherence to their agreement.

When she read to that place, tears stole down her cheeks—'Agreement!' said she—'Ah, Lady Grandison! It is true, they *speak* not: but I can read their *wishes* in their eyes.'

She read on to Sir Charles's praises of the count for his beneficent spirit. 'The count,' said she, 'is certainly a good man—But is not his a strange perference?' Then, giving me the letter, 'How few of us know,' said she, 'what is best for ourselves! There is a lady in Spain of great honour and merit, who would make him a much happier man, than *he* can do, on whom he has cast a partial eye. And besides, there is the poor Laura—'

She stopt. I suffered the subject to end there.

Sir Charles supposes it will be the latter end of next week before they return. If the marquis holds his purpose of being present at a ball to which he is invited by the Venetian ambassador—Near a fortnight's absence on the whole!—O dear! O dear!

* * *

THE following by Lady G.

'And "O dear! O dear!" say I! This is Saturday, and not a word more written. So taken up with her walks and walking-mate!—Selfish creatures both. It was with difficulty I procured a sight of this letter. No wonder. You see how freely she has treated me in it. I told her, it never would be finished, if I did not finish it for her. Her excuse is, Sir Charles's absence, and that you, Madam, charged me *not* to write by *every* post, lest an accidental omission should make you uneasy.—Ungrateful for indulgence given! She must therefore let *several* posts pass—But get thee gone, paper, now. And carry with thee all manner of compliments from Charlotte G. as well

'as from ["Here sign it, my sweet sister."]

HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER XLVI.

LADY G. TO MISS SELEY.

GRANDISON HALL, SATURDAY,
MAY 5.

YOUR complaining letter* reached me here, Lucy, but this day. I arrived here on Monday afternoon. Ungracious Harriet! She chid me for coming. But I went to church first. What would they have?

My lord and I are one now: if therefore I say, I arrived, it is the same as saying, *he* did; my little Harriet with us, you may be sure.

But what does the girl complain for? Maiden creatures should send us married women two letters for one. Establish for me this expectation: you will soon yourself be the better for the doctrine.

You tell me, that hardly any of your girls are satisfied with my imperial decision on the appeal laid before me, though supported by the opinions of Mrs. Shirley, Lady D. and every wise woman. I don't care whether you are or not. Sorry chits! you decide among yourselves, and then ask for the opinions of others? What for? In hopes they will confirm your own; if not, to be saucy, and reject them.

You want me to tell you a hundred thousand things, of what's doing, what's done, what's said, here? Not I. Harriet is writing a long, long letter to her grandmamma, she tells me; and journal-wise†: let that, when you have it, content you. She says I must not see it. But I *will*. Something saucy about me in it, I suppose.

My brother, and his principal men-guests, are in town. They went on Monday morning. So I have not seen them.—Will not come back till Friday next week. Harriet is impatient for his return. O girls! girls! That a church-ceremony can so soon make such a difference in the same person!—

* This letter does not appear.

† Meaning the preceding letter.

But he is so generously tender of her, that the wonder, in her case, is the less.

Lady Clementina is 'a noble creature.' We are obliged to call both her and Harriet to order; or they would never be asunder. The garden and park are the places in which they most delight to walk. Make Harriet give you the particulars of their conversations.—Then I shall have them. I have demanded them; but she only acquaints me in general, that she is delighted with Lady Clementina's part in them. The other expresses no less admiration of Harriet's. But, besides that they rob us of their company too often, which is ruder in the mistresses of the house than in the guest; Harriet does not enough consider her own circumstances. Their walks are too long. She comes in, and throws herself sometimes into a chair—'So tired!'—Yet, chidden for her long walks, 'Such engaging conversations!' she cries out.—*Heroines* both, I suppose; and they are mirrors to each other; each admiring herself in the other. No wonder they are engaged insensibly by a vanity, which carries with it, to each, so generous an appearance; for, all the while, Harriet thinks she is only admiring Clementina; Clementina, that she is applauding Harriet.

Well, Lucy—But I find you will not be Lucy long—Your day it seems, will soon be fixed: the day, happy may it be! which will set a coronet on your head. A foolish kind of bauble, after all; but it looks not amiss on the outside of one's coach—if the inside contain not—Did I say a monkey, Lucy? but that will not be your case. My lord knows *your* lord, and esteems him. Lord G.'s *esteem*, (china and shells out of the question) is not contemptible, I can tell you. His love for his slipshod Charlotte made him play monkey tricks, which lessened him in my eyes; but now I see he is capable of forgetting his butterflys, and *esteeming* me, I remember my promise, and *honour* him: *obedience* will come—when it can.

Well, but, Lucy, Dr. Bartlett knew your Lord R. very abroad, and speaks well of him. He has wished for this much ever since it was first mentioned; *now before* it was mentioned—Ever since he was a brigman on my bro-

ther's happy day: and you are a good girl, that you have not paraded, as Harriet *did*, and Clementina *does*.

Have I any more to say? I think not. I will endeavour to get a sight of what Harriet has written. Let her deny me, if she dare. If that suggests to me a subject which she has not touched upon, well and good: if not, take it for a conclusion, chits, that I wish you all well; and to our venerable Mrs. Shirley, and respectable aunt Selby, and her honest man, health, happiness, and so-forth.

CH. G.

LETTER XLVII.

LADY G. TO MISS SELBY.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 9.

I Am afraid your brother James will terrify you all. Surprising!—I am very angry with him; for, however slight he might make of what I have to tell you, I know, that none of you besides will; I therefore dispatch this by a man and horse, on purpose to set your hearts at ease.—The wretch left her in a fainting fit. Had the dear creature ever any of these fits before? But why do I ask? This is easily accounted for: she was over-fatigued with a walk. Against warning, against threatenings, she and Lady Clementina had taken a longer walk than ever they did before, quite to the end of the park, to view some alterations which Sir Charles was making there. They had forgotten that they had the same length to walk back again. Half-way on their return, tired, and each accusing herself, and apologizing to the other, they were surprized by a sudden shower of rain; a violent one; a thunder shower: no shelter; they were forced to run for it towards a distant tree; which, when they approached, they found wet through; as they both were. So they made the best of their way to the house; were seen at a little distance, making the appearance of frightened hares. The servants ran to them with cloaks, which, thrown over their wet cloaths, helped to load them. As Harriet entered the hall-door, which leads into the garden, she was surprized with the sight of Sir Charles, entering at the other. She expected him not till Friday or Saturday.

day. Her complexion changed; she sighed, sobbed; her cheeks, her lips turned pale: down she was sinking. My brother was terrified; but he caught her in his arms, and saved her fall.

Lady L. and I were together, indulging ourselves with our little nurseries, who were crowing at each other: I singing to both, [By the way they are surprizing infants] when word was brought, that my brother was come, and Lady Grandison was dying. How were we both terrified! We, in our fright, each popt her pug into the arms of the other, by way of ridding our hands of our own; and the women being not at hand, threw the smiling brats into one cradle; and down hurried we to our Harriet.

In the midst of all this bustle, the wise brother of yours, Lucy, slipped away, without taking leave of us. What though his hour was fixed, and his post-chaise waiting, could he not have staid one half hour? O these inconsiderate, hair-brain'd—Don't be angry, Lucy, he has vexed us for you. I should otherwise have left to herself the account of her indisposition and recovery. She has got cold: so has her sister-excellence, as my brother justly calls her. Is it to be wondered at?—She was feverish all day yesterday; but made slight of it; and would have come down to dinner; but we would not permit her to leave her chamber.

How was Lady Clementina affected; she laid all at her own door: and last night, Harriet being still more feverish, we all talked ourselves into a thousand panicks. Lady Clementina was not to be pacified.

To-day, she is, in a manner, quite well; and we are all joy upon it. But she shall never again do the honours of the park to Lady Clementina. Trust me for that, grandmamma Shirley; and expect a letter from the dear creature herself by the post. Adieu, adieu, Lucy, every-body, in a violent hurry subscribes *your*

CHARLOTTE G.

LETTER XLVIII.

LADY GRANDISON, TO MRS.
SHIRLEY.

GRANDISON HALL, FRIDAY,
MAY 11.

I Am sorry, my dearest grandmamma, you have all been so much alarmed by an indisposition which is already gone off. My cousin James, foolish youth! I wish he had not called upon us on his return from Portsmouth, or that he had staid at Grandison Hall till now. Lady G. has given you, in her lively way, an account of the girlish inconsideration, which might have been attended with a fever, had not Mr. Lowther been at hand; who thought it advisable that I should lose blood. But it was the joy on seeing Sir Charles after an absence of eight days, and several days sooner than I had expected that pleasure, which overcame me.

Never, never *was* there so tender, so affectionate, so indulgent a husband!—Lady G. has told you that I fainted away—When recovered, I found myself in his arms; all our friends assembled round me; every one expressing *such* a tender concern.

Harriet, be grateful! But canst thou be enough so? How art thou beloved of hearts the most worthy!—And what new proofs hast thou received of that love of all other the dearest! Every hour do I experience some new instance of his tender goodness: he stirred not from my chamber for half an hour together, for two whole days and nights. All the rest he took was in a chair by my bed-side; and very little was his rest: yet, blessed be God! his health suffered not. Every cordial, every medicine, and his medicines, done with his own hands. He is careful of my body but his Harriet. The world he told me, was nothing to him without his Harriet. So amiably has he appeared in this new light, nor in my fond eyes only, but in those of all here; who are continually congratulating me upon it; and every one telling me with circumstances of his kind attention, and anxious fondness, as some happened to observe one, some another, that though I wanted not proofs before of his affection for me, I cannot account my indisposition an unhappiness; especially

P. S. My hurry is owing only to the demands of my marmoset upon me. To nothing else, upon my honour! For we are all safe, serene, and so-forth.

as it has gone off without the consequences, of which you were so very apprehensive.—‘Dear Sir, I obey you: but indeed, indeed, writing to my grandmamma does me good. But I obey. Only let thus far as I have written, be dispatched to my Northamptonshire friends,’ *from their ever dutiful,*

HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER XLIX.

LADY GRANDISON. IN CONTINUATION.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

I Have a constant attendant in Lady Clementina. She was not to be consoled when I was at worst.—Wringing her hands. O that she had never come to England! was her frequent exclamation: and they apprehended, that her mind would be again disturbed. She has not yet recovered her former sedateness. She gets by herself, when she is not with me. She is often in tears, and wishes herself in Italy. Sir Charles is concerned for her. She has something upon her mind, he says; and asked me if she had not disclosed it to me? He wondered she had not; expressing himself with pleasure on the confidence each has in the other.

SUNDAY, MAY 13.

SIGNOR Jeronymo has been pitying to me the Count of Belvedere. The poor man could not prevail upon himself to accompany Sir Charles and his noble friends down. He owned to Jeronymo, that he had twice set out for Grandison Hall; but both times, being unable to pursue his intention, turned back.

Jeronymo told me, that the Count had made his will, and left all that he could leave, and his whole personal estate, to their family, in case he should die unmarried. He would not leave it to Lady Clementina, lest, if his bequests were to come to her knowledge, she should think he was so mean, as to expect that favour from his riches, of which he had no hope from her esteem.

‘The generous Belvedere declares,’ said Jeronymo, ‘that should her ma-

‘lady be renewed by means of our interesting ourselves in his favour, he should be the most miserable of men. My dear Jeronymo,’ said he, at parting in town, ‘tell that angel of a woman, that I never will solicit her favour, while I shall have reason to apprehend she has aversion to me. May Clementina be happy, and Belvedere must have some consolation from knowing her to be so, however wretched he may be on the whole! But assure yourself, Jeronymo, that I will never be the husband of any other woman, while she is unmarried.’

I joined with Signor Jeronymo in pitying the count: yet, I must own, that my compassion is still more deeply engaged for Clementina. But I was affected not a little, however, when Jeronymo read a passage from a letter of the count, which, at my request, he left with me; and which I English as follows.—After his supplications put up to Heaven for her happiness, whatever became of him—‘But can she be happy,’ says he, ‘in her present situation? May there not be always a struggle between her exalted notion of duty, and her passion, (though the noblest that ever warmed a human breast), which may renew the disorders of her mind?—Were she *mine*—(Let me indulge for one moment, the rapturous supposition)—I could hope to conduct, to guide, to compose, that noble mind. We would admire, with an equal affection, that best of men, whose goodness is not more the object of her love, than of my veneration. Jealous as I am of her honour, I would satisfy the charmer of my soul, that I approved of her sisterly love of a man so excellent. She would not then be left to the silent distress of her own heart.’

What say my grandmamma, my aunt, my Lucy? Shall I wish the noble Clementina may be prevailed upon in favour of this really worthy man? Should I, do you think, be prevailed upon in *her* situation?—A better question still—*Ought I?*

MONDAY, MAY 14.

MY cousin James has seen me, and I have chid him too, for having been so hasty to carry bad news to Northamptonshire,

amptonsire, without staying a day or two, when he might have carried better. 'Tis true, they will not permit me to quit my chamber yet: but that is rather for precautionary than necessary reasons; and they have given over chiding me for writing—Their indulgence to me of my pen will convince you, that I am quite well.

Lady Clementina most sincerely rejoices in my recovery. Yet she is every day more and more thoughtful and solemn. She is grieved, she tells her mother, (who is troubled at her solemnity) for her brother Jeronymo, who indeed is not well. Mr. Lowther tells us, that he must not expect to be exempt from temporary pains and disorder: but I am sure the worthy man would be easier in his own mind, were his sister to give her hand to the Count of Belvedere.

I talked to Sir Charles on this subject an hour ago. 'Lady Clementina, 'my dear Sir,' said I, 'is not happy. I question whether she ever will, unless she is allowed her own way, the veil.'

'And that,' returned he, 'has been so long a family-objection, that the compliance with her wishes, would break the heart of her mother, at least; and greatly afflict all the rest. It must not, for *their* sakes, be thought of.'

'What then, Sir, can be done?'

'We must have patience, my dearest life. Her malady has unsettled her noble mind. She must try her own schemes; and if she find not happiness in any of them, she will think of new ones, till at last she fixes. Nor, I hope, is the time far off.'

'Do you think so, Sir?'

'Don't you see, my love, that the poor lady is more and more uneasy with herself? Something is working in her mind. I have desired her mother to leave that disturbed mind to its own generous workings. Her vehemence, raised by the opposition she met with, which she considered as a persecution, has for some time subsided; and she will probably fall upon reflections which she had not time to attend to before.'

'Jeronymo thinks,' proceeded he, 'that I might successfully plead in the count's favour—But did I not draw the articles? Did I not propose the terms? Lady Clementina shall not

'he prevaricated with. She shuns me of late—In apprehension, perhaps, that I will try my influence over her. She never seems so easy, as when she is with my Harriet. You must preserve that consequence with her, which delicate minds will ever be of to one another. Some little appearances of her malady will perhaps, now and then, show themselves, and unsettle her: but I have no doubt, if it please God to preserve her reason, that her present uneasinesses will be productive of some great change in her schemes, which may end in a tranquillity of mind, that will make us all who love her, happy. Mean time, my dear, let this be our rule, if you please: let *her* lead; let *us* only follow—Persuasion against avowed inclination, you and I, my Harriet, have always condemned as a degree of compulsion. Had the admirable lady been *intreated* to take the noble measure she fell upon, when she rejected me, however great the motives, she would not have been so happy, as she was, when she found herself absolute mistress of the question, and could astonish and surprize us all by her magnanimity.'

Who could resist this reasoning? How well does he seem to know this excellent woman, when he considers her unhappy unfixedness, occasioned by a malady, which will now and then (till she can be settled in some quiet and agreeable way) shew itself in her conduct, when she has any great part before her to act!

TUESDAY AFTERNOON, MAY 15.

LADY Clementina, soon after dinner, sent up to me her Camilla, (for I was not at table) to desire a quarter of an hour's discourse with me in my chamber. I gave direction, that nobody should come to me till I rang. She entered; made me sit; took her seat by me; and immediately, with a noble frankness in her manner, thus began—

'I could not, my dear Lady Grandison, ask the favour of your ear on the subject I wanted to open my heart upon to you, till I saw you were perfectly recovered. God be praised, that you are! What anxieties did your late indisposition give me! I accused myself as the cause of it.—I had engaged you, thoughtlessly, in

' too long a walk. You know how
 ' Lady G. how Lady L. were terrified.
 ' I overheard them once that evening
 ' talking over their fears to one another.
 ' Lady G. I thought, looked with un-
 ' kindness upon me. My aid ineffec-
 ' tual, my person in the way, I hur-
 ' ried to my chamber—"Good God!"
 ' said I, (every object looking strange
 ' about me) "Where am I? What
 ' am I? Can I be the same Clemen-
 ' tina della Porretta that I was a few
 ' months ago? Can I have brought
 ' misery to the family which was my
 ' only refuge? To the man who—"
 ' [She paused: then lifting up her
 ' eyes; "Blessed virgin!" said she,
 ' "And *is* Clementina in the house of
 ' the man whom she has been known
 ' to regard above all men; and whom
 ' she still *does* regard; but not as
 ' Olivia supposes?"]—"And then on
 ' my knees I offered up fervent prayers
 ' for your health and happiness; and
 ' that it would please God to return
 ' me, with reputation, to my native
 ' country. My eyes are now opened
 ' to the impropriety I have been guilty
 ' of in taking refuge in England; and
 ' in remaining in it, and in your house,
 ' and with a man whom I am known
 ' to value. The world has begun to
 ' talk: cruel Olivia! She will lead and
 ' point and talk, as she would have it
 ' believed. I am under obligation to
 ' your goodness, and to that of all
 ' your friends, that they and you think
 ' kindly of me, situated as I once was.
 ' I am obliged (mortifying considera-
 ' tion to a spirit like mine!) to Sir
 ' Charles Grandison's generosity and
 ' compassion, that he does not despise
 ' me. A *girl* (forgive me for mention-
 ' ing it; it is to *you* only) has been, by
 ' my dear Mrs. Beaumont, proposed,
 ' indirectly at least, for a pattern to me.
 ' How am I sunk! My pride cannot
 ' bear it. Had I been allowed to take
 ' the veil, all these improprieties in my
 ' conduct had been prevented; all these
 ' mortifications would have been spared
 ' the unhappy Clementina—Tell me,
 ' advise me—May I not renew my en-
 ' treaties to be allowed to take the veil?
 ' Give me, as to your sister, (no sister
 ' ever loved her sister better than I love
 ' you) your advice: counsel me what
 ' to do, what course to steer, to recover
 ' myself in my own eyes. At present
 ' I hate, I despise, myself.'

' With how little reason, my dearest
 ' sister, my excellent friend: all my
 ' family revere you; Sir Charles, his
 ' sisters, and I, love you; Lady G.
 ' particularly admires you; she could
 ' not possibly look unkindly upon you.
 ' What has Olivia dared to report?
 ' But did she ever forbear her rash cen-
 ' sures?—What can I advise you? I
 ' see your delicate distress. But sup-
 ' pose you open your mind to the mar-
 ' chioness? To Mrs. Beaumont, sup-
 ' pose? She is the most prudent of
 ' women.'

' I know *their* minds already.
 ' Their judgments are not with me.
 ' Mrs. Beaumont (indeed without in-
 ' tending it) has terrified me. My
 ' mamma thinks herself bound by the
 ' articles, and will not speak.'

' Suppose, my dearest lady, you ad-
 ' vise with Sir Charles? You know he
 ' is the most delicate-minded of men.'

' I shall ever honour him: but your
 ' indisposition has made me look upon
 ' him with more reverence than fami-
 ' liarity. I have avoided him. An
 ' exquisite pain has seized my heart,
 ' on being brought to meditate the im-
 ' propriety of my situation: a pain I
 ' cannot describe. *Here* it used to be,
 ' (putting her hand to her forehead;)
 ' but *here* now it is,' (removing it to
 ' her heart;) 'and at times I cannot
 ' bear it.'

' Let me beg of Lady Clementina
 ' to lay that noble heart open to Sir
 ' Charles. You know his disinterest-
 ' ed affection for you. You know his
 ' regard for your glory. You know
 ' that your own mother, your own
 ' Mrs. Beaumont, are not more deli-
 ' cate than he is. You may unbosom
 ' yourself to him. But such is his
 ' fear of offending you, that you must
 ' begin. A small opening will do.
 ' His nice regard for your honour,
 ' for the honour of our sex, will, on
 ' a slight encouragement, spare you all
 ' that would be irksome to you. He
 ' has no prejudices in favour or dis-
 ' favour of any body. He loves, it is
 ' true, he reveres your *whole family*;
 ' but *you* more than all the rest. Shall
 ' I say that he made his court to me
 ' in your name, and by your interest;
 ' yet acknowledged himself refused by
 ' an angel?'

' Excellent man!—I *will* consult
 ' him, and in your presence.'

‘As to my presence, Madam—’
 ‘It must be so,’ interrupted she:
 ‘I shall want your support. Do you
 be my advocate with him; and if he
 will be an advocate for me, I may
 yet be happy. At present I see but
 one way to extricate myself with
 honour. I dare not propose it. He
 may. The world and Olivia will
 not let me be, *in that world*, a single
 woman, and happy.—Why should
 I not be allowed to quit it by a di-
 vine dedication?’

I embraced her; soothed her; but
 thought of Sir Charles’s advice, not
 to *lead*, but *follow* as she led: not one
 word, as I told her, would I say to
 him of what had passed between us,
 that she might have his own unpreju-
 diced advice.

I rang, by her permission. Sally
 came up. I made my request, by her,
 to her master. He found us together.
 ‘Sir Charles,’ said I, before he could
 speak, ‘Lady Clementina has some-
 thing on her mind: I have besought
 her to consult you.’

‘I must consult you *both*,’ said she.
 —‘To-morrow morning, Sir, as early
 as will suit Lady Grandison, we will
 meet for that purpose.’

May the issue of to-morrow’s con-
 ference be tranquillity of mind to this ex-
 cellent lady!

LETTER L.

LADY GRANDISON. IN CONTI-
 NUATION.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 16.

THE conference was held in Ita-
 lian. It was but just turned of
 seven in the morning, when we met in
 my drawing-room.

I had told Lady Clementina that she
 must lead the subject; but Sir Charles
 seeing her in some confusion, relieved
 her—‘You do me, Madam,’ said he,
 ‘great honour; and it is worthy of
 our brotherly and sisterly friendship
 in proposing to ask my opinion on
 any subject in which you are interest-
 ed. Our dear Harriet’s recovery
 (God be praised for it!) has left no
 wish in my heart so ardent as for
 your happiness. Permit me to say,

‘my dear Lady Clementina, it is *ne-
 cessary* for that of us both.’

‘Indeed, Madam, it *is*,’ said I,
 taking her hand. Tendernefs, love,
 respect, I am sure, were in my coun-
 tenance; if it spoke my heart. She
 condescendingly bowed upon mine;
 tears were in her eyes: ‘You pain me,
 chevalier—you pain me, Madam—
 by your good hints—How many of my
 friends have I made unhappy!’

‘For some days past,’ said Sir
 Charles, ‘I have observed, that you
 have seemed more uneasy than usual.
 Would to Heaven it were in my
 power to remove the cause!’

‘Perhaps it may, Sir, chevalier!’
 ‘I thought when I came into the com-
 promise, that I might have made
 myself happier in it, than I now find
 I can be.’

‘Dear Lady Clementina!’ said Sir
 Charles; and stopt.

‘Be not displeased with me, cheva-
 lier. I must hold myself bound by
 it, if it be insisted on. But though
 my condescending friends urge me
 not by entreaties, by persuasions,
 see you not that their *wishing eyes*,
 and *sighing hearts*, break every hour
 the articles agreed to?’

‘Dear Madam!’

‘I knew you would not be angry
 with me.’

‘I am not. It would be equally
 unfriendly and insolent if I were.
 But, my dear Clementina, what an
 affecting picture have you drawn of
 the resignation of parents to the will
 of their child, in an article which
 their hearts were fixed upon.’

‘Add not weight, Sir, to my uneasy
 reflections. I can hardly bear to see
 in them the generous suppression of
 their own wishes.’

She then addressed herself to me.—
 ‘Bear with me, dear Lady Grandison,
 if I cast an eye back to former situa-
 tions. You know my whole story.
 For a few moments bear with me.
 —I never, God is my witness, en-
 vied you. On the contrary, I re-
 joiced to find those merits, which I
 had not power to reward, so *amply*
 rewarded by you; and that the che-
 valier was so great a gainer by my
 declining his vows. —She stopt.

‘Proceed, dear Lady Clemen-
 tina,’ said I.—‘Are we not sisters?’
 ‘And

'And do I not know, that yours is the noblest of female minds?'

'I rejoice, Sir, from my heart, that I was enabled to act as I did.'

Again she stooped. Sir Charles bowed in silence.

'But still I hoped, that one day my parents would have been overcome in favour of the divine dedication. That was always my wish, till you, Sir, induced me to come into a compromise. And then I was resolved to make myself, if possible, happy, in the single life allowed me. But what *can* I do? My former wishes recur. I cannot help it: and it seems evident to me, that there is but one measure, and that is the convent, which can make me happy.'

'Dear Lady Clementina!' said Sir Charles, 'will you be pleased to allow me—'

'Olivia, Sir,' interrupted she ('you don't, perhaps, know that) reflects upon me. It was indeed a rash step, which I took, when I fled to England: how has it countenanced the excursion *she* made hither? Though, God knows, our motives were widely different: hers was to obtain what mine was intended to avoid.—But your sudden indisposition, Madam, pointed the sting, and carried it into my heart. That festered full upon me, the impropriety of my situation.—Can there be, say, chevalier, can there be, any expedient which will free me from reflection, from slander, except that of the veil?'

'You *lead* the question, Madam,' replied Sir Charles: 'I but *follow* you. Surely there *can*.'

'You are not angry with me, chevalier? You do not upbraid me with breach of articles?'

'I do *not*, Madam, while we only *reason*, not *resolve*. Assure yourself that *your* tranquillity of mind is one of the principal objects of my daily vows. Say, Lady Clementina, all that is in your heart to say. Your friend, your brother, hears his sister with all the tenderness of fraternal love.'

'How foolish! How kind!—You say there is another expedient. What, excepting marriage, is it?'

'Were it *that*, and that *could* be an acceptable expedient—We are only *reasoning*, Madam; not *resolving*.'

'Do you, chevalier,' (with a look of impatience;) 'propose that to me?'

'I do *not*, Madam—I said we were *reasoning* only.—But surely you *may* be very happy in the *single* life. You *may* have thought of plans, which, on consideration, may not please you: but it is yet early. Lady Clementina has too much greatness of mind to permit any thing that may be said by malevolent people to affect her. She knows her heart; and has reason to be satisfied with it. Were your former wishes to take place, will not ill-will and slander follow you into the most sacred retirements? There are several tender points to be considered in your past situation. These are considered by your parents. They have no view but to your happiness. You and they indeed have different notions of the means. They think marriage with a worthy man of your own faith, would tend to establish it. You think assuming the veil the only expedient. This subject has been much canvassed. They are determined not to urge you: yet their judgments are not changed. Shall they not be allowed to *wish*? Especially when they *urge* not, *speak* not, their wishes? Your father was earnest with the Count of Belvedere, in my hearing, when last in town, to give up all expectations from you. God preserve their lives till they see you happy! You must be convinced, that your happiness is their *end*, by what *soever means* it may be obtained.'

'My father, my mother, are all goodnes!—God preserve their precious lives!—Tears trickled down her cheeks.'

'I am sure, my dear Lady Clementina, you cannot be happy in *any* state of life, if your choice, pursued, would make your *parents* unhappy.—Could Lady Clementina, were she even *professed*, divest herself of *all* filial, of *all* family regards? Would not that very contemplative life, of which she is at present so fond, make her, when it was too late to retrieve the step, (and with the more regret, perhaps, because it *was* too late) carry her thoughts, her affections, with greater force, back to parents, if *living*, so deservedly dear, to brothers so disinterestedly kind to her; and

‘and who have *all* shared so largely in her distresses?’

She sighed. She wept. ‘O chevalier!’ was all she said.

‘You cannot, Madam, live only to yourself, *for* yourself: and you may live to your God in the world, perhaps, more efficaciously than in the convent, with regard to your soul’s health, as you have such large ability to do good: for wants not the world, as I have heretofore pleaded, such an example as you can give it?’

—‘The heart, Madam, not the *profession*, is the truly acceptable. Your maternal grandfather, though a sound catholic, would have it, that there were many sighing hearts in convents: and on this supposition (confirmed to him by a singular instance which affected him) he inserted in his will the clauses which he thought would oblige you to marry. Your other grandfather joined in the enforcement of them.’

‘And what, Sir, was the penalty? only the forfeiture of an estate, which I wish not for; which none of us want. We are all rich. It is a *purchased*, not a *paternal* estate.’

‘And purchased with what view, Madam? And for whom?’

‘I would have my family superior to such motives.’

‘Must they not, my dear Clementina, be judges for themselves?’

‘I do not *believe*,’ proceeded she, ‘that there *are* many sighing hearts in convents: but if there *were*, and my friends would be satisfied, (for that, I own, is an essential point with me) I should not, I am *sure*, add to the number of such. As to what you say of the world wanting such an example as I could set it, I have not vanity enough to be convinced by that argument. Whether my soul’s peace could be *best* promoted in the world, or in the convent, must be left to *me* to judge; who know that in the turmoils and disturbances I have met with, both of mind and body, the retired, the sequestered life, is most likely to re-compose my shattered spirits.’

‘Those turmoils, those disturbances, Madam, thank God! are over.’

‘I pity, I can forgive, I do forgive, the poor Laurana. Ah, Sir! you know not, perhaps, that LOVE, a

passion which is often the cause of guilty meanness, as sometimes indeed of laudable greatness, was the secret cause of Laurana’s cruelty to me. She hated me not, till that passion invaded her bosom. Shall I remember the evil of her behaviour, and not the good?’

‘Admirable Clementina!’ said Sir Charles; ‘Admirable lady!’ said his Harriet; both in a breath.

‘She was the companion of my childhood,’ proceeded the exalted lady. ‘We had our education together. I was the *sufferer*; thank God! not the *aggressor*. She has made me great, by putting it into my power to *forgive* her. Let all my revenge be in her compunction from my forgiveness, and from my wishes to promote her welfare!’

‘And a revenge indeed would that be,’ said Sir Charles, ‘were she, who had acted by an excellent creature, as she has done by you, capable of generous compunction. But, dear Madam, can it be expected, if you can forgive her, that your family should join, by giving up their reversionary expectancy, to *reward* her for her cruelty to their child, who was entrusted to her kindest care and protection? Can you, Madam, treat lightly those instances of your parents and brothers love, which have made them resent her barbarity to you?—My dear Lady Clementina, you must not aim at being *above* nature. Remember that your grandfather never *designed* this estate for Laurana. It was only to be provisionally hers, in order to secure it the more effectually to you; and, on failure of descendants from you, to your elder brother, who, however, wishes not for it. His heart is in your marriage. He only wishes that it may not be the cruel Laurana’s. If you can defeat the design of your grandfathers, with regard to your *own* interest, ought you to do injustice to your brother’s claim?’

‘O chevalier!’

‘Ought you to think of disposing of your brother’s right? Has he not much better reason to be considered by you for his affection, than Laurana has for her cruelty?—A blighted be that sort of LOVE, which is pleaded in excuse of barbarity, or

‘ of any extravagant, undutiful, or
‘ unnatural action!’

She sighed. Tears again stole down
her cheeks. After a short silence—
‘ O spare me, chevalier?—Despise me
‘ not, Lady Grandison!—My enfeeb-
‘ led reason may lead me into error;
‘ but when I know it is error, I will
‘ not continue in it. I see that, with
‘ regard to my brother’s interest in this
‘ estate, I reasoned wrong. I was
‘ guilty, my dear Lady Grandison, I
‘ doubt, in your eye, of a false piece
‘ of heroism. I was for doing *less*
‘ than justice to a brother, that I might
‘ do *more* than justice to an unnatural
‘ relation.’

‘ All that Laurana can hope from
‘ you, Madam,’ said Sir Charles, ‘ is,
‘ that you will intitle her to the re-
‘ ceipt of the considerable legacy your
‘ grandfather bequeathed to her.’

‘ And how is that to be done,’ in-
terrupted she, ‘ but by marriage?—
‘ Ah, chevalier!’

‘ Such, indeed, *is* the state of the
‘ case. Such was it *designed* to be. I,
‘ Madam, but state it. I advise no-
‘ thing.’

‘ Still, Sir, the motive which may
‘ allowably have weight with my
‘ friends, ought not to have principal
‘ weight with me. Consider, Sir: is
‘ it not setting an earthly state against
‘ my immortal soul?’

‘ Far otherwise, Madam. Can you
‘ so far doubt of the divine grace, can
‘ you so far disparage your own vir-
‘ tues, as to suppose they want the se-
‘ curity of a convent? Do justice, my
‘ dear Lady Clementina, to yourself.
‘ You have virtues which cannot be
‘ exerted in a convent; and you have
‘ *means* to display them for the good
‘ of hundreds. I argue not as a pro-
‘ testant, when I address myself to
‘ you. The most zealous catholick,
‘ if unprejudiced, *circumstanced as you*
‘ *are*, must allow of what I say.’

‘ Ah, chevalier, how you anticipate
‘ me! I was going to charge you with
‘ arguing like a protestant.’

‘ Did not your grandfathers, Ma-
‘ dam, in *effect* argue as I argue, when
‘ they made their wills? Did not your
‘ father, mother, uncle, brothers, thus
‘ argue, when they wished you to re-
‘ linquish all thoughts of the veil?
‘ And are not the one, were not the
‘ others, all zealous catholicks? Does

‘ not your brother the bishop, does
‘ not your truly pious confessor, ac-
‘ quiesce in their reasonings, and con-
‘ cur with (at least not *oppose*) the fa-
‘ mily reasons?’

She looked down, sweetly conscious.
Sir Charles proceeded.

‘ Has not your mother, Madam,
‘ who gave you and your three bro-
‘ thers to the world, a *merit* both with
‘ God and man, one of you dedicated,
‘ as he is, to God, (you see, Madam,
‘ I address myself to you in the catho-
‘ lick stile) which the cloistered life
‘ could not have given her? Are not
‘ the conjugal and maternal duties
‘ (performed as she has performed
‘ them) of higher account, than any
‘ of those can be, which may be ex-
‘ erted in the sequestered life? Clemen-
‘ tina could not wish to be a better wo-
‘ man in the *convent*, than her mother
‘ has always been *out of it*.’

She hesitated, sighed, looked down:
at last, ‘ What can I say?’ said she.
‘ I have signed to the waving of my
‘ wishes after the veil; and must, I
‘ see, abide by my signing. It is,
‘ however, generous in you, Sir, not
‘ to plead against me *that* my act; and
‘ to hear me with patience want to be
‘ absolved from it. But I am *not*
‘ happy.’ She stooped: and turned
away her face to conceal her emotion.

Sir Charles was affected as well as I.

She recovered her speech. ‘ I am,
‘ at times,’ said she, ‘ too sensible of
‘ running into flight and absurdity.
‘ My late unhappy malady has weak-
‘ ened my reasoning powers. You
‘ both *can*, I see you both *do*, pity
‘ me.—Let me say, chevalier, that
‘ when I came into your proposed com-
‘ promise, (which after so grievous a
‘ fault committed, as the flying from
‘ my native country, and indulgent
‘ parents, I could the less refuse) I
‘ promised myself happiness in a situ-
‘ ation, in which, I *now* see, it is not
‘ to be found.—Your friendship, your
‘ united friendship for me, happy pair!
‘ I thought (as I knew I deserved it
‘ by my disinterested affection for you
‘ both) would contribute to it; I was
‘ therefore desirous to cultivate it. My
‘ wounded reason allowed me not to
‘ consider, that there were improprie-
‘ ties in my scheme, of which the
‘ world would think otherwise than
‘ I did: and when I heard of vile
‘ and

‘and undeserved reflections cast upon me—but most when that sudden indisposition seized you, my dear Lady Grandison, and seemed to my frightened imagination to threaten a life so precious—’

She paused: then proceeded—‘I have told you, Madam, my reflections.—Before you, chevalier, I have said enough.—And now advise me what to do.—To say truth, I almost as much long to quit England, as I did to fly to it. I am unhappy. O my fluctuating heart! When, when, shall I be settled?’

‘What, Madam, can I say?’ answered Sir Charles: ‘what can I advise? You say you are not happy. You think your parents are not so. We all believe you can make them so. But God forbid it should be to your own unhappiness, who have already been so great a sufferer, though hardly a greater than every one of your friends has been from your sufferings. I plead not, Madam, the cause of any one man. I have told you, that your father himself advises a certain nobleman to give over all hopes of you: and that person himself says, that he will endeavour to do so; first, because he promised you, that he would; and next, because he is now too well assured, that you have an aversion to him.’

‘An aversion, chevalier! God forbid that I should have an aversion to any human creature! I thought my behaviour to that gentleman had been such—’ She stopt.

‘It was great; it was worthy of you. But this is his apprehension: and if it be just, God forbid that Lady Clementina should think of him!’

‘My dear Lady Grandison, do you advise me upon all that has passed upon this conference. You assured me at the beginning of it, that my peace of mind was necessary to your happiness.’

‘From my affection for you, my dear Lady Clementina, and from my affection *only*, it is necessary. You cannot have a distress, which will not, if I know it, be a distress to me. You know best what you can do. God give you happiness, and make yours the foundation of that of your indulgent parents; they are

‘of opinion, that a settled life with some worthy man of your own country and faith, will greatly contribute to it. Your mamma is firmly of opinion it will: so is Mrs. Beaumont. But you see that you cannot, in justice to your brother, and to his children yet unborn, as well as in duty to your deceased grandfathers, assume the veil: you see that the unnatural Laurana, whom you still are so *great* as to love, cannot enjoy a considerable legacy bequeathed on her, but on your marriage.—If you have a *dislike* to the nobleman who has so large a share in the affections of all your family, by no means think of him. Rejoice, Madam, in a single life, if you think you can be happy in it, till some man offer whom you can favour with your esteem. Let *me* be honoured meantime with the continuance of your love, as I shall be found to deserve it. We are already sisters. In presence, we will be one; in absence we will not be divided; for we will mingle souls and sentiments on paper.’

I was proceeding; but she wrapt her arms about my neck. She bathed my cheek with her tears.—O how generously did she extol me! how delighted, how affected, was the dearest of men! how delicate was his behaviour to both! The *tender friend* in her, the *beloved wife*, were, with the nicest propriety, distinguished by him.

The dear lady was too much disordered by her own grateful rapture, to recover a train of reasoning. She told me, however, that she would ponder, weigh, consider every thing that had passed.

God give her happiness! prays with her whole heart, *your*

HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER LI.

LADY GRANDISON, TO MRS.
SHIRLEY.

THURSDAY, MAY 17.

LADY Clementina is thoughtful, solemn, and shuns company. Not one word will any body say to her of the Count of Belvedere: but as he is expected here every day to take his

leave, Sir Charles thinks she ought not to be surprized by his coming at un-awares. She neither dined nor supped in company yesterday; nor breakfasted with us this morning. She loves, as you have heard, to walk in the garden. She diverts herself often with feeding the deer, which gather about her, as soon as she enters the park. Sir Charles just now passed her in the garden. He asked after her health.—‘My *mind* is not well, chevalier!’—‘God Almighty heal it!’ said he, taking her hand, and bowing upon it.—‘Thank you, Sir! Continue your prayers for me. That *last* conversation, chevalier—But, adieu.’

She took a path that led to the park. He looked after her. She turned once to see if he did. He bowed, and motioned with his hand, as for leave to follow her. She understood his motion, and by hers forbid him.—Poor lady!

THURSDAY EVENING, SIX O’CLOCK.

Mr. Lowther returned from London about an hour ago. He has always been of opinion with the physicians of Italy, that a disorder of mind not hereditary, but circumstanced as Lady Clementina’s was, will be in no danger of returning, or of becoming hereditary, unless on some new distress like the former. He expressed his wonder more than once, at her relations acquiescence with her plea, as she made *that* the principal against marriage; though he allowed it to be a noble and generous one in her. And now, in order to justify his opinion, he has taken, of his own accord, the opinions of the most noted London physicians; who entirely agree with him.

SATURDAY, MAY 19.

LADY Clementina has been generously lamenting to me the unhappiness of the cruel Laurana. ‘What I hinted to Sir Charles,’ said she, ‘of her love for the Count of Belvedere, is but too true. I have been urged to have compassion, as it is called, on *him*. He should have shewed some for *her*. She was proposed to him. He rejected the proposal with haughtiness: but, I believe, knew not how much she loved him. I have faint remembrances of

her ravings, as I may call them, for him, to her mother and woman: sometimes vowing revenge for slighted love.—Poor Laurana was another Olivia in the violence of her passion. In the few lucid intervals I had when I was under her management, I always expected that these ravings would end in harder usage of me. Yet even then, when I had calmness enough to pity myself, I pitied her. O that the count would make her happy, and could make himself happy in her!’

She asked me if Sir Charles were not indeed inclined to favour the count?

‘He wishes you, Madam, to marry,’ answered I, ‘because he thinks (and the physicians of Italy and England, and Mr. Lowther, concur with your parents wishes) if there were a man in the world whom you could consent to make happy, the consequence would not only make your whole family so, but yourself. But the choice of the *man*, he thinks, should be entirely left to you: he thinks that the count, so often refused, ought not to be insisted on; and that time should be given you.’

‘Let me ask you, Lady Grandison, as one sister to another, could *you*, in my situation, have resolved to give your hand—’ She stopt, blushed, looked down. I snatched her hand, and lifted it to my lips—‘Speak your whole heart, my Clementina, to your Harriet.—But yet I will spare you, when I understand your meaning. Noblest of women, I am not Clementina. I could not, situated as you once were, all my friends consenting, and the man—such as you knew him to be, have refused him my hand as well as heart. But what may not be expected from a lady, who, from a regard to her superior duties, could make the most laudable passion of inferior force? You have already overcome the greatest difficulty; and when you can persuade yourself that it is your *duty* to enter into new measures I am sure, whatever they may be—’

‘Dear Lady Grandison, say no more—My duty—How delicate are your intimations!—What a subject have we slid into!—Believe me, I am incapable—’

‘Of any thought, of any imagination,’

'tion,' interrupted I, 'that an angel might not own: it would be an injury to your Harriet's emulative love of you, were you but to suppose any assurances of your greatness of mind necessary.'

'But I am at times pained, generous Lady Grandison, for what *your* friends may think, may wish—O that I were in my own country again!' 'They wish for nothing but your happiness. Lay down your own plan, dear lady: chalk out your future steps. Look about you one, two, three-years, in the single life! Assured your indulgent parents—'

'Hush, hush, hush, hush, my dear Lady Grandison!' gently putting her hand on my mouth: 'I will, I must, leave you!—O my fluctuating heart! —But whatever I shall be enabled to do; whose-soever displeasure I may incur, do *you* continue to love me; still call me sister! and, through you, let me call Sir Charles Grandison my brother; and then shall I have a felicity that will counterbalance many infelicities.'

She hurried from me, not staying to hear the affectionate assurances of my admiring love, that were bursting my lips from a heart fervently desiring to comply with every wish of hers.

SUNDAY, MAY 20.

THE marquis is slightly indisposed. The marchioness is not well. Lady Clementina applying to Mrs. Beaumont for consolation on the occasion, owned, that were their indispositions to gather strength, she should be too ready, for her peace of mind, to charge them to her own account. Mrs. Beaumont generously consoled her, without urging one syllable in favour of the man, who has so large an interest in the hearts of all her family, her own excepted. She herself mentioned with approbation to Mrs. Beaumont, some particulars, of the count's munificence and greatness of mind, that had come to her knowledge; but wished he could think of her cousin Laurana. Her Camilla came in. She asked with anxious duty, after her mother's health; and withdrew in tears, to attend her.

MONDAY, MAY 21.

'WELL, but now, I Charlotte G. who have taken up Harriet's pen, say,

'these tears will soon be dried up. The marquis and his lady are both better. The count is arrived; Signors Julian and Sebastiano with him. Did you not see the count when he was in town, Lucy? A pretty man, upon my life, were he not quite so solemn: but that very solemnity will make for him with a fair romancer: is he not come, as Lee says, in his Theodosius,

—"To take eternal leave?"

"Not to vouchsafe to see him, would be scorn, "Which the fair soul of gentle CLEMENTINA "Could never harbour."

'Accordingly, on his arrival, not unexpected to, but almost unexpected, down she came to tea; and with *such* a grace!—Indeed, my dear and venerable Mrs. Shirley, she will be a good girl. All will come right. She was a little solemn indeed in her serenity: but she plainly put herself forward to speak. She seemed to pity the count's confusion, (who, poor soul! knew not how to speak to her) and relieved it by enquiring after his health, as he had not been well. She addressed herself to him once or twice on indifferent subjects; and pleased every body by her behaviour to him. Nay, they talked together a good while at the window, he, and she, and Mrs. Beaumont, very freely about England and Italy, comparing in a few instances, these gardens with those of the marquis at Bologna. No very interesting conversation indeed; but the good count thought himself in paradise. Yet he fears he shall to-morrow be allowed to take a long, long leave of her. He goes to France and Italy; not to Spain. I like him for that; it would only be distressing himself farther, he says, were he to amuse a worthy family, who have invited him thither, with a view that can never be answered, while Clementina remains unmarried.

'My brother continues to insist upon it, that not one word shall be said in the count's favour. Sea-room, and land-room, Mrs. Shirley, as I said once before—Where did he learn so thoroughly to understand the perverseness of a female heart?'

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BY LADY GRANDISON.] You see, my grandmamma, what Lady G. has written. Her sweetly playful pen may divert

divert you. Her heart feels not, as mine does, the perplexities of the dear Clementina: but I yield, with grateful pleasure, to a pen so much more lively, than that of *your*

HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER LII.

LADY G. TO MISS SELBY.

TUESDAY, MAY 22.

AND so, Lucy, your day is fixed! May next Thursday be a happy one, and reward the heroick girl who so nobly conquered a first love, on the discovered unworthiness of the man! And you own that your heart is far from being indifferent to Lord Rensby. —Good girl! —Confirmation of all my doctrines. We women prate and prate of what we *can*, and what we *can-not*; what we *ought*, and what we *ought-not*, to do: but none of us stay-till-we-are-asked mortals know what we shall, or can do, till we are tried by the power of determining being put into our hands. Was it possible for me to have loved that sorry wretch Anderson, so well as I really loved my honest Lord G.? It was not. But though I name that creature myself, never do you presume to do it. I blush even to this hour at looking back to certain giddinesses that debased my character. —But let me quit a subject so disagreeable.

Lady Clementina has had a bad night, it seems. —Came not down to breakfast. The poor enamoretto was in despair. I tried to hearten him up a little: but my brother will not let any body flatter him with a hope that too probably may end in disappointment.

Yonder [I am writing at my window, you must know] is the fair inflexible musing in the garden. I have a good mind to call to her; for I see by her motions and downcast looks, that reverie is no favourable sign for the count—No need of my calling to her; my brother has this minute joined her. As soon as he came in sight, she went to him. —Now, dear brother, put in a word for the poor man.

Well, but Lucy, this poor lord of yours must come among us. He shall not carry you to Ireland this year. Let all who would be good husbands and

good wives, come to Grandison Hall, and learn: and, pray, let them come while *I am here*. Yet I have something to say against our Harriet too. —She is so taken up with her heroick friendship, that Clementina is now almost the only subject of her pen. What godlike instances of my brother's goodness does she leave untold, though she admires him for them, as much as ever? Every rising, every setting sun, are witnesses of his divine philanthropy. I suppose she looks upon his praises now, to be her own. Well she may. Never were hearts so united, so formed, for one another. But Harriet used to praise herself formerly; did she not, uncle Selby?

Believe me, I will praise my honest man whenever he gives me cause. For instance; yesterday, I was well enough pleased with what he said to my brother. —‘You, Sir Charles, ought not to give yourself up to a private life. Your country has a claim upon such a character as yours.’

‘Without doubt,’ said I. —‘Shall we, my lord, make my brother an ambassador, or a justice of peace?’ —Lord G. rubbed his forehead: but seeing me smile, his countenance brightened up. ‘Don’t you know, Charlotte,’ said my brother, ‘that nothing but the engagements our noble guests have given me, would have prevented me from acting in the usual character you have last named?’

‘O that you had, brother! What admirable causes would then have been brought before US, *en dernier ressort*! How delightfully would your time have been taken up with the appeals of scolding wives, forsaken damsels, and witches presumptive!’

‘Lady G. *must* be herself, whatever be the subject,’ replied Sir Charles. —‘You and I love her, my lord, for her charming vivacity. —But think you, my sister, that a day spent in doing good, be the objects of it ever so low, is not more pleasing to reflect upon, than a day of the most elegant indulgence? Would persons of sense and distinction (myself out of the question) more frequently than they do, undertake the task, it would be lighter to every one, and would keep the great power vested in this class of magistrates, and which is every year increasing,

‘out

‘out of mean and mercenary hands. And surely men of consideration in the world owe it to their tenants, neighbours, and to those of their fellow-creatures, to whose industry they are obliged for their affluence, to employ in their service, those advantages of rank and education, which make it perhaps easy for them to clear up and adjust, in half an hour, matters that would be of endless perplexity and entanglement to the parties concerned.’

Mind this, uncle Selby; for I think you are too fond of your own ways, and your own hours, to do your duty as an active justice, though of the quorum.

But I should have told you, Lucy, how this conversation began. I got the occasion for it out of Dr. Bartlett afterwards. You must know, that I visit him now and then as Harriet used to do, to learn some of my brother’s good deeds, that otherwise would not come to our knowledge; by which I understand, that notwithstanding he gives his guests so much of his company, and appears so easy and free among us, yet, that every beneficent scheme is going on; not one improvement stands still: he knows not what it is to be one moment idle.

Dr. Bartlett tells me, that some gentlemen of prime consideration in the county, have been offering my brother their interest against the next election. He modestly acknowledged the grateful sense he had of the honour done him; but declined it for the present, as having been too little a while returned into his own country, after so long an absence, to be as yet fit for a trust so important. ‘We young men,’ said he, ‘are apt to be warm: when we have not studied a point thoroughly, we act upon hasty conclusions, and sometimes support, sometimes oppose, on insufficient grounds. I would not be under engagements to any party; neither can I think of contributing to destroy the morals and health of all the country-people round me, to make myself what is called an *interest*. Forgive me, gentlemen: I mean not to slight your favours! But on such an occasion, I ought to be explicit.’

But, after the gentlemen were gone,

‘There is a county, Dr. Bartlett,’ said he, ‘of which I should be ambitious to be one of the representatives, had I a *natural* interest in it; because of the reverence I bear to the good man, to whom in that case I should have the honour to call myself a colleague. When I can think myself more worthy than at present I am, of standing in such a civil relation to him, I shall consider him as another Gamaliel, at whose feet (so long absent as I have been from my native country) I shall be proud to be initiated into the service of the public.’

It is not difficult to guess, who my brother—But my marmoset is squalling for me; and I must fly to silence it.

* * *

Now, Lucy, that I have pacified my brat, do I wish you with me at my window. My brother and his Harriet only, are at this instant walking almost under it, engaged in earnest conversation; seemingly, how pleasing a one! admiration and tenderness mingled in *his* looks: in *her*, while he speaks, the most delighted attention; when she answers, love, assiance, modest diffidence, benevolence, compassion; an expression that no pen can describe—Knowing them both so well, and acquainted with their usual behaviour to each other, I can make it all out. She is pleading, I am sure, for Clementina. Charming pleader! Yet, my dear Mrs. Shirley, I fear her reasonings are romantick ones. Our Harriet, you know, was always a little tinged with heroism: and she goes back in her mind to the time that she thought she could never be the wife of any other man than my brother, (though then hopeless that he could be hers;) and supposes Clementina in the same situation.

When I looked first, I dare say he was giving her an account of the conversation that passed an hour ago, between him and Clementina. He had his arm round her waist, sometimes pressing her to him as they walked; sometimes standing still; and, on her replies, raising her hand to his lips, with such *tender* passion—But here she comes.

‘Harriet, if I am a witch, let Lucy know it. Here—read this last paragraph—Have I guessed right at your subject

‘subject of discourse?—You will tell me,
‘you say, in a letter by itself—Do so.’

LETTER LIII.

LADY GRANDISON, TO MISS SELBY.

[IN CONTINUATION OF LADY G.’S
SUBJECT.]

YOU need not be told, my dear Lucy, that our charming Lady G. is mistress of penetration. Your happy Harriet has been engaged in the most pleasing conversation. The best of husbands conceals not from her one emotion of his excellent heart. He is greatly distressed for Clementina. It would be unworthy of his character, if he were not; yet he seems to think she may be happy with the Count of Belvedere: that is the point we have been debating. As Sir Charles would have been the man of her choice, but for an invincible obstacle, is it not owing, partly to his delicate modesty, that he thinks she may be so? What think you, Lucy?

Lady G. says, I make Clementina’s case my own. Be it so; because *so* it ought to be. Could I have been happy with Lord D.?—Call it romantick, if you please, Lady G.? I think it impossible that I *could*, even though I could not form to myself that Sir Charles Grandison himself would make the tender, the indulgent husband he makes to the happiest of women.

Sir Charles gave me the particulars of the conversation that passed between him and Lady Clementina in the garden. He observed, that she is not a stranger to the count’s resolution; never to marry while *she* remains unmarried; and that it is the intention of that nobleman to return to Italy, and not go to Spain at all. Perhaps she had her information either from Camilla or Laura; who both heard him declare as much. If she has condescended to hear *them* talk on a subject which every body else has studiously avoided, she may also have heard from them many other particulars greatly to the count’s honour; for they are his admirers and well-wishers.

Sir Charles believes she will take a gracious leave of the count before he sets out,

* * *

The solemn, the parting interview, was to have been in my drawing-room this afternoon: but Lady Clementina has given the count an unexpected, and joyful reprieve.

She dined in company. We were all charmed with her free and easy deportment, as well to the count, as to every body else. *His* was not so easy. He, intending to bespeak the favour of half an hour’s audience of her, in order to take leave of her, when she arose from table, was in visible agitations. How the poor man trembled! with what awe, with what reverence, as he sat, did he glance towards her! How did every body pity him, and by their eyes beseech her pity for him! yet, in the same moment, our eyes fell under hers, as she looked upon each person; we all seemingly unwilling to have her think we entreated for him by them. I thought I read in her lovely countenance, more than once, compassion for him; yet, the breath hard-fetched, *as* often shewed a sigh suppressed, that indicated, I imagined, a *wish* (also suppressed) after a life more eligible to her than the nuptial.

At last, when we women arose from table, he, as a man who must address her in taste, or be unable at all to do it, stepped towards her; retreated, when near her, as irresolute; and again advancing, profoundly bowing, ‘Madam, Madam,’ said he, hesitatingly—putting out his hand, as if he would have taken hers; but withdrawing it hastily, before he touched it—‘I hope—I beg—allow me—I beseech you—one parting moment.’

She pitied his confusion. ‘My lord,’ said she, ‘we see you to-morrow in the afternoon—[Allow me, Madam—to me.] She curtsied to him, and withdrew with some little precipitation; but with a dignity that never forsakes her.

Every man, it seems, congratulated the count—every woman (when withdrawn with her) *Clementina*. The marchioness folded her in her maternal bosom—‘My daughter! My beloved daughter! My Clementina!’ was all she said, tears trickling down her cheeks.—‘O my mamma!’—kneeling (affected by her mother’s tears)—‘O my ‘mamma!’—was all the daughter could say. And rising, took Mrs. Beaumont’s

Beaumont's hand, and retired with her to her own apartment.

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WE see her now in the garden with that excellent woman, arm in arm, in earnest talk, as we sit by the window.

WEDNESDAY NIGHT.

AND now, my grandmamma, a word or two of dear Northamptonshire.

I have a letter from Emily. I enclose it, with a copy of my answer. I hope it is not a breach of confidence to communicate them both to you, and through you, Madam, to my aunt Selby. At present, I wish the contents may be a secret to every body else.

Don't let Lucy repine at her distant residence, if it must be in Ireland. It is generally the privilege of husbands to draw their wives after them. Sir Charles says it is but a trip to that kingdom: and having an estate in it, which he is intent upon improving, he will be her visitor; and so will his Harriet, you need not question, if he make her the offer of accompanying him. To you, my grandmamma, I know every part of the British dominions, where your friends have a natural call, is Northamptonshire. Lucy's grandmother, however, will miss her: but has not she a Lucy in her Nancy? And has not her grandson James a chance (if Patty Holles will favour him) to carry to her another granddaughter? Besides, Lord Keresbury, who is so good-natured a man, will not be in haste to quit the county where he has obtained so rich a prize. Sir Charles expects them both with him for a month at least, before they leave England.

Happy! happy! as the sixteenth of November to me, may be the twenty-fourth of May to Lucy, prays, *her ever affectionate*

HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER LIV.

MISS EMILY JERVOIS, TO LADY GRANDISON.

SATURDAY, MAY 10.

I Have something to communicate to you, my dear Lady Grandison, and take your advice about; yet, so young a creature as I am, I am quite ashamed.

But you must keep my secret from every living soul, and from my guardian too, for the present, since in writing to you, I think I write to him, as you know all his heart, and are so prudent a lady. It is true, I was (or I might have been, I should rather say) a forward girl with regard to him: but then my whole heart was captivated by his perfections, by his greatness of *mind*; that was all. May not a creature, though ever so young, admire a good man's goodness? May she not have a deep sense of gratitude for kindness conferred? That gratitude may indeed, as she grows up, engage her too deeply; and I found myself in danger; but made my escape in time. Thank God!—and thank you who assisted me!—What an excellent lady are you, that one can speak to you of these tender matters! But you are the queen of our sex, and sit enthroned, holding out your scepter in pity to one poor girl, and raising another, and another; for it is glory enough for you to call a man yours, for whom so many hearts have sighed in secret.

But this was always my way—I never sat myself down to write to my guardian or to you, but my preambles were longer than my matter—To the point then—but *be sure* keep my secret!

Here every body is fond of Sir Edward Beauchamp. He is indeed a very agreeable man. Next to my guardian, I think him the most agreeable of men. He is always coming down to us. I cannot but see that he is particularly obliging to me. I really believe, young as I am, he loves me: but every body is so *silent* about him; yet they slide away and leave us together very often. It looks as if all favoured him; yet would not interfere. He has not made any declaration of love neither. I am so young a creature, you know; and to be sure he is a very prudent man.

My guardian dearly loves him—who does not? His address is so gentle; his words are so soothing: his voice—To be sure he is a very amiable man! Now tell me freely—Do you think my guardian (but pray only sound him—I am so young a creature, you know) would be displeased if matters were to come to such an issue in time?—Three or four years hence, suppose, if Sir Edward would think it worth his while

to stay for so silly a creature?—I would not *think* of sooner.—If not, I would not allow myself to be so much in his company, you know.

He has a very good estate; and though he is ten or twelve years older than I, yet he never will be more than that; since every year that goes over his head, will go over mine likewise—So you will be pleased to give me your opinion.

And here all the world is for marrying, I think. Miss Selby is as good as gone, you know. Her brother courts Miss Patty Holles: Miss Kitty is not without her humble servant. Nay, Miss Nancy Selby, for that matter—But let these intelligences come from themselves.

You, my dear Lady Grandison, have led up this dance—So happy as you are—I think it is a right thing for young women to marry when young men are so desirous to copy Sir Charles Grandison.

Hasten to me your advice, if but in six lines. We expect Sir Edward down next week. I *must* like his company, because he is always telling us one charming thing or other of my guardian; and because he so sincerely rejoices in your happiness and his.

God continue it to you both. This is our prayer night and morning, for our own sakes, as well as yours, believe *your ever obliged, and affectionate*

EMILY JARVOIS.

LETTER LV.

LADY GRANDISON, TO MISS JARVOIS.

TUESDAY, MAY 22.

I Have a great opinion of your prudence, my love: and I have as high a one of Sir Edward Beauchamp's honour and discretion. His fortune, his merit, are unexceptionable. Your guardian loves him. If you could certainly love Sir Edward above all men, and he you above all women, I am of opinion your guardian will think no alliance can be happier than both, and for himself too: for you know, my dear, that your welfare is near his heart. Let me, my sweet Emily, refer you, as to your conduct on this oc-

casion, to my own almost-unerring counsellors, my grandmamma and aunt Selby. Don't be ashamed to open your heart to them: are you not under their wings? I will so manage, that they shall lead the way to your freedom with them. Your difficulties by this means will be lessened. Sir Charles will pay the greatest attention to their advice. But yet I must insist, that the reference to them, shall not deprive of my Emily's confidence, *her ever affectionate sister, and faithful friend and servant,*

HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER LVI.

LADY GRANDISON, TO MRS. SHIRLEY.

THURSDAY, MAY 24.

I Begin this letter, as I ended my last to Lucy—May this day be a happy one to her, and then it will be so to us all—My dear aunt Selby will be so good as to favour me with a line to acquaint me with the actual celebration; that I may ground upon it my earliest felicitations.

I will proceed with an account of what so much engages the attention of every one here.

I told you in one of my former, that Lady G. had shewn to Mrs. Beaumont Lucy's account of the conversation held at Shirley Manor, on the subject of a first love, with Lady G.'s sprightly decision upon it, and upon the appeal made to me. I must now tell you, that Mrs. Beaumont prevailed upon Lady Clementina to desire me to read it to her. She made her request; and I obeyed. Mrs. Beaumont was present. Not a word by way of application did either she or I suggest, when I had done reading. Lady Clementina's complexion often changed as I read. She was not at all diverted with those lively parts of Lady G.'s decision, that I ventured to read; though she is an admirer of her sprightly vein. She looked down most of the time in solemn silence. And at last, when I had ended, she, sighing, started, as if from a reverie, arose, curtsied, and withdrew; not having once opened her lips on the subject.

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THE bishop, Signor Jeronymo, and the two young lords, just now joined to request Sir Charles to become avowedly an advocate for the count to Lady Clementina. They urged that she was balancing in his favour; and that Sir Charles's weight would turn the scale: but Sir Charles not only desired to be excused, but begged that she might not be solicited by any body on that subject—'May she not,' asked he, 'be reasoning with herself, and considering what she can do, with justice to the count and herself? Her *future* peace of mind is concerned that her determination *now*, shall be all her own. Leave her no room for after-regret, for having been persuaded against her mind. If persuasions only are wanting, will she not wrap herself up in reserve, to keep herself in countenance for not having been persuaded before?'

Pursuant to this advice, the marchioness in a conversation with her beloved daughter, that might have led to the subject on which their hearts are fixed, declined it; saying, 'Whatever my child shall determine upon, with regard to any plan for her future life, let her whole heart be in it; her choice shall be ours.'

THURSDAY AFTERNOON.

LADY Clementina excused herself from breakfasting with us; but obliged us with her company at dinner. How does Sir Charles's countenance always shine, when he finds himself surrounded at table by his friends! The larger the circle, the more diffused is his cheerfulness. With what delight does his Jeronymo meditate him! He dwells upon what he says, and by his eyes call with less complacency on an interrupter, seems to wish every one silent, when Sir Charles's lips begin to open.

After he had gone round his ample table, saying something obliging to all, (in a manner *calling* forth every one to say something in his or her own way) he addressed himself more particularly to the count, and led him into subjects both learned and familiar, in which he knew he *could* shine; and in which he *did*. It was doubly kind in Sir Charles to do so; for the poor man's reverence for the mistress of his fate, had taken all courage from his love, and he *count-*

ed to be drawn out. Never can bashful merit appear to so much advantage, as in Sir Charles's address to it.

How much soul did Lady Clementina shew in her eyes! She was very attentive to every one that spoke. She asked the count questions more than once on some of the subjects he was led to talk of. My eyes, as I could feel, glitened when she did, to see how those of her father and mother rejoiced, as I may say, on the notice she took of him. Lady Clementina could not but observe how delightfully her complaisance to the count was received by all her family—'Is it possible,' thought I, more than once, 'were I in the situation of this admirable lady, to avoid obliging such indulgent parents with the grant of all their wishes, that depended on myself; having given up voluntarily the man I preferred to all others?'

Signor Sebastiano dropt a hint once, of his own, and the count's, and Signor Juliano's intention of setting out; mentioning a care for their baggage, which by this time, he supposed, had reached Dover; but Clementina turning an attentive ear to what he said, Sir Charles was afraid she would take this hint as a design to hasten her resolution; and said, 'We will not sadden our hearts with the thoughts of parting with any of our friends.'

THURSDAY EVEN. EIGHT O'CLOCK.

A LETTER is this moment brought from town by an especial messenger, to Signor Jeronymo. The whole family, Lady Clementina excepted, are got together upon the contents.

TEN O'CLOCK.

THE marchioness, just now taking my hand, tears starting in her eyes, 'Ah, Madam,' said she, 'the poor wretch Laurana—' Just then the bishop and Father Marcotti entering, she put the letter into my hand. I shall inclose a translation of it.

'TO SIGNOR JERONYMO DELLA
'PORRETTA.

'MAY 6, N.S.

'THE dear perverse Clementina may be now indulged, if she has not from principles of gratitude already yielded to give her hand to our Bel-

‘vedere. I hope she *has*. One of our motives for urging her, is at an end. Laura is no more. Her mother kept from her, as long as she could, the news of the count’s accompanying you all to England: but when she was told that he was actually in that kingdom; and that my sister was heard of; she doubted not but the consequence would be the defeating of all her hopes with regard to him. A deep melancholy first seized her; that was succeeded by raving fits: and it is suspected that the poor creature, eluding the care of her attendants, came to a miserable end. Lady Sforza is inconsolable. A malignant fever is given out—so let it pass—SHE, whom the wretched creature most cruelly used, will shed a tear for the companion of her childhood: but who else, besides her own mother, will?—Yet, if the manner of her quitting life were as shocking as it is whispered to me it was—But I will not enquire farther about it, for fear I should be induced to shew compassion for a wretch who had not any to shew to a near relation, entrusted to her care, and who had a right to her kindest treatment.

‘What a glorious creature, as you paint him, as fame, as Father Marcellotti, and you all report him, is your Grandison! Your sister-in-law must, *I believe*, be complied with. Ever since you all left Italy, she has been earnest to attend you in England. She even threatens to steal from her husband, if he consent not, and now Clementina has shewn her the way, procure a passage thither, to try my love in following her, as that naughty girl has all yours, in a season——But what is the inclemency of season, what are winds, mountains, seas, to a woman who has set her heart on an adventure? This I must allow in her favour, if she should fly from me, it will be to her father, mother, brothers, *from* whom her sister fled—Naughty, naughty Clementina! Can I forgive her? Yet if her parents do, what have I to say?

‘I do assure you, Jeronymo, that I unfeignedly join with you in your joy, that to deserving a man is not a loser by a disappointment, that we all know sit heavily upon him, at distance. I even long to see upon one

spot, two women, who are capable of shewing, as they have shewn, a magnanimity so very rare in the sex: one of whom, let me glory, is my sister. But Clementina ever was one of the most generous, however, in some points, unperfuadable, of human creatures.

‘Let Belvedere know how much I love him. Whatever be his fate with one of the perversest, yet noblest-minded of women, I will ever look upon him as my brother.

‘Reverence, duty, love, and the sincerest compliments, distribute, as due, my dear Jeronymo, from *your*

‘GIACOMO.’

LETTER LVII.

LADY GRANDISON, TO MRS. SHIRLEY.

FRIDAY, MAY 5.

UNHAPPY Laura! Sir Charles expressed great concern for the manner of her death. ‘How *can* you, brother,’ said Lady G. (when we three only were together) ‘be concerned for so execrable a wretch!’

‘Shall a human creature perish,’ replied he, ‘and it’s fellow-creature not be moved? Shall an immortal being fix it’s eternal state by an act dreadful and irreversible; by a crime that admits not of repentance; and shall we not be concerned? This indeed was owing to distraction: but how ill was such a soul as Laura’s prepared to rush into eternity! Unhappy Laura!’

It is not thought fit, for obvious reasons, to acquaint Clementina with the contents of the general’s letter.

✱ ✱

At last, my dear grandmamma, the great point seems to be decided. Lady Clementina had for some time been employing herself in drawing up, in two opposite columns, the arguments for and against her entering into the marriage-state. She shewed them to me, and afterwards to Mrs. Beaumont; but would not allow either of us to take a copy. She has stated them very fairly; I could not but observe to her on *which* side the strength lay.

This morning she gave us her company

pany at breakfast-time for a few minutes only. She was in visible emotions; and seemed desirous of getting the better of them; but was unable; and therefore retired. She shut herself up, and about noon, sent, sealed up, a letter; which I will English as well as I can; thus directed—

‘ TO HER EVER-HONOURED, EVER-
‘ INDULGENT FATHER AND MO-
‘ THER, CLEMENTINA DELLA
‘ PORRETTA.

‘ **H**OW did my whole soul aspire
‘ after the veil!—Insurmountable
‘ obstacles having arisen against the
‘ union of your child with one exalted
‘ man, how averse was I to enter into
‘ covenant with any other!

‘ It was your pleasure, my lord; it
‘ was yours, Madam; that I should
‘ not be indulged in the aspiration.
‘ You had the goodness to oblige me
‘ in my averseness.

‘ The Chevalier Grandison has since
‘ convinced me, by generous and conde-
‘ scending reasonings, that I could not,
‘ in duty to the will of my two grand-
‘ fathers, and in justice to my elder
‘ brother and his descendants, renew
‘ my wishes after the cloister. I sub-
‘ mit.

‘ But now, what is to be done;
‘ what *can* I do, to make you, my
‘ dearest parents, and my brothers,
‘ happy? Olivia triumphs over me.
‘ My situation is disagreeable: I, who
‘ ought to be a comfort to my friends,
‘ have been, I still am, a trouble to
‘ them all.—The Chevalier Grandison
‘ and his excellent lady, have signified
‘ to me, more than once, that they
‘ expect from me the completion of
‘ their earthly happiness: and what is
‘ this life, but a short, a transitory pas-
‘ sage to a better?

‘ Have I not declined accepting the
‘ vows of the first of men? The only
‘ man I ever saw with a wish to be
‘ united to him? Declined them on
‘ motives, that all my friends think
‘ do me honour?

‘ Have I ever, dear as the struggle
‘ cost me, repented the glorious self-de-
‘ nial? And what precedents of self-
‘ denial (wholly yours by laws divine
‘ and human, as I am) have you, my
‘ ever-indulgent parents, set me?

‘ Is there a man that I would prefer

‘ to him whom my friends are solici-
‘ tous to commend to my favour?

‘ Cannot I, in performing my duty
‘ to my parents, perform all those du-
‘ ties of life, which performed, may
‘ entitle me to a blessed hope?

‘ Shall I contend in and through
‘ life, to carry a point, that at the aw-
‘ ful close of it, will appear to me, as
‘ nothing!—

‘ Let me make a proposal—On a
‘ supposition that you, Sir—that you,
‘ Madam, (whose patient goodness to
‘ me has been unexampled) and every
‘ one of my friends, favour the Count
‘ of Belvedere as much as ever—I have
‘ always acknowledged his merits—

‘ Permit me a year’s consideration
‘ from the present time, to examine
‘ the state of my head and heart; and
‘ at the end of that year, allow me to
‘ determine; and I will endeavour, my
‘ dear parents, to make *your* wishes;
‘ and *my* duty, honour, conscience,
‘ (divested of caprice, fancy, petu-
‘ lance) my sole guides in the result,
‘ as well as in the discussion. The
‘ Chevalier Grandison, his lady, Fe-
‘ ther Marescotti, and Mrs. Beau-
‘ mont, shall be judges between my
‘ relations and me, if there be occa-
‘ sion.

‘ But, as it would be unreasonable
‘ to expect, that the Count of Belve-
‘ dere should attend an issue so uncer-
‘ tain; for I would rather die, than
‘ give my vows to a man to whom I
‘ could not do justice both with regard
‘ to head and heart; so, I make it my
‘ earnest request to him, that he will
‘ look upon himself to be absolutely
‘ free to make his own choice, and to
‘ pursue his own measures, as oppor-
‘ tunities offer. Rejoiced at my heart
‘ should I be, to have reason to con-
‘ gratulate him on his nuptials with a
‘ woman, of the soundness of whose
‘ mind he could have no doubt, and
‘ whose heart never knew another at-
‘ tachment.

‘ I would humbly propose, as a mea-
‘ sure highly expedient, that the ever-
‘ obliging Chevalier Grandison and
‘ his truly admirable lady will permit
‘ us, as soon as possible, to depart
‘ from England. [O my friends!
‘ accuse me not of levity in your heart!
‘ I obeyed, in the rash voyage hither,
‘ an impulse that appeared to me irre-
‘ sistible.] And let us leave it to his

‘ never

‘ never-forfeited honour, to bring over to us, as soon as can be convenient, his lady, his sisters, and their lords, as they have made us hope: and that a family friendship may be cultivated among us, as if a legal relation had taken place.

‘ But allow me to declare, that if my cousin Laurana shall be found to have entertained the least reason to hope that she might one day be Countess of Belvedere, that that expectation alone, whatever turn my health may take, shall be considered as finally determining the count’s expectations on me; for I never will be looked upon as the rival of my cousin.’

‘ And now, blessed Virgin-mother of the God of my hope, do thou enable me to be an humble instrument of restoring to the hearts of my honoured and indulgent parents, and to those of my affectionate brothers and other friends, the tranquillity of which I have so unhappily and so long deprived them; prays, and will every hour pray, my ever-honoured and ever-indulgent father and mother, *your dutiful devoted*

‘ CLEMENTINA.

‘ FRIDAY, MAY 25.’

THE marquis was alone with his lady in her dressing-room when Camilla carried them this letter. They opened it with impatience. They could not contain their joy when they perused it. They both declared, that it was all that *should*, all that *ought* to be exacted from her. The bishop, Signor Jeronymo, and her two cousins, on the contents being communicated to them, were in extasies of joy.

All that the Count of Belvedere had wished for, was, that Lady Clementina would give him hope, that if she ever married, he might be the happy man; and for the sake of this distant hope, he was resolved to forego all other engagements. Sir Charles was desired to acquaint him with the happy tidings. He did, with his usual prudence: but his joy is extreme.

The marquis and marchioness were impatient to embrace and thank their beloved daughter. The moment she saw them, she threw herself at their feet, as they sat together on one settee, and was rising to embrace her—‘ O my

‘ father!—O my mother!—I have I not been perverse in your eyes?—It was not I!—You can pity me!—It was not always in my *power* to think as I now do. My mind was disturbed. I sought for tranquillity, and could no where find it. My brother Giacomo was too precipitating; yet, in his earnestness to have me marry, shewed his disinterestedness. He gave me not time, as you both, through the advice of the common friend of us all, have done. The nearest evil was the heaviest to me: I sought to avoid that, and might have fallen into greater. God reward you, my father, my mother, and all my dear friends, for the indulgence you have shewn me—To follow me too into foreign climates, at an unpropitious season of the year!—And for what?—Not to chide, not to punish me; but to restore me to the arms of your parental love—And did you not vouchsafe to enter into conditions with your child!—How greatly disordered in my mind must I be, if I ever forget such instances of your graciousness!’

The tender parents pressed her to their bosoms. How did her two brothers and Mrs. Beaumont applaud her!

‘ O how good,’ said she, ‘ are you all to me! What a malady! A malady of the darkest hue! was mine, that it could fill me with such apprehensions, as were able to draw a cloud between your goodness and my gratitude; and make even your indulgence wear the face of hardship to me.’

The bishop thought it not adviseable, that the count, who hardly knew how to trust himself with his own joy, should be presently introduced to her. The rejoicing lover therefore walked into the garden; giving way to his agreeable contemplations.

Clementina, her mind filled with self-complacency on the joyful reception her proposal had met with, went into the garden, intending to take one of her usual walks, Laura attending her. The count saw her enter, and fearing to disoblige her, if he broke in upon her, in her retirements, profoundly bowed, and took a different path. But she, crossing another alley, was near him before he was aware. He started; but recovering, threw himself at her feet—‘ Life of my hope! Adorable Lady Clementina!’

‘ said

said he—But could not at the moment speak another word.

She relieved him from his confusion—
‘Rise, my lord,’ said she, ‘I crossed to meet you, on purpose to exchange a few words with you, as you happened to be in the garden.’

‘I cannot, cannot rise, till, thus prostrate at your feet, I have thanked you, Madam, with my whole soul—’

‘No thanks are due, my lord,’ interrupting him. ‘God knows what may happen in the next twelve months. Rise, my lord.’ [He arose.] ‘As a friend of our house, I will respect you; so I have heretofore told you: but for *your own* sake, for honour’s, for justice sake, I think it necessary to tell you, you must not make an *absolute* dependence on me from what I have written to my parents, though I repent not of what I have written.’

‘I will not Madam: for one year, for many years; I will await your pleasure. If at the end of any limited period, after that you have named, I cannot be so happy as to engage your favour, I will resign to my destiny—Only, mean time, permit me to do hope.’

‘I mentioned, my lord, that it was for *your own* sake, that I wished you not to depend upon a contingency. Be you free to pursue your own measures. Who can say, what one, two, or three years may produce? Maladies that have once seized the head, generally, as I have heard say, keep their hold, or often return. Have I not, *very lately*, been guilty of a great rashness? Believe me, Sir, if at the end of the allowed year, I shall have reason to *suspect* myself, I will *suffer* by myself. I ever thought you a worthy man: God forbid that I should make a worthy man unhappy. That would be to double my own misery.’

‘Generous lady! exalted goodness!—Permit me, I once more beseech you, but to *hope*. I will resign to your pleasure whatever it shall *finally* be; and bless you for your determination, though it should doom me to despair.’

‘Remember, my lord, you are warned. You depend upon the regard all our house have for you. I owe it duty next to implicit, for it’s unex-

ampled indulgence to me. Your reliance on it’s favour is not a *weak* one—But, O count! remember I caution you, that your dependence on me, is not a *strong* one. Be prudent; let me not be vexed. My heart sickens at the thought of importunity. Opposition has it’s root in importunity. If you are happy as I wish, you will be *very* happy. But at present I have no notion, that I can ever contribute to make you so.’

He bent one knee, and was going to reply—‘Adieu, adieu,’ said she—‘Not another word, my lord, if you are wise. Are not events in the hand of Providence?’

She hurried from him. He was motionless for a few moments: his heart, however, overflowed with hope, love, and reverence.

On his reporting to the marchioness, Mrs. Beaumont, the two brothers, and me, what passed between the noble lady and him, as above, we all congratulated him.

‘The warning Lady Clementina has given you, my lord,’ said Mrs. Beaumont, ‘is of a piece with her usual greatness of mind, since the event referred to, is not, cannot be, in her own power.’

‘There is not,’ said Signor Jeronimo, ‘there *can* be but one woman greater than my sister—It is she, who can adopt as her dearest friend, a young creature of her own sex in calamity, (circumstances so delicate!) and for *her* sake, occasionally forget that she is the wife of the best and most beloved of men.’

‘Clementina,’ said the bishop, (the count being withdrawn) ‘will now compleat her triumph. She has, upon religious motives, refused the man of her inclination; the man deservedly beloved and admired by all her friends, and by the whole world: and now will she, from motives of duty, accept of another worthy man; and thereby lay her parents themselves, as well as the most disinterested of brothers, under obligation to her.—What a pleasure, Madam,’ (to the marchioness) ‘will it be to you, to my honoured lord, to my uncle, and even to our Giacomo, and still more to his excellent wife, to reflect on the patience you have had with her, since
‘her

‘ her last rash step, and the indulgence
‘ shewn her! Clementina now will be
‘ all our own.’

Every one praised Sir Charles, and attributed to him the happy prospects before him.

LETTER LVIII.

LADY GRANDISON, TO MRS.
SHIRLEY.

MONDAY, MAY 28.

THE marchioness having been desired to break to Lady Clementina the news of Laurana's death, as of a fever, she did it with all imaginable tenderness this morning: but the generous lady was affected with it.—

‘ O my poor cousin!’ said she—‘ Once she loved me. I *never* loved her!’—
‘ Had she time given her!—On what a sandy foundation do we build our schemes of worldly glory!—Poor Laurana!—God, I hope, has taken her to the arms of his mercy!’

The pious lady and her confessor have shut themselves up in the oratory appropriated for the devotions of this noble family, to pray, as I presume, for the soul of Laurana.

Every thing is settled according to a plan laid down by Lady Clementina, at the request of all her family. The count and Signor Sebastiano are to set out for Dover on Thursday next. In less than a month from their departure, they are to embark for France in their way home—All but Jeronymo. Sir Charles has prevailed, that he shall be left behind, to try what our English baths may contribute to the perfect re-establishment of his health.

This tender point having been referred to his admirable sister, she generously consented to his stay with us. She has still *more* generosity, because unasked, she released Sir Charles from his promise of attending them back to Italy, in consideration of his Harriet; since, at this time, he would not know how to leave her; nor she to spare him. But the next summer, if it be permitted me to look so forward, on the succeeding autumn to that, we hope to be all happy at Bologna. Lady L. Lady G. and their lords, have promised to accompany us: so has Dr. Bartlett; and we all hope, that Sir Edward Beau-

champ will not refuse to re-visit Italy with his friends.

FRIDAY, JUNE 10.

SIX happy days from the date of the letter which Lady Clementina wrote to her father and mother, has the count passed with us; the happiest, he often declared, of his life; for in every one of them, he was admitted with a freedom that rejoiced his heart, to converse with the mistress of his destiny. She called upon him more than once, in that space of time, to behave to her, as a brother to his sister; for this, she thinks, the uncertainty of what her situation may be a twelvemonth hence, requires for both their sakes.

Sweetly composed, sweetly easy, was her whole behaviour to him and to every body else, during these six days. The sisterly character was well supported by her to him: but in the count, the most ardent, the most respectful, and even venerating lover took place of the brotherly one. Signor Jeronymo loves his sister as he loves himself; but the eyes of the count, compared with those of Jeronymo, demonstrated, that there are two sorts of love; yet both ardent; and soul in both.

The parting scene between Clementina and the count was, on *his* side, a very fervent; on *hers*, a kind one. On his knees, he pressed with his lips, her not withdrawn hand. He would have spoken; but only could by his eyes; which run over—‘ Be happy, my Lord ‘ Belvedere,’ said she. ‘ You have my ‘ wishes for your health and safety— ‘ Adieu!’

She was for retiring: but the count and Signor Sebastiano, (of the latter of whom she had taken leave just before) following her a few paces, she turned; and with a noble composure—‘ Adieu, once more, my two friends,’ said she—‘ Take care, my lord, of Signor Sebastiano—Cousin, take care of ‘ the Count of Belvedere!’—curtseying to both. The count bowed to the ground, speechless. As she passed me, ‘ Lady Grandison,’ said she, taking my hand, ‘ sister of my heart; the day is ‘ fine; shall I, after you have blessed ‘ with your good wishes our parting ‘ friends, invite you into the garden?’ I took a cordial leave of the two noble youths, and followed her thither.

We had a sweet conversation there, and





and it was made still more delightful to us both, by Sir Charles's joining us, in about half an hour; for the two lords would not permit him to attend them one step beyond the court-yard; though he had his horses in readiness to accompany them some miles on their way.

When we saw Sir Charles enter the garden, we stood still, arm in arm, expecting and inviting his approach.—‘Sweet sisters! Lovely friends!’ said he, when come up to us, taking a hand of each, and joining them, bowing on both: ‘let me mark this blessed spot ‘with my eye;’ looking round him; then on me, ‘A tear on my Harriet’s ‘cheek!’ He dried it off with my own handkerchief.—‘Friendship, dearest ‘creatures, will make at pleasure a safe ‘bridge over the narrow seas; it will ‘cut an easy passage through rocks ‘and mountains, and make England ‘and Italy one country. Kindred ‘souls are always near.’

‘In that hope, my good chevalier— ‘in that hope, my dear Lady Grandison ‘—will Clementina be happy, though ‘the day of separation must not be far ‘distant.—And will you here renew ‘your promise, that when it shall be ‘convenient to you, my dear Lady ‘Grandison, you will not fail to grace ‘our Italy with your presence?’

‘We do!—We do!’

‘Promise me again,’ said the noble lady. ‘I, too, have marked the spot ‘with my eye,’ (standing still, and, as Sir Charles had done, looking round her.) ‘The orangery on the right- ‘hand; that distant clump of oaklings ‘on the left; the villa, the rivulet, be- ‘fore us; the cascade in view; that ‘obelisk behind us—Be *this* the spot to ‘be recollected as witness to the pro- ‘mise, when we are far, far distant ‘from each other.’

We both repeated the promise; and Sir Charles said (and he is drawing a plan accordingly) that a little temple should be erected on that little spot, to be consecrated to our triple friendship; and, since she had so happily marked it, to be called after her name.

On Monday next, we are to set out for London. One fortnight passed, we shall accompany our noble friends to Dover—And there—O my grandmam- ma, how shall we do to part!

It is agreed, that Mr. Lowther and Mr. Deane, though the latter, I bless God, is in good health; will next sea- son accompany Signor Jeronymo to Bath. Sir Charles proposes to be his visitor there: and when I will give per- mission, is the compliment made me, Sir Charles proposes to shew him Ire- land, and his improvements on his estate in that kingdom. Will not Lucy be rejoiced at that?—I am happy, that her lord and she take so kindly the fel- citations I made them both. You, my dear grandmamma, and all my friends in Northamptonshire, are sure of the heart of *their* and *your*

HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER LIX.

LADY GRANDISON, TO MRS.
SHIRLEY.

SAT. JUNE 16.

I Gave you, my dear grandmamma, in my two last letters*, an account of our delightful engagements among *ourselves* principally, and now and then at publick places. What a rich por- tion of time has passed! and we have still the promise of a week to come. And now let me take a survey of our present happy situation.

Every thing that can be adjusted, is. The Count of Belvedere, as by letters to Signor Jeronymo, is on his way to Italy, and not unhappy: Lady Cle- mentina is mistress of every question, and the more studious, for that reason, of obliging all her friends. How joy- fully do we all, in prospect, see a du- rable tranquillity taking possession of her noble heart! The marquis and marchioness have not one care written on their heretofore visibly anxious brows. Clementina sees, as every one does, their amended health in their fine countenances; wonders at the power she had over them, and regrets that she made not, what she calls a more grate- ful and dutiful use of it.

Father Marefcotti, the bishop, Signor Juliano, compliment the English air, as if *that* had contributed to the altera- tion; and promise wonders from that and it's salubrious baths for Jeronymo.

The highest merit is given to the

* These do not appear.

conduct of Sir Charles, and to the advice he gave, not to precipitate the noble Clementina.

Lord and Lady L. Lord and Lady G. when we are by ourselves, felicitate *me* more than any body else, on these joyful changes; for they rightly say, that I could not but look on the happiness of Lady Clementina as essential to my own.

But *your* congratulations, my dearest grandmamma, I most particularly expect, that in this whole critical event, which brought to England a lady so deserving of every one's love, not one shadow of doubt has arisen of the tender, inviolable affection of the best of men to his grateful Harriet.

So peculiarly circumstanced as he was, how unaffectedly noble has been his behaviour to his WIFE, and to his FRIEND, in the presence of both!—How often, though causelessly, (because of the nobleness of the lady's heart) have I silently wished him to abate of his outward tenderness to me, before her, though such as became the purest mind—Nothing but the conscious integrity of his own heart, above disguises or concealments, as his ever was, could thus gloriously have carried him through situations so delicate.

He had, from the first, avowed his friendly, his compassionating love, as well as admiration, of this noble lady: that generous avowal prepared his Harriet to *expect* that he should behave with tenderness to her, even had not her transcendent worthiness done honour to every one who paid her honour. To *her* he applauded, he exalted his Harriet: *she* was prepared to *expect* that he would recognize, in the face of the sun, obligations that he had entered into at the altar; and *both* knew that he was a *good* man; and that a *good* man cannot allow himself either to palliate or temporize with a duty, whether it regarded friendship, or a still closer and more sacred union. How many difficulties will the character and intervention of a man of undoubted virtue obviate! What cannot he effect? What force has his example! Sir Charles Grandison's love is a love to be gloried in. Magnanimity and tenderness are united in his noble heart. Little of any kind has no place in it: all that know him are studious to com-

mend themselves to his favourable opinion; solicitous about what he will think of them; and, suppressing common foibles before him, find their hearts expand, nor know how to be mean.

O my God! do thou make me thankful for such a friend, protector, director, husband! Increase with my gratitude to THEE, my merits to him, and my power of obliging him. For HIS SAKE, spare to him (*This*, my grandmamma, he bids be *my* prayer—I know it is *yours*]) in the awful hour approaching, his Harriet, whose life and welfare, he assures her, are the dearest part of his own.

LETTER LX.

LADY GRANDISON, TO MRS.
SHIRLEY.

ST. JAMES'S SQUARE, MONDAY,
JUNE 18.

NOW, at last, my dearest grandmamma, is the day arrived that we are setting out for Dover. We shall lodge at Canterbury this night, and reach Dover to-morrow. How sad our hearts!

CANTERBURY, MONDAY NIGHT.

HERE we are! How we look upon one another! The parting of dear friends, how grievous!—How does Sir Charles endeavour—But Lady Clementina is, to outward appearance, an heroine. What a grandeur of soul! She would not be *thought* to be concerned at leaving Sir Charles Grandison: but I see she is *inwardly* a sufferer. Jeronymo is silent. I hope he repents not his stay to oblige his dear friend, and us all. The marquis and marchioness are continually comforting themselves (and declare it to be needful) with the hope of seeing us in a few months. Thank God, they have a finer season to go back, than they had to come hither: and they have found the jewel they had lost.

I should have told you, that Lord and Lady L. and Lord and Lady G. took leave of us at Rochester; thinking so large a train would be inconvenient to those to whom they wished to do honour. How tender was the parting; particularly between Lady Clementina and Lady L.

TEN O'CLOCK, MONDAY NIGHT.

I AM in my chamber here. Know not what to do with myself.—Yet cannot write. Must again join company.—Is not my Sir Charles in company?

DOVER, TUESDAY NIGHT.

HERE, here, we are! How foolish to attempt the pen! I know not what to do with myself. The vessel is ready; every one is ready. To-morrow morning, by day-light, if the wind—O what company to one another! How does the dear Clementina now melt into tears and tendernefs!—Dear lady! What prayers has she put up for me! What tender blessings has she poured out upon me! How have we blessed, soothed and endeavoured to console each other! What vows of *more* than sisterly affection! Mrs. Beaumont! the excellent Mrs. Beaumont, *she* now is also affected—She never loved, at so short an acquaintance, she says, any mortal as she loves me. She blesses my dear Sir Charles, for his tender, yet manly love to me! we have engaged to correspond with each other, and in Italian chiefly, as with Lady Clementina, in order to perfect myself in that language, and to make myself, as the marchioness fondly says, an Italian woman, and her other daughter.

DOVER, WEDNESDAY MORNING.

CRUEL tendernefs! they would not let me see them embark. Sir Charles laid his *commands* upon me (I will call them so, because I obeyed reluctantly) not to quit my chamber. Over-night we parted! What a solemn parting! Sir Charles and Mrs. Beaumont only—But *are* they gone? They are! *Indeed* they are—Sir Charles, to whom seas and mountains are nothing, when either the service or pleasure of his friends call upon him, is embarked with them. He will see them landed and accommodated at Calais, and then will return to Dover, to his expecting Harriet. His Jeronymo, his Beauchamp, and good Dr. Bartlett, are left to protect and comfort her. What a tender farewell between the doctor and Father Marescotti, last night! They, also, are to be constant correspondents: the welfare of each family is to be one of their subjects.

Lady Clementina was not afraid of passing a boisterous sea, and the Bay

of Biscay, in a wintry season, when she pursued the flight that then was first in her view. Her noble mother, while she was in search of her daughter, had no fears: but now, the pangs of uncertainty and ardour of impatience being over, they both very thankfully embraced Sir Charles's offer (his *resolution*, I should say; for he would not have been refused) to accompany them over. The marquis complimented him, that every one would think themselves safe in the company of so good a man!—How will they be able to part with him! He with them! but in a twelve-month we shall all, God willing, meet again; and if the Almighty hear our prayers, have cause to rejoice in Lady Clementina's confirmed state of mind.

FRIDAY MORNING.

THE best of men, of friends, of husbands, is returned from Calais, cheerful, gay, lively, lovely, fraught with a thousand blessings for his Harriet. We shall set out, and hope to reach Canterbury this night, on our return to town.

Sir Charles assures me, that he left the dear sister of my heart not unhappy. She was *all herself* at parting, [His own words;] magnanimous, yet *condescendingly affectionate*, [His words also;] as one, who was not afraid or ashamed of her sisterly love for him. He took leave of her with a tendernefs worthy of his friendship for her; a tendernefs that the brave and the good ever shew to those who are deserving of their love.

He particularly recommended it to her father, mother, the bishop, and Father Marescotti, (the two latter to enforce it upon the general) that they would not urge the noble lady, not even upon the expectation she had given them; but leave her wholly to her own will, and her own way. They all promised they would; and, the poor Laura! being now no more, undertook for the general.

He tells me, that he had engaged the Count of Belvedere, on his departure from England, to promise to make his court to her only by silent assiduities, and by those acts of beneficence and generosity, which were so natural to him, and so worthy of his splendid fortune.

ST. JAMES'S SQUARE, SUNDAY
MORNING.

LAST night, blessed be God, we came hither in health and spirits. We are preparing for church. There shall we pray for the travellers, and be thankful for ourselves.

I expect Lord and Lady L. Lord and Lady G. and my cousin Reeves, according to the following billet from the ever-lively Lady G.

‘MY Harriet, thank God, is arrived, and in health and spirits. Caroline, and Mrs. Reeves, I know, will long to congratulate you. I have therefore sent to invite them to dinner with you. Their good men and mine of course, must be admitted. I know my brother will not be displeased. He is indulgent to all the whimsies of his Charlotte that carry in the face of them, as *this* does, affectionate freedom. Besides, it is stealing time for him: I know he will not long be in town, and must see us all before he leaves it. He will hasten to the Hall, in order to pursue the glorious schemes of benevolence which he has formed, and in which hundreds will find their account.

‘But let the green damask bed-chamber be got in a little sort of order, for a kind of nursery: where we dine, we sup. My marmouset must be with me, you know. I have bespoke Lady L.’s—Mrs. Reeves is to bring hers. They are to crow at one another, and we are to have a squalling concert. As it is Sunday, I will sing an anthem to them. My pug will not crow if I don’t sing. Yet I am afraid the little Pagans will be less alive to a christian hymn, than to the sprightlier *Philido, Philida*, of Tom Dursey. I long to see how my agreeable Italian, poor thing! bears the absence of his father and mother. Bid him rub himself up, and look cheerful, or I shall take him into our nursery to complement the chorus, when our brats are in a squalling fit. Adieu till to-morrow, my dear, and ever dear Harriet!’—

LADY G. is a charming nurse. She must be extraordinary in whatever the

does. Signor Jeronymo admires her of all women. But she sometimes makes him look about him. He rejoices that he is with us; and is in charming spirits. He is extremely fond of children; particularly so of Lady G.’s—It is indeed one of the finest infants I ever saw: and he calls it, after her, his *marmouset*, hugging it twenty times a day, to his good-natured bosom. It would delight you to hear her sing to it, and to see her toss it about. Such a setting out in matrimony; who would have expected Charlotte to make such a wife, mother, nurse!—Her brother is charmed with her. He draws her into the pleasantries that she loves; lays himself open to it; and Lord G. fares the better for their vivacity. Sir Charles generally contrives to do him honour, by appealing to him when Charlotte is, as he complains, over-lively with himself: but that is in truth, when he himself takes her down, and compliments her as if she were an over-match for him. She often, at these times, shakes her head at me, as if she was sensible of his superiority in her own way.

But how I trifle! ‘I am ready, quite ready, my dear Sir Charles. Lead your ever grateful Harriet to the house of the All-good, All-merciful, All-mighty. There shall I, as I always do, edify by your cheerful piety!’

SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

A NEW engagement, and of a melancholy kind, calls Sir Charles away from me again. In how many ways may a good man be serviceable to his fellow creatures!

About two hours ago a near relation of Sir Hargrave Pollexfen came hither, in Sir Hargrave’s chariot and six, (the horses smoaking) to beg he would set out *with* him, if possible, to the unhappy man’s house on the forest, where he has been for a fortnight past, resigned to his *last* hope (and usually the physicians *last* prescription) *the air*. The gentleman’s name is Pollexfen. He will, if the poor man die childless, enjoy the greatest part of his large estate. Mr. Pollexfen is a worthy man, I believe, notwithstanding Sir Hargrave’s former disregard to him, and jealousies*; for, after he had de-

* See Sir Hargrave’s letter to Dr. Bartlett. Vol. VI. p.

livered his message from his cousin, which was to beseech the comfort of Sir Charles's presence, and to declare that he could not die in peace, unless he saw him; he seconded Sir Hargrave's request with tears in his eyes, and an earnestness that had both honesty and compassion in it. Sir Charles wanted not this to induce him to go, for he looks upon visiting the sick, in such urgent cases, as an indispensable duty: and waiting but till the horses had baited, he set out with Mr. Pollexfen with the utmost cheerfulness; only saying to me—'It is a wonder, if the poor man be sensible, that he thought not of Dr. Bartlett rather than of me.'

Mr. Merceda, Mr. Bagenhall, and now Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, in the prime of their youth!—So lately reveling in full health, even to wantonness!—Companions in iniquity!—In so few months!—Thou! Almighty, comfort the poor man in his last agonies! and receive him! From my very soul I forgive him those injuries which I—But well I may—Since great as they were, they proved the means of my being brought acquainted with the lord of my wishes; the best of men.

Having filled my paper with the journal of near a week, I will conclude here, my dear grandmamma, with every tender wish and fervent prayer for the health and happiness of all my dear friends in Northamptonshire, who so kindly partake in that of *their and your*

HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER LXI.

LADY GRANDISON, TO MRS.
SHIRLEY.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 4.

AH, my grandmamma!—The poor Sir Hargrave!—

Sir Charles returned but this morning. He found him sensible. He rejoiced to see him. He instantly begged his prayers. He wrung his hands; wept; lamented his past free life. 'Foin,' said he, 'would I have been intrusted with a few years trial of my penitence. I have wearied Heaven with my prayers to this purpose. I *deserved* not, perhaps, that they should be heard. My conscience cruelly told

'me, that I had neglected a multitude of opportunities! slighted a multitude of warnings! O Sir Charles Grandison! It is a hard, *hard* thing to die! In the prime of youth too!—Such noble possessions!—'

And then he warned his surrounding friends, and made comparisons between Sir Charles's happiness, and his own misery. Sir Charles, at his request, sat up with him all night: he endeavoured to administer comfort to him; and called out for mercy for him, when the poor man could only by expressive looks, join in the solemn invocation. Sir Hargrave had begged he would close his eyes. He did. He staid to the last painful moment. Judge what such a heart as Sir Charles's must have felt on the awful occasion!

Poor Sir Hargrave Pollexfen!—May he have met with mercy from the All-merciful!

He gave his will into Sir Charles's hands, soon after he came down. He has made him his sole executor. Have you not been told that Sir Charles had heretofore reconciled him to his relations, and heirs at law? He had the pleasure of finding the reconciliation sincere. The poor man spoke kindly to them all. They were tenderly careful of him. He acknowledged their care.

I cannot write for tears.—The poor man, in the last solemn act of his life, has been *intendedly* kind, but *really* cruel to me.—I should have been a sincere mourner for him (a life so mispent!) without this act of regard for me—He has left me, as a small atonement, he calls it, for the terrors he once gave me, a very large legacy in money, (Sir Charles has not yet told me what) and his jewels and plate. And he has left Sir Charles a noble one besides. He died immensely rich. Sir Charles is grieved at both legacies: and the more, as he cannot give them back to the heirs, for they declare that he bound them under a solemn oath (and by a curse if they broke it) not to accept back, either from Sir Charles, or me, the large bequests he told them he had made us: and they assured Sir Charles, that they would be religiously bound by it.

Many unhappy objects will be the better for these bequests. Sir Charles tells me, that he will not interfere, no,

not so much as by his advice, in the disposal of mine. You, Madam, and my aunt Selby, must direct me, when it comes into my hands. Sir Charles intends, that the poor man's memory shall receive true honour from the disposition of his legacy to him. He is pleased with his Harriet, for the concern she expressed for this unhappy man. The most indulgent of husbands, finds out some reason to praise her for every thing she says and does. But could HE be otherwise than the best of HUSBANDS, who was the most dutiful of SONS; who is the most affectionate of BROTHERS; the most faithful of FRIENDS: who is good upon principle, in every relation of life!

What, my dear grandmamma, is the boasted character of most of those

who are called HEROES, to the unostentatious merit of a TRULY GOOD MAN? In what a variety of amiable lights does such an one appear? In how many ways is he a blessing and a joy to his fellow-creatures?

And this blessing, this joy, your Harriet can call more peculiarly her own!

My single heart, methinks, is not big enough to contain the gratitude which such a lot demands. Let the overflowings of your pious joy, my dearest grandmamma, join with my thankfulness, in paying part of the immense debt for *your undeservedly happy*

HARRIET GRANDISON.



A Concluding Note, by the Editor.

THE editor of the foregoing collection has the more readily undertaken to publish it, because he thinks human nature has often of late, been shewn in a light too degrading; and he hopes, from this series of letters, it will be seen, that characters may be good without being unnatural. Sir Charles Grandison himself is sensible of imperfections, and, as the reader will remember, accuses himself more than once, of tendencies to pride and passion, which it required his utmost caution and vigilance to rein-in; and many there are, who look upon his offered compromise with the Porretta family, in allowing the daughters of the proposed marriage, to be brought up by the mother, reserving to himself the education of the sons only, as a blot in the character. Indeed, Sir Charles himself declares to the general, that he would not have come into such a compromise in a beginning address, not even with a princess.

Notwithstanding this, it has been observed by some, that, in general, he approaches too near the faultless character which critics censure as above nature: yet it ought to be observed too, that he performs no one action which is not in the power of any man in his situation to perform; and that he checks and restrains himself in no one instance in which it is not the duty of a prudent and good man to restrain himself.

It has been objected by some persons, that a man less able by strength or skill to repel an affront, than Sir Charles appears to have been, could not, with such honour, have extricated himself out of difficulties on refusing a challenge. And this is true, meaning by *honour*, the favourable opinion of the European world, from the time of it's being over-run by Gothick barbarism, down to the present. But as that notion of honour is evidently an absurd and mischievous one, and yet multitudes are at a loss to get over it, the rejection and confutation of it by a person whom, it was visible, the consideration of his own safety did not influence, must surely be of no small weight. And when

when it is once allowed, that there are cases and circumstances in which these polite *invitations to murder* may consistently with honour be disregarded, a little attention will easily find others; vulgar notions will insensibly wear out, and more ground be gained by degrees, than could have been attempted with hope of success, at once; till at length all may come to stand on the firm footing of reason and religion.

In the mean time, they who are less qualified to carry off right behaviour with honour in the eye of common judges, will however be esteemed for it by every serious and prudent person; and perhaps, inwardly, by many who are mean enough to join outwardly in blaming them.

Indeed, when a person hath deserved harsh treatment, his acquiescence under it may generally be imputed to fear alone, and so render him an object at once of hatred and ridicule, hardly possible to be borne: but he who supports a conduct equally offensive, by ever so much brutal courage, though a less contemptible, is a vastly more detestable creature. Whilst an upright and harmless man, suppose him ever so timorous, merits rather a kind sort of pity, than violent scorn.

But whoever declines forbidden instances of self-vindication, not from fear, but from principle; which is always to be presumed, if his regard to principle be steady and uniform in other things; such a one, however inferior to Sir Charles Grandison, in advantages of nature and art, yet if he shews real greatness of mind in such things as all men may, needs not doubt but he shall be respected by most, and may be sufficiently easy, though he is despised by some. He will still have the satisfaction of reflecting that the laws of all nations are of his side*, and only the usurped authority of a silly modern custom against him; that on many occasions, worthy men in all ages, have patiently suffered *false* disgrace for adhering to their duty; that the true bravery is to adhere to all duties under all disadvantages; and, that refusing a duel is a duty to ourselves, our fellow-creatures, and our MAKER. And whoever acts on these principles, the more reproach he undergoes for it, rather than be driven like a coward, by the scoffs of his fellow-subjects, to rebel against the SOVEREIGN of the universe, will have the more delightful consciousness of a strong inward principle of piety and virtue, and the more distinguished reward from the final Judge of all, who alone disposes of that honour which shall never fade.

It has been said, in behalf of many modern fictitious pieces, in which authors have given success (and *happiness*, as it is called) to their heroes of vicious, if not of profligate characters, that they have exhibited human nature as it is. It's corruption may, indeed, be exhibited in the faulty character; but need pictures of this be held out in books? Is not vice crowned with success, triumphant, and rewarded, and perhaps set off with wit and spirit, a dangerous representation? and is it not made even *more* dangerous by the hearty reformation introduced, in contradiction to all probability, for the sake of patching up what is called a happy ending?

The God of nature intended not human nature for a vile and contemptible thing: and many are the instances, in every age, of those whom he enables,

* It is so highly worth observing, that even the *military* law of our own country is strongly against duelling, that the editor cannot help subjoining an extract out of the articles of war, and recommending it to the consideration of all military persons.

ART. XX.—Nor shall any officer or soldier presume to send a challenge to any other officer or soldier, to fight a duel, upon pain of being cashiered, if he be an officer; or suffering the severest corporal punishment, if a non-commissioned officer, or private soldier: and if any officer, or non-commissioned officer commanding a guard, shall willingly and knowingly suffer any person whatever to go forth to fight a duel, they shall be punished as above. and all seconds also, and carriers of challenges, shall be taken as principals, and punished accordingly.—Nor shall any officer or soldier upbraid another for refusing a challenge, since, according to these our orders, they but do the duty of soldiers, who ought to submit themselves to discipline; and we do acquit and discharge all men who have quarrelled or offered or challenges sent to them, of all disgrace, or opinion of disadvantage, in their obedience hereunto: and whosoever shall upbraid them, and offend in this case, shall be punished as a challenger.

amidst all the frailties of mortality, to do it honour. Still the best performances of human creatures will be imperfect; but, such as they are, it is surely both delightful and instructive to dwell sometimes on this bright side of things; to shew, by a series of facts in common life, what a degree of excellence may be attained and preserved amidst all the infections of fashionable vice and folly.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON is therefore, in the general tenor of his principles and conduct, (though exerted in peculiarities of circumstances that cannot always be accommodated to particular imitation) proposed for an example; and, in offering him as such, were his character still more perfect than it is presumed to be, the editor is supported by an eminent divine of our country.

‘ There is no manner of inconvenience in having a pattern propounded to us of so great perfection, as is above our reach to attain to: and there may be great advantages in it. The way to excel in any kind, is *optima quaque exempla ad imitandum proponere*; to propose the brightest and most perfect examples to our imitation. No man can write after too perfect and good a copy; and though he can never reach the perfection of it, yet he is like to learn more that by one less perfect. He that aims at the heavens, which yet he is sure to come short of, is like to shoot higher than he that aims at a mark within his reach.

‘ Besides, that the excellency of the pattern, as it leaves room for continual improvement, so it kindles ambition, and makes men strain and contend to the utmost to do better. And, though he can never hope to equal the example before him, yet he will endeavour to come as near it as he can. So that a perfect pattern is no hindrance, but an advantage rather, to our improvement in any kind.’ Tillotson, Vol. II, Sermon LVII. p. 577.

I N D E X,

HISTORICAL AND CHARACTERISTICAL,

TO THE

SEVEN VOLUMES OF THIS WORK.

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THE PROPRIETORS OF THE NOVELLIST'S MAGAZINE apprehend there can be no Necessity for any Apology to their numerous kind Friends, for preserving in *their* Edition of SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, the Remembrance of the iniquitous Transaction recorded in the following Pages; which made much Noise in the World at the Time it happened, and is certainly still interesting to all who respect uncommon Genius, or detest every Species of Villainy. The unrivalled Talents of Mr. RICHARDSON, to say nothing of his known Goodness of Heart, should, of all Mankind, have shielded *him* from injury. Even the most uncivilized Barbarians, in a Variety of memorable Instances, flushed with Victory, and in the Habit of plundering, have been known to check their Depredations when they arrived at the Dwelling of extraordinary Genius, which has in all Ages and Countries been esteemed sacred.

The feeling Reader, who considers the transcendent Abilities of Mr. RICHARDSON, will not be surprized at any Warmth of Expression into which we may have been betrayed, in mentioning our Abhorrence of a Practice that includes several of those Crimes which are most injurious to Society.

Pursuant to our invariable Plan of printing every Line of each Work, and with the original Number of Volumes, which the respective Authors thought proper to lay before the Public, we shall complete the present Production; not chusing to add to the Number of those who, from mercenary Motives, frequently take Liberties with the Works of deceased Writers, as ungenerous as injurious, as ignorant as unjust.

Address

Address to the Public.

MR. Faulkner of Dublin, having in the News-paper which bears his name, of November 3, 1753, published a sort of defence of his own conduct in the transaction that passed between him and the Editor of the HISTORY of Sir CHARLES GRANDISON; in which he insinuates, that what was done by him and some of his brethren in trade, in Dublin, was in pursuance of a custom long established among the Dublin booksellers: and having also written letters to several persons of character in London, endeavouring to justify himself, without having that strict regard to veracity in them, which particularly becomes a man of business; yet intrepidly desiring that these letters might be shewn to Mr. Richardson; and, lastly, having joined with his brethren to shut the Dublin presses against his just complaints of the treatment he has met with from some of them; Mr. Richardson thinks he shall be excused for taking this opportunity to lay before the public an account of the whole transaction; and the rather, as the invaders of his property have done their utmost to make a NATIONAL CAUSE of the measure they compelled him to take; and as he presumes to think, that the CAUSE OF LITERATURE in general is affected by their usage of him.

He will begin with transcribing Mr. Faulkner's defence of himself.

Mr. Faulkner's Defence.

DUBLIN, NOV. 3, 1753.

George Faulkner, of Dublin, printer and bookseller, having contracted some time ago with Mr. Samuel Richardson, of London, for a work, intitled, The History of Sir Charles Grandison, which Mr. Richardson was to send to Ireland before publication in London: accordingly Mr. Richardson sent over four sheets of the first volume, which Mr. Faulkner received the third day of last August 1753, and posted up a title that day, which is a common practice among the booksellers, to give notice, that they have put a work, or works, to the press, with design to publish with all convenient speed; and thought that no other person in the kingdom had any part of that history; but, to his great surprize, there were three other titles posted up immediately after his, by three different booksellers, who shewed twelve sheets of this work in the same edition, and almost the first volume compleat, in a larger letter and paper.

Genuine History of the Transaction.

Mr. Faulkner knew, though he does not here say he did, how the three booksellers came at the sheets. In his letter, dated Dublin, Aug. 4, he sent Mr. Richardson the first news of the invasion of his property. 'I am very sorry,' says he, 'for the ill-treatment, and the disappointment that you and I have met with in the History of Sir Charles Grandison; four sheets of which work I received by the last post; but, to my great surprize, I find FOUR other booksellers here received much more of the same work, in octavo and duodecimo; which they have shewn me, and left with me to compare.'

He then gives proof of the iniquity, as it came out on his examination of the sheets.

'These circumstances,' proceeds he, 'will, I hope, convince you of the truth of what I have asserted,' [He had before given cautions to Mr. R. against the attempts of his brethren the Dublin booksellers upon the morality of his men,] 'and of the villainy and

'fraud of your journeymen, who have robbed you, and injured me; for which reasons, it will be troublesome and unnecessary for you to send me any more of this work, as the persons who have printed the inclosed titles, with ANOTHER bookseller, claim the sole property of this work: and if I can prevail upon

‘ upon them to give me a share, it will be only a fifth part.’ Might not a man, with whom he was in treaty, and who had given him, as will be seen, an *undeserved* preference, have expected advice and offers of assistance from him on this base attempt, (the rather, as he seemed very sensible, for his *own* sake, of the injury done Mr. R.) instead of endeavouring to *prevail* on such a confederacy to admit him into a share with them in a copy so vilely obtained? And this, without consulting Mr. R. or proposing to him to acquit him of his engagements to him! At that time, the corruptors of the honesty of Mr. R.’s servants had made no progress in the work: and Mr. F. knew, that Mr. R. was in the way of sending him sheets by every post; and (intending to publish but two volumes at a time) that Mr. F. would have the sheets early enough to answer the intentions and the engagements of both.

Three of the four persons are named in the title-pages he included in his letter; WILSON, EXSHAW, SAUNDERS: but Mr. Faulkner, for reasons best known to himself, has not, to this hour, named the *fourth*; who is believed to be a bookseller in Dublin, who served his apprenticeship with him.

Mr. Richardson, in his answer to this letter, dated August 10, gave Mr. Faulkner great opportunities to recollect himself. After complaining of this cruel treatment, he informs him, That he had put a stop to the printing of the work; and that he would appeal to the world upon it. He desires, that he would not mention the corrections in the sheets he had sent him over, though matter of nicety rather than necessity; supposing it possible, [as it has proved] that men, who could act as these confederates had acted, would be capable of advertising the pirated edition as preferable to the genuine. In order to put Mr. Faulkner, upon offering him his assistance in such way as he thought best, though forbidden by him to send him any more sheets, he desired to know if he was to conclude that all dealings between them were absolutely at an end. He the rather put this to Mr. Faulkner, as he, before he made his court to the confederates, had bespoke twenty-five sets in octavo; of which Mr. R. never after heard one word, though they did not propose to propagate their piracy in that size. No doubt, he thought, that twenty-five sets in octavo, sold by him for Mr. R. might be a deduction of as many from the sale of his and his new partners edition in duodecimo.—So wholly was he, in an instant, detached from Mr. R. and attached to them, and his and their common interest.

Mr. Faulkner, in his reply, dated the 14th and 16th of August, acquaints Mr. R. that the *three* booksellers had got the first and second volumes compleat in both editions; Wilson the octavo, Exshaw and Saunders the other; and that each of them had laid himself out to get the work, as soon as they saw, by the advertisements in the London papers, that it would be published the following winter. An advertisement put into those papers, that the world might not take another book of a Sir Charles Goodville, in a series of letters, for that expected from Mr. R.

Mr. Faulkner declares, in this letter, that the liberty taken by Wilson, of advertising his intended edition [London: Printed for S. Richardson. Dublin: Reprinted for Peter Wilson, in Dame Street.] to be printed for Mr. Richardson, was a licence *never before taken* in Dublin, unless the work were printed for the author’s benefit. He advises Mr. Richardson against sending over any of his books to Ireland; and to write to the invaders, the corruptors, to induce them to pay him their shares of the seventy guineas, stipulated by him to be paid, had he had the whole to himself; declaring his willingness to pay his quota for the share they would allow him to have. ‘ I am sorry to tell you,’ proceeds he, in this letter, ‘ that when *these people* produced their sheets, and *obliged me* [mean man!] ‘ to shew mine, that I was *compelled* to give them up, in order to ‘ obtain a share with them.’ His very words!—

This step, besides the advantage they afterwards (on publishing their pirated edition) took of it, as Mr. R. had foreseen, to recommend that edition, secured Mr. Faulkner of their side. By it he absolutely gave up Mr. Richardson; and, no doubt, it spirited them to proceed, as they then had reason to look upon him as their own, and had no diversion to apprehend from him in Mr. R.’s favour.

‘ Your

‘Your sending me more sheets,’ continued he, ‘will be useless—I should be sorry your dealings and mine should be at an end; as I have the highest honour and regard for you, for your many virtues and integrity.’

But these were only words. He offered not to Mr. Richardson any service, any assistance. He knew that he and his confederates should be able to secure in their interest the Dublin presses. He had discouraged the sending over any of the genuine edition; and thought it right to conclude with repeating his advice, that Mr. Richardson would meanly court the corruptors, as he had done; intimating his desire to have a copy of what he thought fit to write to them; lest his new confederates should not have confidence enough in him, to shew him what he supposed Mr. R. would write.

In Mr. Richardson’s answer to this letter, dated Aug. 24, he tells Mr. Faulkner, ‘That he never could consent to propose terms to men who had bribed his servants to rob him; and who were in possession of the stolen goods: and cautions him to consider how far his own honour was concerned in the engagements he had entered into with them.’

But let us see what he farther says in his printed Defence.

‘Upon which,’ says he, ‘as they produced so much of the copy, they’ (*viz. Mr. Faulkner and the confederates*) ‘agreed, according to an established, invariable, and constant custom among the booksellers of Dublin, that whoever gets any books or pamphlets, or any part of them, by the same post, shall or may join together, if they think proper.’—

Will Mr. Faulkner say, that it is an *established, invariable, constant* custom among the booksellers of Dublin, to renounce their agreements with men they had contracted with, on their being notoriously robbed, and to join with the corruptors, to supplicate a share with them in the plunder? How wickedly does he slubber over this part of his conduct, to the justification, as may be said, of that of his new con-

federates!—Can such a man as this be too severely (if justly) dealt with?—Surely no! He cannot expect that we should longer let sleep an affair, that, till now, in tenderness to him, he has never been reminded of, and must believe had been entirely forgotten. But, first, we will transcribe a paragraph, which will shew the sense he affected to have then of the fraudulent means by which the corruptors obtained the power they had of injuring Mr. R.

‘You must have more rogues in your house than one,’ says he; ‘as your two editions have been sent to different people. If I could find out,’ proceeds he, ‘any of my journeymen that would serve me in the same *villainous manner*, I would immediately discharge them in the most infamous manner, and publish their *crimes* in the most publick manner in all the papers; which, I am told by a very old French journeyman printer, is a constant practice in Germany, France, Holland, and Switzerland; and that care is taken to send those advertisements to all the printing-offices in those countries, to *prevent masters from being imposed on*: and I am farther told, that journeymen and apprentices will not converse, or suffer *these nefarious villains* to be interred in the earth; but kick their dead carcases from place to place, as they would dead *cats or dogs, rats or mice*. Perhaps,’ adds he, ‘I have been too warm in my resentment against *such bad men*: but, as I have been much injured by them, I hope you will excuse any rash words in this letter, when I do assure you, that I am, for your many virtues, genius, generosity, and abilities, your most obedient’, &c.

In this very letter it was, that Mr. Faulkner declared his intentions to endeavour to *prevail* upon the corruptors of *those nefarious villains*, as he justly calls them, to allow him a fourth or fifth share in their *snacks*. It is Machiavellian policy to love the treason and hate the traitor. The dead carcases of the cor-

* When this flaming paragraph was, in *terror*, read in Mr. Richardson’s printing-office, to his workmen, Killingbeck, a suspected man, who afterwards gave too much cause for the suspicion, and who had been a journeyman for several years to Mr. Faulkner, in Dublin, declared, that, notwithstanding this *occasional* vehemence of Mr. Faulkner, he had hardly, in all the time he was with him, composed from any other copy but first proofs, *revises*, &c. clandestinely obtained from England.

rapt journeymen are to be kicked about the streets, it seems; while the living corruptors are to be supported, and united with, according to an *established, invariable, and constant* custom of the booksellers of Dublin.—Will Mr. Faulkner assert this?

We now come to the transaction which, we suppose, Mr. Faulkner had forgot, having never been reminded of it—The information of which was given to Mr. Richardson, in a letter written to him from Dublin, dated Nov. 12, 1741, by an English printer of character and integrity, then there.—‘I was yesterday,’ says he, ‘in company with some printers that I knew in London: among other things in conversation, they familiarly commended Mr. Faulkner’s *great diligence* in London; and, after naming several pieces of which he had procured early copies, I understood he had been furnished with the third and fourth volumes of *Pamela*, sheet by sheet, as far as is done, from your press; and is printing them off here with all speed.—The truth of this information,’ adds he, ‘may be depended upon.’

Mr. Faulkner actually printed these two volumes for his own entire benefit, the copy so surreptitiously obtained*; of which see more, p. 1114.—But we will farther attend to his printed state of the present case.

The post following Mr. Faulkner got eight sheets more, and the booksellers shewed him two volumes, and said they expected more; there being five volumes of that history already printed. Upon which Mr. Faulkner wrote to Mr. Richardson not to send him any more of that work, as it would be useless to him: but, that Mr. Richardson should be no sufferer by any part that Faulkner should have in this work, as he would pay him for a fourth or fifth, or any share he should have in it;

intimate, that he would pay Mr. Richardson his proportion of the seventy guineas, according to the share the pirates would allow him to hold with them; which for a fifth would have been fourteen guineas.

As to what he says of there being four or five volumes printed before Mr. Richardson sent him any sheets, that was not so. Not more than two were completed: three volumes more, indeed, were composing by different hands in his house; but they went on at convenience; Mr. Richardson, as Mr. Faulkner knew, only intending to publish two at a time; though the pirates afterwards obliged him to alter his measures.

and, in two or three letters following, (*proceeds Mr. Faulkner*) he told Mr. Richardson, that, notwithstanding his neglect and delay, in not sending him the sheets directly from the press, which

Mr. Faulkner staid not for this post, as is evident from the very letter to Mr. R. in which he gives him the intelligence of the injury done him. He tells Mr. Richardson in it, that he received his first four sheets on the 3d of August. On the 4th, the very next day, (such was his haste to join with the corruptors†) he forbid, as above-mentioned, Mr. Richardson to send him any more sheets; and signified his resolution to endeavour to prevail on the associates to admit him into their partnership for a fourth or fifth share. But then, indeed, he was so gracious as to

‘*In two or three letters following!*’ says he. How slightly is this mentioned by Mr. Faulkner! He had been parading to Mr. Richardson, from his letter dated August 4, to the 15th of September; sometimes

* In Mr. Richardson’s case, he very tenderly mentioned this injury, not naming Mr. Faulkner. It may be wondered, that, after this flagrant instance of Mr. Faulkner’s *diligence*, as his then journeymen chose to call it, Mr. R. had dealings with him for his *CLARISSA*.—A very valuable man in business, Mr. Woodward, who had a good opinion of Mr. Faulkner, prevailed upon him to prefer him to any other; and undertook for his integrity. Yet Mr. Richardson was forced to appeal to this Mr. Woodward afterwards, for the recovering thirty guineas out of seventy, the consideration contracted for with Mr. Faulkner, on the preference given him in sending to him the sheets of his *CLARISSA*, as they were printed; and upon whose judgment (but not without proofs given from his own letters, which, he must have suspected, were not regularly kept by Mr. Richardson) Mr. Faulkner paid the unjustly-detained sum.

he ought to have done, and not have stayed for the finishing of five or six volumes, it might have prevented what hath happened to all parties, and hindered the reprinting of any other edition, but that designed by the author for Mr. Faulkner;

sometimes pretending to detest the part his new partners acted; sometimes seeming to have it in view to procure Mr. Richardson redress; at other times to intimidate him into their measures. All which made it necessary for Mr. R. either to submit to the injury, or to endeavour to lighten the weight of it, by anticipating them.

What he says of the delay in sending the sheets directly from the press, as he pronounces Mr. Richardson ought to have done, will be farther taken notice of in another place. See p. 1112.

yet Mr. Richardson might draw upon him for any sum not exceeding the contract, and he would pay it;

This offer was not made till in his letter of September 15, and at the persuasion of two of Mr. R.'s friends, for the sake of his own character; and

then it was thus ungracefully expressed in that letter—'However, notwithstanding their' (his partners) 'ill-treatment of you, and particularly of me,' [*which he resented by joining with them!*] 'you may draw upon me, at discretion, for any sum you think proper UNDER the sum stipulated between you and me; AS I know you to be a man of probity, honour, and conscience.'

He had told Mr. Richardson in a former letter, that he knew he would not suffer him to be out of pocket.

He adds, 'I blush for my brethren,' [but why so, if they have done nothing but what he could conscientiously have joined them in, according to the *established, invariable, constant* custom of the booksellers in Dublin?] 'But let them,' proceeds he, 'answer for it at the *great day of account*. I *know* that you have been 'much, and most injuriously, villainously, and unprecedently, treated by your 'more than hellish, wicked, and CORRUPTED servants.' By whom corrupted? Let him answer. Might he not as well have named his new partners?

and farther, that if Mr. Richardson would acquit him of the contract,

Mr. Faulkner knows, that Mr. Richardson never once hinted holding him to it. The sum stipulated for, was to

be paid for sending him the sheets before publication; and the contract was virtually at an end, when, after receiving the first parcel, he forbade Mr. Richardson sending any more to him. Nor could Mr. Faulkner think himself under any, when in the same letter in which he gave notice of the invasion, he prohibited sending him any more of the sheets, and declared himself, with as much sedateness, as if it were a thing of course, determined to attach himself to the corruptors. His offer afterwards to pay a sum under that stipulated for, was, that he and his new partners might go on unmolestedly in reaping the fruits of their baseness: nor is it improbable, that their refusal to consent to pay their parts, was owing to their view of intimidating Mr. Richardson, by means of their new partner, to give a sanction to it, which Mr. R. had refused to do; in which case, Mr. Faulkner, who has so happy a talent of displaying his merits, would hardly have found himself a sufferer, when he and his confederates had come to divide the spoil.

or desire him to withdraw from his partnership with the booksellers, he would do it:

Strange man! He never hinted to Mr. Richardson, that *his* desire of this would determine him. Indeed, in his letter of September 15, he says, by

way of postscript, 'I would be glad to exonerate myself from *this set of men*; and will do it, if possible, at all events.' But, for a considerable time after this, he continued their willing partner; and made a merit to his other partners in the piracy of refusing to Mr. Richardson the common civility of his newspaper, to do himself reasonable justice. Well did he know Mr. Richardson's mind as to his adhering to his engagement with his new partners; for thus Mr.

Richardson

Richardson wrote to him in his letter dated August 24, ' You, Sir, will best judge, whether your own honour will not be sullied by a concern with so vile a confederacy. What can a fourth or fifth share in a work, so treacherously obtained, do for any one? And if they proceed, I shall be obliged to make use of the names of all the proprietors in the Dublin edition, that I can come at.'

but, *proceeds he*, Mr. Richardson delayed answering these letters for some time: however, Mr. Faulkner, before he got Mr. Richardson's last letter, declined all partnership in that work, and hath not, nor will have, any share whatever in the reprinting of it; nor did he, nor doth he, know in what manner that work is carrying on, having never seen a single sheet, or even a page, of the Irish edition; the truth of all which Mr. Faulkner is ready to attest in the most solemn manner.

Mr. Faulkner had in his hands at this time Mr. Richardson's reasons for this delay, not at all to his advantage.

It was, then, nothing to Mr. R. whether Mr. Faulkner held or quitted. He set his face, and indeed his whole strength, against the genuine edition; though he knew, that if he had given the assistance he ought to have given to one whom he repeatedly allowed to be an injured and innocent man, *it had never been sent over to Ireland.*

It is poor to say, ' that he knew not in what manner the work was then

' carried on, having never seen a single sheet, or even a page, of the Irish edition;' when he had told Mr. Richardson, that it was printing page for page with the genuine one; and when he had partners, who wanted not his direction, nor any thing of him, but that he would countenance them, and, by separating himself from the man with whom he had contracted, deprive him of the assistance he could have given him. Mr. Richardson would perhaps think himself very cruel, were he to put the poor man upon the solemn attestation he offers to make. But why, it may be asked, did he divest himself of a share which he had so meanly crept to the confederates to obtain, if he and they had agreed to join together, in pursuance of an *established, invariable, constant custom among the booksellers of Dublin?* And another question we put to the publishers of the Irish edition, Why, if they have kept within this custom, have they published it without affixing their names to it, or any names, but ascribed to the booksellers of Dublin, in general, a publication of which they themselves seem to be ashamed?

So much for Mr. Faulkner's Defence of his conduct, as printed in the paper which bears his name.

As it has been said, that the cause of literature, and of authors in general, is concerned in this transaction, we will farther intrude, by way of narrative, on the reader's patience.

Mr. Richardson, in his letter of August 24, 1753, in which he declared, that he could not follow Mr. Faulkner's advice, to sue to the corruptors of his workmen's honesty to obtain a poor consideration for the injury done him, and in which he had cautioned him of the dishonour that might accrue to him (Mr. Faulkner) by joining with them, thus writes: ' I am very earnest, that you will yourself—let these men know my resentments, resolutions, &c. If they have any regard to justice; if they have any compassion for thirty or forty men of my house, who may be suspected, and to one absolutely discharged; I think I might rather expect satisfaction from *them*, than *they* proposals from *me*.—It is a very great grievance for a man, who uses all his workmen well, to be obliged to go on furnishing work and money for bosom-traitors; and not to know how to help himself.' Mr. Faulkner's answer is dated Dublin, September 8. He will thank himself, if the transcribing it here gives him uneasiness.

' DEAR SIR,

' I Had not your favour, of the 24th past, from Bath, until Wednesday last, when I immediately sent to Messieurs Wilson, Exshaw, and Saunders, to give me a meeting; but could not see any of them that day but Wilson; to whom

‘ whom I told the contents of your letters, and the *religious* and *moral obligations* that *he* and the *others* lay under to do you justice, who had been so much injured in your property by the horrid roguery and villainy of your men, *through THEIR unwarrantable, scandalous, and illegal means.*’ [No custom of trade pleaded here!] ‘ But he waved giving me an answer at that time, although I pressed him very much thereto; and then he said he would think of it; and that I should hear from him the day following; which I did not, nor from either of the others. Upon which I went to them all this day, and found them at home; but could get no positive answer from the first of them, who still put me off to a meeting, which we are to have next Saturday; when I hope to be able to write a more satisfactory letter to you than this. After the conversation I had with Wilson, I went to Exshaw and Saunders, and spoke to them both in the same manner: and their answer was, That whatever Wilson would do, they would be satisfied to come into the same terms: but I am very much afraid, that you will be a greater sufferer than what you or I could imagine, as it hath been hinted to me, that they are in treaty with some Scotch book-sellers, to whom they are to send, or *have sent*, the sheets; as also to get Grandison translated into French, or to send the sheets to France, before publication; which will frustrate and injure you in both these kingdoms; which I most sincerely wish that Heaven may avert *! This wicked affair hath almost made me mad and blind with vexation and fretting, to think that so innocent and worthy a gentleman as you are, should be treated by the most hellish servants, and *wicked men*, in the manner you have been.—I think I am bound in honour and affection to you, to give you all the intelligence in my power:’ [yet never named, nor hinted at his *fourth* bookseller, whom he must know] ‘ and if I cannot prevail on THESE MEN, *who have corrupted and bribed your servants* to rob and betray you, I shall endeavour to break off with them in their *wicked attempts* upon your property, to convince you of my character, and sincere good wishes to you; and that I am your most faithful, affectionate, and most humble servant,

‘ GEORGE FAULKNER.

‘ They have now four printing-houses on this work; and have printed above twenty sheets page for page with your edition; but I have not seen one proof, or single sheet, of THIS PIRACY.’

Mr. Richardson, thus threatened to be attacked in more countries than one, particularly in Scotland, thought it was time to draw up a state of his case, and to lay it before the public; absolutely hopeless of any satisfactory result from the meeting of these worthy men, which was to be had seven days after the date of the above alarming letter †.

Mr. Faulkner’s next letter gives the result of the meeting of his associates and him; as follows—

‘ DEAR SIR,

DUBLIN, SEPT. 15, 1753.

‘ I N my last I acquainted you, that Messieurs Exshaw, Wilson, and Saunders, and your humble servant, were to have a meeting this evening: which accordingly we had; when your two friends,’ [naming them] ‘ were present, who perhaps may acquaint you of what passed in company; and therefore I shall not trouble you with a recital, which cannot possibly be agreeable to you, when I tell you, that Mr. Exshaw said, that he had all the sheets he produced (after I had passed up my title) *some weeks*, nay, even *months*, before you sent

* This most probably would have been carried into execution, had not Mr. Richardson disabled them from perfecting their copies, by putting a stop to printing what remained of it unprinted at the time he was informed of the baseness.

† By the Case published at the time it will be seen, that Mr. R. treated Mr. Faulkner with great tenderness. He continued to do so as long as charity to him, and justice to himself, could be reconciled together. This Case bears date Sept. 14, 1753. Mr. R. published it not till he had advice from a friend in Dublin, that no good was to be expected from the meeting of the 15th; and that the associates were hurrying the pirated edition, to get it out by the meeting of the Irish parliament; which was before Mr. R. could possibly complete his.

‘ me

‘ me any part of Grandison; and that he hath *all the sheets, printed in your house, of the Third, or whatever more hath been done at your press; AND THEREFORE, with the other Two, will not consent to give any copy-money*.* However!—And then he makes the ungraceful offer, mentioned p. 1117. And then also he takes upon himself to blush for his brethren; and refers them to answer for it at the great day of account. ‘ I know,’ proceeds he, ‘ that you have been much, and most injuriously, villainously, and *unprecedentedly*, treated by your more than hellish, wicked, and corrupted servants —But be assured, that you will meet with a man who would be glad to imitate you in your generosity, and virtues: and that is your much obliged, most affectionate, and sincere friend, as well as humble servant,

‘ GEORGE FAULKNER.’

October 2, 1753, Mr. Faulkner writes to Mr. Richardson, expressing his surprize that he had not an answer to his of the 15th past; wishes in it, that Mr. R. had taken more time to consider his Case before he published it; and blames him for the delay in sending him the sheets, to which he ascribes the cause of all that had happened from the pirates. He refers himself to a letter written to Mr. R. in his favour, by a worthy friend of Mr. R. who had been induced to think well of him from his offers of making an affidavit, to prove upon the confederates their being in possession of the stolen goods, and to remit to Mr. R. the whole sum stipulated for between them at first.

The gentleman *did* write a warm letter in Mr. F.’s behalf. Mr. Richardson laid before him, in answer, the State of the case, from the letters that had passed between Mr. Faulkner and him. The gentleman then put the sincerity of Mr. F.’s offered services to the test; and was soon convinced that Mr. R. had nothing to expect from him. Mr. Richardson has not asked the gentleman’s leave to give particulars. Mr. Faulkner, about the same time, appealed to several gentlemen of character in London, as an innocent man; and even desired them to shew what he had written to them to Mr. Richardson. These several circumstances engaged the latter to write a long letter to him, dated the 13th and 15th of October, recapitulating the above facts—Whence the following extracts†.

‘ SIR,

‘ **Y**OU express yourself surprized that I answered not your two last letters. One of them kept me in some little suspense about the result of the meeting you was to have with the three men who have used me so cruelly. To the other, what could I say? I had no heart to write to you. When I considered the whole tenor of your conduct in the affair before us—When I recollected the attempt you made to underpay me 30 guineas out of 70, stipulated for in the affair of *Clarissa*—Your perseverance in so wicked a partnership, which you was so little as to creep to them for, on their own infamous terms—Your magnificent pretensions to honour in every letter—“Does it become the character of a man valuing himself for sincerity and plain-dealing,” thought I, “to let Mr. Faulkner imagine me such a poor creature, either in spirit or understanding, as to be blinded by his self-deception?”—Was not my chief dependence on the conditions I made with him. *That the sale of the Dublin edition should be confined to Ireland; and that that edition should not be published till I gave leave; and by two volumes at a time?* Have I either of these conditions secured to me?

* Mr. Richardson had not commissioned Mr. Faulkner to treat with these men for copy-money. If he could have punished them as receivers of stolen goods, by the laws of their own country, *that*, as Mr. Faulkner knew, would have been his choice. But it is evident, that Mr. F. *imagined* this would satisfy him; and *as* evident that these three men were determined to refuse even the paltry satisfaction of fourteen guineas a man, had such terms been proposed to them, for the property of Seven Volumes to be sold in Ireland; and honest Mr. Exshaw gave the reason, to which the other two assented—Because they were already possessed of the work—by the villainy of corrupted servants.

† We wish Mr. Faulkner would publish the whole letter, and every letter at length, that hath passed between him and Mr. R. on this subject.

“ Did

“ Did he stipulate with them for me *one* favourable condition, [on his admission among them?] Have they not refused terms which he (though without my desire) proposed to them; and set me at absolute defiance? Did he not deliver them up sheets I had sent him, to obtain an admission with them into so infamous a partnership? Did I not caution him, that his honour might suffer by this; and that I should be obliged to name to the public every partner in this base proceeding? Yet, *did* he not, *does* he not to this hour, continue his partnership with them, to the depriving me of all manner of assistance that he might have afforded me, and to the obliging me to throw myself into other hands, in order to disappoint the confederates of the immoral gains they proposed to themselves? And shall I forbear, for the sake of *the whole Republic of Letters*, affected by so base a proceeding, endeavouring to make an example of these men, instead of meanly compromising with them, and giving a *sanction* to so vile a corruption?”—These my reflections, what unwillingness must I have to answer your letter? Your offer, though very ungraciously made me, (of the whole sum to one of my friends, of any thing UNDER the sum to me) might appear to you a magnificent one: but, Sir, you know me not. Could you have told me that you had been a loser by *Clarissa*, I should have contrived some way, in our future dealings, to reimburse you; and to accept of the whole sum from a fourth or fifth sharer in profits that were to arise from an abuse of me, or *any* sum—I could not do it: yet was it an ungrateful thing to me to be obliged to speak out; but this for your sake more than my own. This made me loth to sit down to answer your letter; yet, in mine to one of my worthy friends, I told him, that you were very safe in making that offer to me.

“ *I have seen,*” say you, “*your Case; and what you have said of me.*” I designed you should. And have I said one word but what you have said yourself, of the part you have acted by me? Dear Sir, what self-partiality must you have to write to me as you have written of your own honour in every letter; and so to set off the part you have acted in this transaction, as could induce one of the worthiest men in Ireland to write so warmly in your justification? I write rather with an expostulatory spirit than an angry one. Take advice of your own heart, and I shall have a test of the goodness of that heart, or otherwise, as it acquits or condemns you. Have you never been told, dear Sir, that you have too much parade?—Indeed you seem to be lost in the dust you raise about yourself by it.

“ *Had I sent you the sheets from the press as wrought*—So it is my own fault that I am thus basely invaded! But it becomes my character to tell you frankly, that I balanced in my mind, whether I should deal with you at all, though I offered not to engage with any other. The hint I have given of your treatment of me in *Clarissa*, was the occasion of my balancing. But, as you had seemed to approve what you had seen of the piece, when last in London, and had expectation of it, I was loth to disappoint you—And as I was resolved to publish but two volumes at a time, as I told you, I pleased myself that you would have full time to print them, as I proceeded. Little did I think myself, with such precautions as I had taken, unsafe; for I knew not that there were in Dublin such men as those to whom you joined yourself. And is it not a grievous hardship upon the London printers to find that Mr. Faulkner seems to think, that copies of their property are much more secure in the hands of Dublin booksellers and printers, than in their own, before publication.

“ Indeed, Sir, you might have been of service to me, of service to yourself, and done honour to your name, your trade, your country, all affronted by this base proceeding. The fair path was before you: why would you, by joining yourself with these men, in an action which you justly call *scandalous, wicked, unprecedented*, give a sanction to the *nefarious* proceeding? Why persevere in it; and, by so doing, deprive of all assistance, all redress by your means, the man of whose justice you had no doubt; who was in treaty with you; who confided in you?—*You blush for your brethren*, you say in a former letter—Ah! my dear Sir, forgive me for saying, that often and often have I blushed for you from the beginning of August last.”

Mr.

Mr. Richardson then quotes to Mr. Faulkner passages from several letters that passed between them, to demonstrate, that his charge of delay had no foundation to support it; and then subjoins as follows—

‘ You see, Sir, by the dates, (for your notice of the theft is dated August 4.) that, from July 12, when your acceptance is dated, no time was lost in sending you the sheets. I have told you the reason, for which you may thank yourself, why I entered not into treaty with you before. I had no doubt of the sheets (such injunctions given) being safe in my own house. You could have no reason to expect them from me *before* we entered into engagements; which, as above, was not till in consequence of your letter of July 12, which must be some days in coming to my hands. Whence then the reason of your outcry for my delay of sending the sheets? Whence your expectation that I would?— O Mr. Faulkner, take care of truth in any thing you shall publish or write, in an affair in which you have acted so strange a part! You are in the condition of a limed bird; the more you struggle, the more you will entangle yourself. How have you flubbed over, to a worthy gentleman in London, the affair of your relinquishing me, of joining with the men whose baseness you so *justly* decried! and your poor offer to me of twelve, fourteen, or fifteen pounds, or such a sum, for giving a sanction to the robbery of myself, and the corrupting of my servants! For is not that the light in which you ought to have looked upon your proposal to me? And in which your late, your *too late* offer was also to be taken; an offer not made till in your letter of the 15th of September, the worse than piracy hurrying on at four presses, the consequence of which was to screen them, and to justify your usage of me?

‘ There are other misrepresentations in your letter to the gentleman you wanted to prepossess in your favour—How could you say, that he might depend upon what you write to him as truth?—But, indeed, that is of a piece with your assertion, that I, in my Case, [In which you was used with an undeserved tenderness] have not truly represented your part in the transaction. I am amazed at you: and yet my compassion for you is greater than my indignation.

‘ This altercation is a painful task upon me: and more in the part I am forced upon with you, than with the others. Why, once more I ask, would you join yourself with men you call *wicked*, in an action you own to be *unprecedentedly vile*?—Why, as I warned you, as I told you, what steps I would take, did you not, when you saw your error, wash your hands of them, and rather declare yourself mistaken, than seek to bribe me to give a sanction to so vile a depredation?—But I shall repeat what I have written before I saw this letter, this strange, this inconsistent, this misrepresenting letter of yours to Mr. ***** I wish, if you have a copy of it, you would revise it, and compare it with what I have written from facts, warranted by your own letters and mine—Would to Heaven, you had left me room to clear up and justify your conduct in this transaction! But, after such a letter as this to Mr. ***** what can I think of, what can I say for, Mr. Faulkner; but this—That he has given a proof, that it must be an ingenuous mind only, that, having made a false step, will chuse to own the fault, as the best method of extricating itself.

‘ The world, Sir, will not, in more favourable cases to character than this, judge of us as we would have it. Guard against self-delusion. You are more in danger from it than any man I know, if I take my opinion of you from what has passed between you and me, from our concerns in *Clarissa* to this moment, and all the time, from your uncalled-for parade of honour in every letter. Think me (as you *will*, if you do me justice, and that from the very freedom of my expostulation) your well-wisher, and humble servant,

‘ LONDON, 16th OCTOBER 1753.

S. RICHARDSON.’

We take leave to observe, that Mr. Faulkner had in his hands the letter from which the above extracts are made, when he printed, in his own paper, the paragraph

paragraph which he designed to pass for a justification of himself, the truth of every part of which he offers to attest in the most solemn manner.

But *possibly* Mr. Faulkner had not received that letter, when he wrote the following.

‘DEAR SIR,

DUBLIN, OCT. 20, 1753.

‘NOTWITHSTANDING you have not been pleased to answer any
‘of my three last letters, yet I think proper to acquaint you, that I
‘have broke off all partnership with the *three* booksellers,’ [The *fourth* still se-
‘creted] ‘who so *quickly* and *injuriously* treated you and *me* in the History of
‘Sir Charles Grandison; and that I have not, nor shall have, any part or share
‘whatsoever in the *pirated edition*; the copy of which was so *BASELY* and *FRAU-*
‘*DULENTLY* obtained. This I was determined upon *from the beginning*; and
‘only *awaited for your positive commands*’ [What a man is this!] ‘to concur
‘with me in these sentiments. If you print another case, or publish any ad-
‘vertisement relative to this affair, I make no doubt but you will do justice to
‘the much injured, although very much your most obedient and most humble
‘servant,

‘GEORGE FAULKNER.’

After this letter, could it be credited, had it not been published by himself, that he was the author of the paragraph of November 3, 1753, before animadverted upon; by which he would make the world believe, that, in joining with the undertakers of this pirated edition, he and they had done no more than was warranted by the *established, invariable, constant* customs of the Dublin book-sellers?

In a letter written by one of Mr. Richardson’s friends, dated Dublin, October 27, intimation was given him, that the associates proposed to surrender up all they had printed, which they gave in as near two volumes only, at prime cost, amounting to somewhat above fifty pounds. Mr. Richardson wrote back his willingness to be the purchaser; but some new chicane seemed to be designed by this overture; for, in a fortnight or three weeks after, they were ready to publish six volumes.

They accordingly published them; but, as hath been observed, without putting any booksellers names to the titles; and though the genuine edition was put at the price such books are generally sold for in Ireland, they, as Mr. Faulkner had foretold, undersold the edition of the lawful proprietor.

Mr. Richardson will not, were it true, report, that the saving of two shillings (in the purchase of *six* volumes, the price of which cannot be found fault with) will be a sufficient reason with the gentlemen and ladies of Ireland, to prefer the pirated edition, the copy of which, to borrow Mr. Faulkner’s words, in his letter of October 20, was so *basely*, and *fraudulently* obtained. But he has been heard to take comfort in the following passage transcribed from the letter of a friend to him: ‘What I fear, is, that the high merit of the work will pro-
‘cure the pirates more customers than I wish. But as it is inimitably well cal-
‘culated to do good, the injury done you, will certainly afford me one satis-
‘faction, and a great one; that the excellent performance will be more univer-
‘sally read, for the bustle that hath been made about it. Who knows, dear
‘Sir, but the glorious Sir CHARLES may teach some honesty and dignity of
‘soul, even to him who buys it, as stolen goods, a few shillings lower from
‘the pirates than he could from you.’

The secreting the name of the fourth bookseller has been often mentioned above. Mr. Richardson wrote to one of his friends in Ireland his suspicions as to the person, grounded on facts that had been communicated to him by another friend residing in Dublin. This produced the following passage in the answer of the gentleman, dated October 22, 1753.

‘From what you say of a *fourth* person not named either to you, or to your
‘friends here, I guess it was that very person who corrupted your servants, and
‘furnished the three booksellers named with the sheets. These three made
‘themselves in the title-pages they at first posted up; because, perhaps, not con-

ruption can be proved on them; but conceal the fourth associate, lest he should be prosecuted. If this is the case, and nothing can be more probable, (for Wilson hath, by affidavit before the Lord Mayor, purged himself of the corruption, and Exshaw and Saunders declare they can do the same) then Mr. ***** is still more evidently the scandalous associate of the corrupters, inasmuch as he conceals the most criminal, and in some measure abets the rest.

Be this as it may, these three men cannot clear themselves of the piracy founded on that corruption, and of the parts they acted, and proposed farther to act, in extending the injury to France and Scotland, as charged in Mr. Faulkner's letters of September 8 and 15, before cited.

The pirates have endeavoured to make a national cause of the transaction. But is not the nationality of these men a cover for the basest selfishness? Are Messieurs Exshaw, Wilson, Saunders, and the fourth concealed person, and Mr. Faulkner joined with them, the Irish nation?

Mr. Faulkner, in one of his letters to Mr. Richardson, suspecting Mr. Main would be employed by him, though then Mr. R. had not mentioned him, nor even thought of him, stigmatizes him as a *Scottish agent*. But may we not ask, What are these booksellers of Dublin, that they think themselves intitled to prey upon the property of every other man in every nation round them; yet join to hunt down any other subject of the same prince, if he attempt to get bread among, or near, them?

Mr. Richardson has been accused in an Irish publick paper, of having formerly engaged with a Mr. Bacon, of Dublin, in a scheme which, the author of that paper says, was likely to be very detrimental to the printers and book-sellers of Dublin in general.

This was the fact: Mr. Bacon, an ingenious man, now in orders, an Irishman, or one who had always had his connections with that kingdom, and professed a love even to partiality for it, kept a coffee-house, of note and credit, in Dublin, at which were frequently held auctions for books and merchandize. He had been concerned with the press as a corrector, and proposed to set up a publick paper there, and to take up his freedom of the company of stationers in Dublin. He did both. The latter in the month of November, 1741. The paper was called *The Gazette*. The advertisements of the publick offices were printed in it. He set up entirely on the Irish footing, and purposed to employ Irish printers, to buy his paper of Irish stationers, and to avail himself, as other Irish printers and book-sellers made it their endeavour to do, of such copies of books published in London as he could procure early, and fairly, by consent of the proprietors.—Crime enough in that, perhaps! for Mr. Faulkner, at contracting with Mr. Richardson, was desirous that his Dublin brethren should not know that he gave any consideration for the liberty of reprinting *The History of Sir Charles Grandison*. Mr. Bacon was an absolute stranger to Mr. Richardson, brought to him by Mr. Thomas Osborne, of Gray's Inn; and Mr. Richardson then knowing not any other Irish book-seller, or printer, and being about to publish his third and fourth volumes of *Pamela*, was induced to enter into agreement with him, and to furnish him with the sheets as they came from his press, in order to his reprinting them in Dublin. The sheets were accordingly sent him over: but Mr. Faulkner, as is before-mentioned, p. 1106, having, by his extraordinary diligence, clandestinely got at the sheets as printed at Mr. Richardson's, he (Mr. Bacon) was deprived of the intended benefit; and also forestalled in the sale of the genuine edition; two hundred and fifty of which were sent him, in resentment of such base treatment.

Though Mr. Bacon's prospects were at that time very favourable; and though he wanted not any other sort of diligence, but that for which some of his brethren have made themselves famous; yet Mr. Richardson's concern with him, to Mr. Bacon's great regret, held but one year. And his furnishing Mr. Bacon with the sheets of *Pamela*, Vol. III. IV. to be reprinted in Ireland; his engagement, some years afterwards, to send over to Mr. Faulkner the sheets of *Clarissa*,

Clarissa, for the same purpose, notwithstanding his treatment of him in *Pamela*; and those of his *Conjurer* now lately, notwithstanding his treatment of him in *Clarissa*; evidently demonstrate that he had no intention to interfere with the booksellers and printers of Dublin, by sending over his books ready printed, till the atrocious injury he received, and the determined perseverance of the injurers, made him think it advisable to endeavour to anticipate confederates, who had so vilely, by the corruption of his servants, as hath been often said, obtained the power of hurting him in a property so absolutely his own.

This further may be said, that Mr. R. printed not a number, with a view of sending any over to Ireland: but such a one only as his friends thought rather short of answering the English demand; and it has proved, that all he sent over to Dublin would have been sold in England at a better price, as printing and paper here are more costly than in Ireland; though he had caused them to be sold in Dublin at the Irish price, from the first.

Mr. R. has been put to great expence by these men, and to great trouble in the altercation with them. But he is bringing himself to look upon their unprovoked treatment of him, as a punishment for assuming the pen, at the expence of his health, and to the giving up every rational amusement, when he had a business upon his hands which was enough to employ his whole attention; and which, as his principal care, he never neglected.

It has been more than once said, that this cause is the cause of literature in general; and it may be added, it is even *that* of the honest booksellers and printers of both nations: we therefore hope that our prolixity will be forgiven.

We will take upon us to add, that every man in Mr. R.'s station has not the spirit, the will, the independence, to hang out lights to his cotemporaries, to enable them to avoid snags, who held themselves in readiness to plunder a vessel even before it becomes a wreck.

LONDON, FEB. 1, 1754.

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Sir Charles Grandison

